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(EDITOR-IN-CHIEF)

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(FRENCH LITERATURE)

ALOIS BRANDL
(GERMAN LITERATURE)

AND

PAUL BOURGET
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WESTMINSTER EDITION

THE

UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

A COLLECTION OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT

KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, 1851 TO 1899

LEON VALLÉE

LIBRARIAN AT THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS, SINCE 1871

ALOIS BRANDL

PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE IN THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

Volume Thirty

PUBLISHED BY

THE CLARKE COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON

MERRILL & BAKER, NEW YORK EMILE TERQUEM, PARIS

BIBLIOTHEK VERLAG, BERLIN

Entered at Stationers' Hall
London, 1899

Droits de reproduction et de traduction réservé
Paris, 1899

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Berlin, 1899.

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Rome, 1899

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and purchasable form, what, pray, shall be said for the massing of good reading qualities under one set of covers, in these days when books pave our highways, and are so lowered to the penny's worth — as to make old bookmakers blush?

Only this — that readers cannot wrestle with the ever-increasing multitude of authors, from cover to cover, and so must plead for some such segregation of their best parts or chapters as will permit one to test their winningest features, without being muddled or overrun by their throng. And, whereas in times gone by, the costliness of books demanded wise selections, and excerpta from them — so, now, their damaging cheapness and multitude make readers cry out for some winnowing process that shall spare us confusion of tongues, and bait us with tempting flavors.

Of Collects in General and this in Particular.

Whether the present purveyors of the tokens and specimens of that great literary "spread" — which began with earliest history, and which, we fear, will outlast us all — have always judged wisely, who shall say? No two lovers of flowers and of woodcraft will bring home the same spoils from whatever great reaches of field and forest. 'Tis well there should be differences; what is needful only, is that choice should be fairly representative of growth and bloom; that there should be no wanton neglects — no petulant reticence — no slavish subjection to special fads of color or of form. And though it may well happen that some dainty critical observers may find somewhat in these *collectanea* which shall give them qualms, yet nothing, I think, will be found which has not at some past date had its eager readers, and so given a tinge of its coloring (whether melodramatic, or flighty, or illogical) to the large literary complexion of its time.

Why may I not liken these books — light to the hand and sparkling in print — to one of those great *megaphones*, with

which the reporters on Cuban ships have made us familiar, set up to catch, through whatever storm or shine, a world of sounds, coming from afar; and which, with ear-tubes (like our lines of type) are judiciously adjusted to hold and treasure only those sweet or strong notes, which carry in them comfort or wisdom?

Just what rules of progression and of selection may have governed the providers of this enwrapment of literary treasures it is not needful to set forth; indeed, methinks one should enjoy it all the more, knowing only that love and respect and care and a good sound conscience have gone to the choosings. I do not want to foreknow by what elaborate scheme of search the seeker after floral beauties is to govern his steps: 'twould weaken interest if he said loudly and presumingly, "I shall go only into such or such well-known fields, or grand domains," and so miss of a hundred quiet haunts which a more plodding and modest wanderer might love better. By all odds, I have a happier confidence in those seekers for the jewels of thought or feeling who do not scorn broad thoroughfares — known of all men — along whose dusty and beaten waysides many poor souls (as needs must be) gather up their most delightsome treasures.

Keep your doors shut, you mincers of phrase and misers of learning! Slaver as you will, over your fleshpots of Egypt: there grow outside of your palaces, and your shaven terraces, — pot-herbs, daisies, small-fruit, red roses, — that we love and will evermore cherish, though all the critics in the world gird at us with their pedagogic rods!

Early Foregatherings.

In all those early records, which every explorer and every flower gatherer on the fields of literature must broach, there are gods and demigods, fairies, spirits of evil and of good — a Jupiter, a Pan, a Vulcan, an Eros, — these, or somewhat to correspond with these. So, too, there are courts of paradise,

where celestial beatitudes reign; and pits of darkness, where Evil wallows in some one of its many lairs. Long before Christian records begin, there are in letters — Coptic, Babylonic, Semitic (how shall we describe them?) — records of great and benign influences that shot rays of joy, of hope, of warning over the minds and thought of created beings, and soothed or darkened their journey along the multitudinous ways of life. Always a "great white throne" has arisen out of the dimness that veiled the beginnings, — which was the eternal symbol of what was good and what was true, — and always this great throne (perhaps by reason of its vastness and solidity) cast a shadow — its negative, its opposite — which represented the bad. These are the eternal combatants; these cry out, now with hope and now with warning, from all the history and all earnest utterance of a bewildered and struggling humanity. Traditions, myths, fantasies, give their twists to the great story (as different narrators will vary the wordings or lights and shadows of a tale), but always the great counter-currents of dark and white dominate the record; and literature, in its largest sense, is the weaving or unwinding of those counter-threads — white or black — which guide the march or feed the courage of all those who toil amid the pitfalls where darkness frowns, toward the Delectable Mountains where brightness reigns.

First things are not always the best things: and I can conceive that there may be those ease-loving readers who will falter as they glimpse the pale lights which in such chronologic *fasciculus* of letters — filter through Vedic hymns, or the teachings of the Upanishads — notwithstanding the wordy aids and enlightenments of a Müller or Monier-Williams. Nor does the light upon Hindu or Persian fable and Hebraic wisdom beam only through the kindly words of translators and expositors: the poetic work of many a modern has found its excuse and its warmest glow in the adornment and illustration of misty Orientalisms — as the reader of these volumes will find.

Who with an easier pace, or a more amiable and sugared dalliance, than Sir Edwin Arnold's, can set us upon the track of the domesticities of Buddha — all laid bare in the multiplied and prettily refracted "Light of Asia"?

Even Tubal Cain — first of forgers and workers in metal — who belongs to Bible story by so short a genealogy as would shock a colonial dame — finds in our record a blazon of fire-sparks and an echo of booming hammers in one little verselet of Charles Mackay.

Miss Yonge, too, who forty years since made all good young women bow to her "Heir of Redclyffe," has done us a pleasant service in stretching the broidery of her affluent and engaging narrative over many a rescript of religious *motif*, dating from Bethlehem, and in revision of such Plutarchian stories as that of "Damon and Pythias."

These names float us out upon those classic tides which are surging through many pages of these volumes, and which will surge through the thought of scholarly men and women for a great many decades to come.

Classicism.

What large or open-minded reader does not, odd whiles, want to steep himself — were it only for a half-hour — in the old Greek tales of Helen, Ajax, and Achilles? No Spanish fights in these lusty days of ours will make the Trojan stories and war gods grow dim. Such glimpses of Homeric battle as filtrate through those pages of Pope or the English prose of Conington, in this — our mosaic of letters — are, I should say, the least quantum of classicism which will put a reader well "up" in the sort of war news that is good for centuries. Translation counts for more in our Greek or Latin foregatherings, than in those misty Orientalisms, where a happy wordist by a mere sniff at the roses of Bendemeer will load their petals with sententious talk, and crowd the "Gulistan" of Sadi with poetic dreams and the veiled wisdom of the prophets.

There is more need in Epictetus or in Marcus Aurelius to pin ourselves to the line; and so of the poetry and legends which cry out for the simplicities in which they were bred — except indeed (as in Swinburne's "Atalanta") a man can immerse a Greek tradition in musical and imaginative felicities of his own, and so float it to a fame of its own. Many another bit of translated classicism sings its own Saxon way; and will wear its English warble — away from the Greek — for many a year.

Ovid himself would, I think, have nodded approval of the fashion in which Dryden has dashed into his dulcet and daring couplets the old story of Ganymede and of the hirsute Polyphemus; while Professor Conington, in his repeat of Dido's sufferings, has narrated in very significant prose all the woes of wanderers and of widows.

And what a beautiful byplay of modern lights and shadows is thrown upon all that classic period — whether Attic or Roman — which is represented in this large mosaic! Among others, there is Shakespeare, with the great Achilles "lolling" on his couch, or striding giant-wise over the lines of Troilus and Cressida; while poor Keats, catching first the Homeric story in the language "loud and bold" of a brother Britisher, brilliantly confesses —

> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken.

And what shall be said of those American interpretations of the fable of the Golden Fleece, or of the witching work of Circe, drawn from the "Wonder Book" of Hawthorne, to illumine these pages? For myself, I hardly ever give a half-hour to the refreshment of one of his stories about Jason, or about the Gorgon, but I have a regret that the same master had not remodeled for us all the Parallel Lives of great Greeks and Romans, and so given to us a Puritan Plutarch.

As the classic din recedes, or loses itself in that other din which belongs to the downfall of Rome and the struggles of

Christianism against Paganism, — all made noisy and brilliant by the pen that wrought the startling and overnaked scenes of "Quo Vadis," — the Horatian odes fall away from notice; and so do stories of the brave Horatius and of the rueful Virginia. Then, in our easy-going chronology, the great brazen gates swing open upon mediæval times.

Mediævalism.

But here there be Christian preludes or interludes which take on Latin form. The "Dies Iræ," very properly, gets its place in vivid translation on these pages; and a certain Bernard de Morlaix (by the gracious aid of a warm-blooded English hymnologist, who made music for "Jerusalem, the Golden") has place in our record; and his Christian exultation wells up serenely through Latin "longs and shorts," as he dwells, in beatific vision, on —

> The home of fadeless splendor
> Of flowers that fear no thorn,
> Where they shall dwell as children
> Who here as exiles mourn.

Shall we loiter here for a scaling of the walls of Jerusalem on the wonderful rhetorical ladders of Gibbon? We can find a rich story in the ensuing volumes at the hand of that august historian of the Roman Empire. Again, there comes to mind as we turn over the mediæval pages that rare tale of "The Crusaders," where Saladin the Great and Richard the Lion-hearted try forces, and with a large chivalry weigh and admit their respective merits — as a Sampson might or a Schley.

The same master romancer takes us upon a trans-continental gallop into the dungeons of middle France, where a rancorous, ungainly Louis XI. (whom we know as Sir Henry Irving, with Satan's mask on him) tortures his prisoners, and rages in the background of those Burgundian scenes, where the blithe and adventurous Quentin Durward comes to his own. It is a large refreshment on book journeys through the Middle Ages to

come upon such bouncing romance — as shrewd, as lavish of byplay, as piquant, and as entertaining as the charmingest novel of to-day or yesterday!

Then there are Romola and Savonarola: who should not wish for a new half-hour's snatch of dalliance with that gracious, filial, high-minded daughter of the Bardi — outgrowing her girl love for a recreant Greek — and posing with Christian altitudes amid the terrors of a plague? Savonarola, notwithstanding all the eloquent preachments which Villari tells us of, — under the shadows of the Piazza dei' Signori, — made no nobler figure, nor was blessed with a serener trust.

I name here, too, that story of King Arthur (by Sir Thomas Malory) which belongs to these times, and has presentment in these volumes — with the swift realism of flesh and blood reflected upon it by the living lines of Tennyson's "Merlin and Vivien."

Chaucer, too, is now in regal presence, and strews those pearls of "Canterbury Tales" which will be caught up always, and strung anew, on every page where jewels are gathered. Nor shall that quiet, serene book-lover and God-lover Thomas à Kempis be forgotten. A little man, of quiet conversation, placid, kindly, with soft brown eyes — by virtue of his simple rules of life, living till ninety; genial and plodding; copying psalms and singing them, in days when Europe was all ablaze with the fire that Huss had kindled in Bohemia; writing that little book about the "Imitation of Christ" (as most authorities agree) and putting into it such teachings of love, of self-denial, of charity, as to make of it a sort of Christian handbook of the heart — more widely translated and printed than any book, save the Bible.

Dante and Boccaccio will, or should, have their pictures here; but we must hie away to that wider field of vision, where those English letters which make up the bulk of these volumes begin to pile together monumentally — in shapes of history or fiction — and when the art of writing deploys its forces under the governance of rhetorical law,

and dares not any longer to exploit itself, — as in the case of Thomas à Kempis — in a joyous ebullition of Christian faith and love.

Later Times.

It was some time within a month of our present writing that the Hon. John Morley (one of the most scholarly among British political leaders) said, in inaugurating a free library in some Scottish town, — "The purpose [of good reading] is to bring sunshine into our hearts, and to drive moonshine out of our heads" — to which we say, bravo! for Mr. Morley.

There was a good deal of head moonshine in the days when Madame Scudéry was writing, and when Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot and the rest were formulating designs for remodeling human nature. Cervantes, indeed, had indulged at a thwack upon earlier "moonshiners," with a better result than Don Quixote found in his battle with the windmills (somewhere set forth on these pages of ours): everybody knows how that battle came out; and yet Spanish knighthood still caparisons itself to fight — vainly — against the revolution of forces which are set a-going, and kept a-going, by all the winds of Heaven!

If there was a good deal of moonshine in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" that found its way into the heads of readers, and played there with Thisbe, through "a hole in the wall," it was an imported Greek moonshine; while all up and down, from the pages of this play actor of Stratford, there streams a sunshine that is altogether English, and is good for English and American hearts. And what shall we say of that other master of English verse, who gave his bolstering to the republican measures of Cromwell? What would such a set of volumes be worth without their dashes, here and there, of the high organry of Milton, or without some masterly "stops" at command of him who "set up" "Comus," and who, so wisely and deftly, governed all the harmonies of poetic conduct?

It counts not a little toward the values of such an assemblage of chapters and fragments as this series of books presents, that one — within the limits of a morning's reading — can make direct and easy comparisons between those we know and honor. On one page, for instance, we delight in the rhetorical roll and lingual felicities of Dryden; and on the next we fasten upon the grip and sparkle and burning brevities of Pope: here, it is Milton who convoys us, under classic oar, into the reddened scenes of Pandemonium; and at will we may cool ourselves in the quietudes of Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey," or in the rush of Southey's story of the "Waters at Lodore."

Without rising from our chair, we can match the humor of "John Gilpin" with the fun of Thomas Hood — clinking them together — as suspicious shopkeepers clink doubtful coin. Again, it will be profitable (and easy) for those brooding over such books as these, to weigh the dignified and simple measures of Hume's "Episodes of Early English History" against Macaulay's impassioned advocacy of Whiggism, or the rhetorical lusters of Froude's learning and aplomb. As for Gibbon, we shall find here a taste — if only a taste — of those magniloquent and sonorous periods on which his story of the "Fall of Rome" caracoled in stately fashion to its end.

Here, again, in a platoon of pages — not too many, as whoso reads shall find — are set forth two or three great crises in English history, by that clever young clergyman, John R. Green, who died only a few years since in the prime of life, upon the shores of the Mediterranean. Who, pray, among all book lovers has not read that "Short History of England" (very much better than the longer one, which was a publisher's rather than an author's book); or who has not loved that full and lucid and easy-going story of his English forbears? How came it that his work went at once upon the rolls of fame? He was not more painstaking than Professor Stubbs; not giving a more artistic turn to his periods than Froude; not more erudite than Freeman (whom he honored by

calling master); yet wherever either of these masters has one reader, Green has ten. He knows *what* to tell: that is the secret, as much as knowing how to tell it. He spares us dullness; he cuts short interminable statistics and the fatiguing roll of dates. His whims did not carry him away; his foregone prejudices did not put him on a hunt to build up forlorn reputations; he had no Teutonic maggot in his brain, that he sought to hatch by tedious incubation; but with unerring instinct he pounced only upon the facts which helped his story. Such good choosers are the best entertainers, if not the best teachers.

Carlyle and Emerson, in turn, preach their sermons to us — one bristling, the other serene; nor do these and many another of their pith — but more mildly spoken — forbid our keeping ears and eyes open for the story-teller proper. Manzoni, as vividly as in his own Italian, is Englished in the loves and trials of the "Betrothed"; and the light from his book dances spectrally and delightfully along the shores of Maggiore and of the Lago di Guarda. Those who read Balzac here will get a taste that will beget eagerness for more of his vast gallery. As for Miss Mulock, her glimpse of a bread riot, with John Halifax at the front — showing a heart that beat just as those of the rioters beat — tempts one to say, "Bravo, for the Gentleman"; and his nerve and kindliness make a sermon of resolve, of faith, and of that moral beauty which stamps true heroes — putting power into their words, and into their hands something better than guns.

And what a change from this to the lively sparring match of "Tom Brown," at Rugby; I mean that with William the "slugger" — when the good fellow, East, sponged Tom's head with the dearest care; and the light-weight parries the big blows of the heavy one, and clinches and throws him; then comes the wait, and the new sponging and all goes on gayly and thwackingly till the old doctor sidles out of his turret door, and the slugger vanishes, and the crowd dissolves, and the battle is over. Hurrah! for Tom Brown at Rugby — and

wherever else he turns up, though it were on the dismal heights of Santiago!

Oddly enough — yet the collocation is not inapt — this Rugby business is coupled with Smike and "Dotheboys Hall." 'Tis a great change, to be sure — as if pork chops were to follow upon a delicate "quail on toast." And yet pork chops and Squeers have their relishy savors; and one softens in spite of himself and the vulgar surroundings, when Newman Noggs tells Nicholas, in a little blurred note, that "they draw good ale at the King's Head," and — "say you know *me* and I don't think they'll charge you for it!"

Present Times and Tones.

Who can tell where or how the tide turns, and when the literary flavors and reputations of the past go down, and those of to-day come up? There is no drawing stark lines of definement; the swell of Dibdin's sea songs has hardly subsided when some new billowy stir of the waters brings to us "Hobson's choice"; if we delight in the wonders of Kipling, or the bewitching enmeshments of Daudet, or Zola, 'tis not that we have forsworn or forgotten the kind, old, limping master of Abbotsford, who has for so long lessened our burdens, brightened our hopes, and sweetened our rest: Bradwardine, and Guy Mannering, and Ivanhoe, thank Heaven, still fling their standards to the breeze, over all the great "Keeps" of literature!

The "dead line" cannot be drawn here; who is more lively, pray, than many a dead one whose name is shining athwart these pages? And who is more dead than many a live one whose —— but we will not say it; we will guard our tongue, and pen, and good humor. If the reader discovers a flavor of the rue or of agrimony on some one of the leaves of this storehouse of treasures, he shall find on pages following quickly thereafter a flow of the milk and the honey of Canaan!

Although it may be difficult, amid the welter of names and of

literary work, which belongs to the joining of the tides, to lay down nice and subtle distinctions, yet I think it will be clear to all that certain writers who have their enrollment in the latter volumes of this series do illustrate and express a certain modernity of thought and utterance which in a degree individuates them and plants them in the world-gardens, where the century alleys — nineteenth and twentieth — cross.

Such an one I think is that young British poet — who has not only spliced his own Saxon speech with the swear-words of soldier-folk in India and with the pungent Yankeeisms of Down-Easters, but who has also put a wonderful wheeze of humanity into the cranks and workings of an engine. Tolstoi, too, though doubting the Wagnerism of whatsoever artistic counterfeits, and though he "harks back" to the fables and the folklore of earlier days, has, by his singleness and simple utterances, and absolute truth, engaged the hearts and kindled the emotion of all the world — the humblest and most untaught even more surely than the *ganté* ones who must be educated to admire, and who train after the rulings of some literary clique or court, and shine in pipe-clay trappings. Then we have Ibsen, the Norwegian, — of the leonine locks and looks; no, it is not enough to say he writes interestingly; that is too tame a word even for such play as the "Doll's House"; he does more than interest; he sets the blood to flowing — scaldingly!

As I give a last twirl to the pages where these names flash into view, I come upon a glimpse of the good, old, seedy Titbottom, in his spectacles — wisely filched from the pleasant story of "Prue and I" — not modern indeed, but carrying a rich, nineteenth-century revival of the eighteenth — (the best-elaborated character of that dainty workman, George William Curtis), shuffling across these lines of type haltingly — as befits an old battler with rheumatic twinges — with quaint observation and quainter figure; almost a cousin (as one might say) of the De Coverley family, or of those old bookkeeping clerks, in threadbare black, who glide up and down in the "Essays of Elia" — with such sea pungencies of salty odor in their clothes

as might have been caught on Salem wharves, or in Salem Customhouse, when Hawthorne wrought there — withal very vivid and tender, with a delightful monotone of dreamy philosophy and of warm humanities!

But I must stay this tale of reminiscence and of reverie: even now I have brought to notice less than one out of every score of those who have freighted these treasure books with their savings and sayings.

It seems to me that I have been serving as a sort of signalman only — waving now a green light, and now a red — as the trainspeople have selected and shunted the laden cars together: and now that all is in order, and the couplings made good, nothing remains but — for the completed train, rich in its freight and thunderous with its burden, to dash away toward a great white light I see shining far down the track.

Whereupon this signalman hangs his lantern on the wall — wishing good luck to train, to trainsmen, and to all concerned.

D. G. M.

Edgewood, 1898.

MALAY PROVERBS.

(Translated for this work.)

WHERE there is sugar there are ants.

Is it the water in a full cask that is agitated? is it not rather that in one half full?

Can a reservoir of clear water run dirty water?

Have the thorns been sharpened?

Can you make the elephant's tusks go back in, once they have come out?

There is no use beating a dog, he will come back all the same to the place where there are plenty of bones.

We fear the tiger because of his teeth; but if he no longer has teeth, why should we fear him?

How can you separate the dark of the eye from the white of the eye?

If a ruby falls into a puddle, it will not lose its luster.

Some customs are those of the whites, and some those of the Malays.

It is generally in the bay that the ships are huddled.

The baby is let play on the knees, the monkey is nursed in the woods.

To the young colt, coarse hair.

Raise a fallen tree trunk and the earthworms will show themselves under it.

The dog erects his tail when you pat him on the head.

Because the water is still, you must not think there is no crocodile there.

When the cocoanut shoots are broken there are more cocoanut shoots to replace them; when the pinang shoots are broken, there are more pinang shoots to replace them.

What can we do? the rice is all boiled to mush.

What is the use of lighting the lamp if there is no wick?

What is the good of moonlight in the woods? if it shone in the city wouldn't it be worth more?

Charcoal, even if washed with rose water, never becomes white.

By nature a horse is a horse and an ass is an ass.

Water even if cut is not broken.

When there is a day without rain, the frogs croak incessantly in the marsh.

Why does not the tree struck by lightning fall to the earth? Because there was a hole in the trunk.

Better die with a good repute than live with a bad one.

Back turned, language changed.

Whoever rests on his name finds no bread to eat; whoever commits a crime for bread kills his soul.

What you had shut in your hand falls when released.

Good manners are neither sold nor bought.

The back of a cleaver will cut perfectly if it is sharpened.

The grasshopper becomes a kite, the bug a turtle, and the worm a dragon.

To be not yet seated and already stretching out the legs.

Brave shame, fear death.

The kite sings duets with the fowl, to pounce on it and eat it at last.

To think one's village is the universe, and grasshoppers are kites.

A sliver of palm leaf found in the road may be taken for a tooth or ear cure.

It is allowable to fall decently.

One should not stretch himself out flat his whole length.

The fuller the ear of rice the more it leans; the emptier it is, the straighter it stands.

Fruits too sweet are wormy.

Young monkeys find flowers: is it because they know their usefulness?

Where there is no kite, the grasshopper says, "I am the kite!"

If you slap the water in a tub, it will splash your face.

Don't hold embers in your closed hand; you will let go when they burn.

Put no confidence in a woman.

Have no dealings with an old woman, and don't let one enter your house: does one have dealings with a tiger? does he let one go into the midst of a troop of does?

The perfume of flowers is far off, the odor of dung is near.

Far from the eyes, far from the heart.

It is only the jeweler that knows the jewels.

If some dogs bark, can they make the mountain fall down?

If one makes friends with scoundrels, he has to be a scoundrel too.

Before choosing a companion, see what there is in his bosom.

If it is a buffalo, you hold him by a rope; if it is a man, you hold him by the mouth.

If for one person a whole village is to perish, the village must be destroyed.

If the spring is muddy, the stream is muddy too.

If the root is dead, it is best to pull it up.

When even ten ships arrive, the dogs always put their tails between their legs.

If you love the rice, pull up the weeds.

If you love the rice, throw away the chaff.

If you have to winnow the rice, there is no need to spill out the grain.

If the serpent sucked roots he would not lose his venom.

If a tree has many solid roots, what has it to fear from the tempest?

If we pour a cup of sweet water into the sea, will the sea become sweet?

Sell silk, buy coarse linen.

To squat like a cat and spring like a tiger.

The elephants fight, and the musk deer between them gets killed.

When the salt is spilled, what is the use of the salt-cellar?

When the bait is gone you catch no fish.

To think your comrade is one-eyed; to think your child is blind.

The tiger shows his spotted hide, the durion shows the gashes of its bark.

Nose broken, cheeks puffed out.

To count on the rain from heaven and pour out the water in the jar.

The rain goes back to the sky.

The rain does not fall at all times.

A debt of money can be paid ; a heart debt is discharged only by death.

Not to appreciate knowledge and intelligence is the mark of carelessness and laziness.

The quest for knowledge is first, riches next.

Its fame is finer than its looks.

You can govern a whole park of buffaloes, but not govern one solitary man.

If one is to be struck, let it be by a hand with rings ; if one is to be kicked, let it be by a foot with shoes.

That will come when the cats have horns and the Dutch get circumcised.

If the heavens were to fall on the earth, could one hold them back with the forefinger ?

If one crosses a river he may be swallowed by a crocodile, but he ought not to let the little fishes bite him.

When everybody cries out at once, nobody is listening.

If there is no wind the trees will not be shaken.

If it cannot be mended it should not be broken.

The ass would like to be a horse.

One ship, two captains.

The crab orders its children to walk straight.

To the buffalo the milk, to the cow the name.

The deer chained with a golden chain, if he escapes, hastens to the forest to eat grass.

As soon as it grows warm, the bean forgets its pod.

The less soup the more spoons.

Like a bark too heavily loaded, which goes neither east nor west.

To try to touch the sky with the hand.

He is a kite with the string broken.

The more buds the more leaves.

The pillow is gone, the mat takes its place.

To throw stones, but keep his hand hidden.

Where the needle goes the thread goes too.

Dear to buy, hard to hunt.

He who is ashamed to ask goes astray.

It is a shame if the tiger's whelp becomes a kitten.

Ripe, it is sour; green, it is sweet.

Bleat when you enter a goat pen, bellow when you enter a buffalo yard.

The eyes sleep, the pillow stays awake.

Elephant dead, one doesn't find his trunk; tiger dead, one doesn't find his striped skin.

The kounan [insect] is struck dead with a fly-flapper, the whole world is inundated with his blood.

When one uses ink a great deal, it is permissible to be blacked up.

When one has thoroughly bathed, it is permissible to be wet.

If we climb a bush we may fall and get killed.

To throw salt into the sea.

He who kills pays blood-money.

To ask a fish for its scales.

To wait for the rice with the plate ready on the knees.

To make an abscess by scratching when there was only an itch.

To measure his tunic on his own body.

The mouth bears honey, the back a goad.

The mouth is full of bananas, the back torn with thorns.

Good bargain on the lips, dear on the balance.

The cocoanut's lot is to swim, the stone's is to go to the bottom.

He who wants to sleep finds a cushion.

He who plants cocoanut trees, often does not eat the fruits.

Can he who guards the wells die of thirst?

That the struck serpent be not killed, the rod in the hand not broken, and the earth not dirty.

It is like the fruit of the kepang: to eat it is to get drunk, to throw it away is a grievous loss.

Like him who loves a tray of flowers, but rejects a single flower on its stem.

He is like the musk deer, he loses his life on account of his scent.

Like him who takes shelter in a swarm of bees.

Like the people one pelts with flowers, and who throw dung in return.

When it was a sucker it was not broken: what is the use now it has become a bamboo that has got its growth?

God has given grazing animals muscular necks.

Rice in the hand is worth more than in the field.

Left thigh pinched, right thigh winces.

The heat of a year is dissipated by the rain of a day.

A wooden hatchet well sharpened becomes like an iron hatchet.

When wave hunts wave on the sand of the shore, can we separate them?

The helm is broken with its tiller.

A little bloodsucker may become a great serpent.

The deer forgets the snare, but the snare does not forget the deer.

A sea turtle lays eggs by the hundred and no one knows anything about it; a hen lays one egg and the noise goes all over town.

To go on a horse and come back on a cow.

The knife and the snake's tooth grow dull, man's tongue remains always keen-edged.

Nose broken, face destroyed.

A ship on the stocks is loaded with diamonds.

The lot of man is to be sick to-day and die to-morrow.

The bilang-bilang is low, but it is crept under; the fig tree is high, but it is jumped over.

Mountain low, hope high.

The onion is spoiled when its envelopes wither.

It is best to prepare the ointment before you fall.

One buffalo is covered with mud, all the buffaloes are smeared with it.

He can see a louse in China, but he couldn't see an elephant at the end of his nose.

To dive and drink at once.

He is crazy who to please men abandons what pleases God.

When you feed an elephant, isn't it with a long fork? and when you feed a dog, isn't it in a pan?

A comrade becomes the consoler of the heart.

Like a boy carrying a *kris* for the first time.

Like the durion with the cucumber.

Like a tiger that hides its claws.

Like a turtle that wants to climb a tree.

Like the saucer with the cup: set crosswise they interfere.

Like cloth, with two faces.

Like the dwarf that wants to grasp the moon.

As rats restore a pumpkin.

It is like pottery: one pot broken, all broken.

Can ten scattered stars equal the single moon?

If we wept a whole year, would the sea become sweet?

A quart cannot become a gallon.

If you dispute with the wells, you end by dying of thirst.

With a drop of indigo one can spoil a pot of milk.

When one doesn't know how to dance he says the ground is too wet.

The elephant, big and solid on his four feet as he is, sometimes stumbles.

To repent beforehand is worth while ; to repent afterward is wholly useless.

Who dares seize a tiger with his hands ?

In vain does one act righteously in the eyes of people not well born.

It was aloe wood, it is now sandalwood.

What can't be eaten by the geese one gives to be eaten by the ducks.

The basket finds its cover.

Grain sowed in the lake does not sprout.

To strip off one's clothing for fear of vermin.

One is afraid to pour out a drop and pours out the whole.

A string with three strands is not easily broken.

The hand cuts the morsels, the shoulders bear the burden.

The spring swallows the dragon.

One eats the sap of the sugar-cane and throws away the rest.

Two eggs clash : one broken, both broken.

He wants the meal and still wants the cake.

To strike the breast is to question the body.

He who is too lively becomes slow.

If there is no big tree we cut down the little tree ; if there is no water we build an aqueduct.

There is no rattan, then the roots are useful.

Not to eat the fruit of the *mangka*, and still be gummed with the gum.

It is not by one cock alone that one knows it is daylight.

High in the debate, low in the fight.

The ladder pushed away, the feet swing.

The forefinger is straight, the little finger is bent in.

To follow the taste is ruin ; to follow the heart is death.

Foreigners are leeches that suck the blood.

One doesn't get what he pursues, and he spreads out what is in his bag.

Better die with a good reputation than live with a bad one.

It is not the repose of a rusty spade, but the repose of a grain seed where the substance is developing.

You adorn your hair with the flowers, and dirty it with the stalk.

You carry the flower as long as it smells good; withered, you throw it away.

Bathe a crow in rose-water and it will not become white.

Face grows homely, mirror broken.

Cradle shaken, baby jammed.

The eyes see the weight, but the shoulders bear it.

The length of the figure is that of the blanket.

However high the heron flies, at last he alights on the buffalo's rump.

The falling leaf hovers in the air, the fruit falls at the foot of the tree.

Formerly tin, now iron.

To listen to a bird's story and let fall the baby in your lap.

To perform an action for God and arouse God's anger.

If you hold it in your closed hand you fear it will die; if you let it loose you fear it will fly away.

Where there are many unmarried youths, it is there you find the young girls.

Where the iron pot breaks, the earthen pot hardens.

Where shall we pour the sauce if there is no rice?

THE TWINS.

(From the Chinese of Wu Ming: adapted by Robert K. Douglas.)

THE saying commonly attributed to Mencius, that "Marriages are made in heaven," is one of those maxims which unfortunately find their chief support in the host of exceptions which exist to the truth which they lay down. Not to go farther for an instance than the Street of Longevity, in our notable town of King-chow, there is the case of Mr. and Mrs. Ma, whose open and declared animosity to each other would certainly suggest that the mystic invisible red cords with which Fate in their infancy bound their ankles together, were twined in another and far less genial locality than Mencius dreamed of.

With the exception of success in money-making, Fortune has undoubtedly withheld its choicest gifts from this quarrelsome couple. The go-between who arranged their marriage spoke

smooth things to Ma of his future wife, and described her as being as amiable as she was beautiful, or, to use her own words, "as pliant as a willow, and as beautiful as a gem"; while to the lady she upheld Ma as a paragon of learning, and as a possessor of all the virtues. Here, then, there seemed to be the making of a very pretty couple; but their neighbors, as I have been often told, were not long in finding out that harmony was a rare visitant in the household. The daily wear and tear of life soon made it manifest that there was as little of the willow as of the gem about Mrs. Ma, whose coarse features, imperious temper, and nagging tongue made her anything but an agreeable companion; while a hasty and irascible temper made Ma the constant provoker as well as the victim of her ill humors.

By a freak of destiny the softening influences of the presence of a son have been denied them; but, *en revanche*, they have been blessed with a pair of the most lovely twin daughters, who, like pearls in an oyster-shell, or jewels in the heads of toads, have grown up amid their sordid surroundings free from every contamination of evil. They are beyond question the most beautiful girls I have ever seen. In figure they are both tall and finely shaped, with plastic waists and gracefully bending forms. In feature — for both Daffodil and Convolvulus, as they are called, are so exactly alike, that in describing one I describe both — they are lovely, having eyebrows like half-moons, eyes which are so lustrous that one would expect them to shine in darkness, lips of the most perfect vermilion, finely shaped noses, and softly modeled cheeks. In fact, they are more like children of the gods than the daughters of men; and from all I have ever heard of them, their tempers and dispositions are counterparts of their outward appearance. All these charms of mind and of person were, however, quite lost upon their sordid mother, who until lately regarded them as though they were of the same mold as herself. So much so, that when they reached the prescribed marriageable age, instead of proposing to seek through the empire for two incomparables to pair with such matchless beauties, she announced to her husband, in her usual brusque and overbearing manner, that she intended to look out for two rich young shopkeepers as husbands for "the girls." The moment she chose for making this announcement was not happily timed. She had already succeeded in ruffling Ma once or twice in the earlier part of the day, so that when she now blurted out her intention, his color rose with more than

usual rapidity in his commonly sallow cheeks, and he replied angrily: —

"I forbid your doing anything of the kind. You have no business to meddle with matters which don't pertain to you. Your duty in life is to obey me, and to do nothing without my instructions."

"Hai-yah! If I did that," said Mrs. Ma, now thoroughly aroused, "the household would soon come to a pretty pass. What do you know about managing matters? You remind me of the owl which made itself look like a fool by trying to sing like a nightingale!"

"You ignorant woman!" replied her husband, "how dare you bandy words with me! Don't you know that Confucius has laid it down as an imperishable law that a woman before her marriage should obey her father, and after her marriage her husband?"

"And do you know so little of the Book of Rites," said Mrs. Ma, nothing abashed, "as not to be aware that the mother should arrange the marriages of her daughters? So, just you leave this matter to me. If you want to be doing something, open your chemist's shop again. What will it matter if you do poison a few more people by dispensing the wrong drugs?"

"You infamous creature! how dare you utter such slanders? If you ever again venture on such unparalleled insolence, I will divorce you! for remember that one of the seven grounds for divorce is violence of language. And how would you like to be turned adrift into the cold world at your age, and with your anything but pleasing appearance?"

This last shot told, and Mrs. Ma flung herself out of the room without a word, contenting herself with expressing her anger and defiance by banging the door furiously after her. No sooner was the door shut than Ma took paper and pencil and wrote to invite his friend Ting "to direct his jeweled chariot to the mean abode of the writer, who was preparing a paltry repast for his entertainment." Ting was one of Ma's oldest friends, and, being linked to a wife of a harridanish temperament, had a common bond of union with him. Like Ma, also, he was secretly afraid of his better half, and his counsel, therefore, on the several occasions of domestic dispute on which he had been consulted, had naturally tended rather towards artifice than open war. Ma's note at once suggested to Ting a family disagreement, and he lost no time in obeying the summons, being always glad to find

fresh evidences that others were as evilly circumstanced as himself. He was a tall, stout man, with a loud voice, but wanting that steadiness of eye which should match those outward seemings. By many people he was credited with a firm and somewhat overbearing character; but his wife probably showed more discernment when, on one occasion, after a shrill outburst, she reminded him that "an empty pot makes the greatest noise."

As Ting entered Ma's room, the two friends greeted one another cordially, and into the sympathetic ear of his guest Ma poured the story of his griefs.

"And now, what do you advise me to do?" asked the host. "My insignificant daughters have arrived at a marriageable age; and though they profess an aversion to matrimony and a contempt for the young men of this place, I consider it my duty to settle them in life. But I see clearly that if I am to do it at all, I alone must be the doer. My wife's views are so invariably opposed to mine, that it is hopeless to attempt to act in harmony with her."

"Well," replied Ting, "I myself always act on the principle of the proverb, 'What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve after.' I have on several occasions made family arrangements without letting my wife into the secret until the time for interference has passed, and then, of course, she has been compelled to accept the inevitable. It is true the artifice has resulted in very unpleasant outbursts of wrath; but that is nothing — nothing, my dear Ma." Here Ting's voice, in spite of his brave words, trembled, as a recollection of certain domestic scenes came back to his memory. "Besides, I have in this way succeeded in asserting my position as master of my own household. And my advice to you in your present circumstances is that you should do likewise. If you have made up your mind to marry your daughters, employ a go-between to look out fitting partners, and make the necessary arrangements without saying anything to your wife about it. Then, when the presents have been sent and the cards exchanged, she will find it as easy to dam up the river with her pocket-handkerchief as to bar their marriages."

"Excellent, excellent!" said Ma; "I will act upon your advice. But I must be very circumspect, Ting, very circumspect; for Mrs. Ma has a number of old cronies about her, who gather gossip from stone walls, rumors from the wind, and scandal from everything."

"Perhaps, then, it would be as well," replied Ting, rising to take his leave, "if you were to make use of my study for seeing the go-between and others whom you may wish to employ in the affair. It is quite at your disposal."

"Ten thousand thanks," said Ma. "Your advice has made a man of me, Ting, and has carved for itself a place in my heart in which it will be forever enshrined."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Ma, although for the moment discomfited, was by no means inclined to give up the struggle. After a short communing with herself she sent for Daffodil and Convolvulus, and announced to them her intention of forthwith providing them with husbands of their own rank in life, directing them at the same time to preserve absolute silence on the subject to all but old Golden-Lilies, their maid and chaperon.

"But, mother, we do not wish to marry," said Convolvulus; "least of all, to be tied for life to the sort of young man whom you are kind enough to contemplate for us. Why should we not remain as we are?"

"You are too young to understand such matters," said Mrs. Ma. "I have seen mischief enough arise from leaving young girls unmarried, and I am determined that you shall not be exposed to any such danger. Besides, I have been so bothered lately by suitors, who, it seems, have heard of your beauty, that I shall have no peace until you are settled."

"Remember, mother," put in Daffodil, "that, as you have no sons, you and father are dependent on us to tend and wait on you. Then, mother, we are so perfectly happy in each other's society that we need no other companionship, and it would break our hearts to be separated from each other and from you."

"I am touched by your expressions of affection, my children," answered their mother; "but my mind is quite made up, as I have just told your father, who is foolish enough to think, poor man, that he ought to have the management of the business. And now go back to your embroideries, and remember what I have said to you about keeping the matter secret."

Mrs. Ma's announcement, although not altogether unexpected, fell with a heavy blow upon the twins, who had other and deeper reasons than those they had expressed for disliking the idea of having husbands of their mother's choice forced upon them. Women seldom, if ever, in the first instance give their real reasons, at least in China. Their habit is to fence

them round with a succession of outworks, in the shape of plausible excuses, which, if strong enough to resist the questioner, preserve inviolate their secret motives. If, however, they are driven by persistence out of the first line of defense, they retreat to the second, and so on, until the citadel is reached, when they are commonly obliged to yield, though even then they generally manage to march out with all the honors of war. In this case Mrs. Ma had no motive for breaking the fence of the twins; and so never learnt, as she might otherwise have possibly done, that though the garden wall was high, it was not too hard to climb, and that often when she fancied her daughters were engaged at their embroideries, or practicing their guitars, they were flirting merrily in the garden with two young scholars, under the chaperonage of Golden-Lilies, to whom recollection brought a fellow-feeling for such escapades, and who always carefully watched over her charges, though at a judicious distance. These two youths, Messrs. Tsin and Te, presented the real obstacles to the adoption of Mrs. Ma's proposals by the twins. And it was at least evidence of the good taste of the young ladies that they preferred them to the young men of the shopkeeper class, among whom their mother thought to find them husbands. It was true that neither Tsin nor Te had at that time much of this world's goods, nor did there appear any immediate prospect of their being able to marry; for their fathers, who were ex-officials, were unendowed with anything beyond the savings they had accumulated during their terms of office, and these were not more than enough to enable them to end their days in retired comfort.

In these circumstances the ambitions of the young men centered in their chance of winning official rank at the examinations. Of Tsin's success, no one who had sounded the depth of his scholarship had any doubt. Te, however, was by no means so gifted. His essays were dull reading, and his odes were wooden things, painfully elaborated in accordance with purely mechanical rules. He had none of the facility with which Tsin struck off a copy of verses, and could no more have penned the lines to Daffodil's eyebrows, which first attracted the attention of the sisters to the young scholars, than he could have flown. It was on the occasion of the Feast of Lanterns, at the beginning of this year, that Tsin and Te first became aware of the existence of the twins, who, under the charge of Golden-Lilies, were on the evening of that festival admiring the

illuminations in the streets. Struck by the incomparable beauty of the young ladies, the youths followed them about in blank amazement, until, Tsin's imagination having been suddenly fired by seeing an expression of delight pass over Daffodil's beaming countenance at the sight of an illumination more brilliant than usual, he hurriedly penned a stanza, in which the ideas of willow-leaf eyebrows and jade-like features were so skilfully handled that, when it fell into that young lady's hands, she was lost in admiration at the grace and beauty of the lines. A hurried glance of acknowledgment was enough to keep the young men at the heels of the twins until the portals of the ex-chemist closed upon them; and when, on the next afternoon, Convolvulus found in the summerhouse a stanza marked by all the grace of diction which characterized the ode of the previous day, she had no hesitation in ascribing the authorship to the same gifted being. This message of homage was a prelude to a hurried visit paid and received beneath the bunches of wistaria which hung around the favorite garden retreat of the twins, and this again to other and longer interviews, in which Tsin gradually came to devote himself to Daffodil, and Te to Convolvulus.

It was while toying at one such meeting that the twins were summoned to hear the designs which their mother had formed for their future; and when they left the maternal presence, it was with feelings akin to despair that they poured their griefs into Golden-Lilies' sympathetic bosom. "What are we to do?" was their plaintive cry.

"Do?" said Golden-Lilies. "Why, do as the juggler did who was sentenced to death last year."

"You always have some wise saying or queer story ready, dear Golden-Lilies. But explain; what did the juggler do except die?"

"That is just what he did not do, for when the Emperor told him that his life should be spared on condition that he made the Emperor's favorite mule speak, the man undertook to do it within twelve months by the calendar."

"What a fool he must have been!"

"So his friends said; but he replied, 'Not so, for many things may happen in a year: the mule may die, or the Emperor may die, or I may die; and even if the worst comes to the worst, and none of these things happen, I shall at least have had another year of life.' Now, though you are not in such a

parlous state as the juggler was, yet, as you cannot resist your mother, you had better appear to submit, and trust to the chapter of accidents."

But Mrs. Ma was evidently disposed to leave as little as possible to accident; for the very next morning she sallied out in her sedan chair, and paid a visit to a well-known "go-between" in the town. This woman, delighted to have the credit of arranging the marriage of the beautiful twins, chose from her list of bachelors two young men, one the son of a silk mercer and the other of a salt merchant, who fulfilled Mrs. Ma's main requirement of being rich.

"They are nice young men, too," she added, "though neither of them is likely to attract the admiration of the goddess of the North Star like the matchless Chang-le. But if ugly men never mated, the imperial race of China would soon die out."

"I don't care a melon-seed," said Mrs. Ma, as she ate two or three of those delicacies from the dainty dish by her side, "about beauty in a man. None can be called deformed but the poor; money is beauty, and to my mind the true deformity is an empty purse. So please make the proper overtures at once, and let me know the result. I have reasons for wishing to preserve secrecy in this matter, and I would therefore beg you not to talk of it until all is arranged."

It was not long before the go-between reported confidentially that her proposal had been received both by the silk mercer Yang and the salt merchant Le on behalf of their sons with enthusiasm. Nor did the fortune-teller throw any obstacles in the way of the speedy fulfillment of Mrs. Ma's schemes; for the almanac pointed with unmistakable clearness to the next full moon as being one of the most fortunate in the whole year for marriages.

Everything seemed, therefore, to lie level with the wish of Mrs. Ma; and under the combined influences of good fortune, and satisfaction evoked from the conviction that she was doing her duty as a mother, her good nature knew no bounds. She was even civil to Ma, and in her superior way smiled to herself at the beaming self-content which had lately come over him, and which she naturally regarded as a reflection of her own good humor. As the day for receiving the presents approached, she chuckled to see how easily he was persuaded to have the chairs and divan in the reception hall re-covered

and the walls re-decorated. On the day itself, — poor foolish man! — far from expressing any surprise at the superlative toilet in which she had bedecked herself, he paid her the compliment of likening her to a fairy from the palace of the "Royal Mother of the West"; and even went the length, as though following her example, of arraying himself in his costliest garments. As the day advanced, the actions of each seemed to have a strange fascination for the other; and when, at the usual evening hour for the presentation of betrothal presents, the merry strains of the "Dragon and the Phœnix," played by more than one band, struck upon their ears, they glanced at one another with gratified curiosity rather than surprise. As the noise in the street swelled into a roar compounded of bands, drums, and the shouts of coolies, Mrs. Ma's pride rose at the thought that she had succeeded in capturing such liberal and munificent suitors; and she had almost forgotten the opposition of her husband when four young men, bearing letters, and each leading a goose and a gander, — the recognized emblems of conjugal affection, — followed by servants carrying a succession of rich presents, advanced to the audience hall. That her two *protégés* should have sent eight geese appeared to her unnecessary, although she accepted the multiplication of the birds as a pretty token of the ardor of the lovers; but her sense of this excess was soon lost in her admiration of the unusually numerous gifts which now filled the court-yard.

With many deep reverences the young men presented their letters to Ma, who was at first too much dazed by the confusion which reigned about him to do more than to incline his head and open the envelopes. As he read the first letter, however, his confused expression of countenance was exchanged for one of puzzled surprise.

"There is," he said, "some mistake here. I know nothing of this Mr. Yang who writes. You must," he added, turning to the young man who had presented the letter, "have come to the wrong house by mistake."

"Pardon me," replied the young gentleman, "your humble servitor has made no mistake, unless indeed you are not the honorable father of the incomparable twins whom you have deigned to betroth to my principal, Mr. Yang, and his friend, Mr. Le."

The mention of these names recalled Mrs. Ma to the actual-

ities of the position; and, advancing towards her husband, she said, with some embarrassment: —

"There is no mistake in the matter. I told you that I should arrange our daughters' marriages, and I have done so. Messrs. Yang and Le are the gentlemen I have chosen, and these are their presents in due form."

For a moment Ma looked at her in angry astonishment, and then, as the whole affair took shape in his mind, he lost all control over himself, and, trembling with passion, he broke out: —

"You stupid, obstinate woman, how dare you disobey my orders and practice this deceit upon me? By what pretense of right have you ventured to interfere in this matter? You have brought disgrace upon me and infamy upon yourself. *I* have arranged alliances for the twins with the sons of my friends, Messrs. Tsai and Fung, and it is these they shall marry and no others!"

Then, turning to Yang's and Le's young squires, he added with scant courtesy: "Take away your gifts, young men, and tell your principals that this rebuff serves them right for dealing in an underhand way with a headstrong woman."

"Don't listen to him," cried Mrs. Ma. "I accept your presents."

"Take them away!" shouted Ma.

"You shameless boor!" screamed Mrs. Ma. "You miserable, vaporing, good-for-nothing! Do you talk to me of 'daring' and 'venturing'? Why, you may thank Buddha that you have got a wife who knows how and when to act; and I tell you that your friends Tsai and Fung may as well try to join the hare in the moon as hope to raise the veils of my daughters. So, if these young men represent them, they had better be off at once and take their rubbish with them."

This was more than Ma's irascible nature was able to endure, and raising his hand to strike, he rushed at his wife. Fortunately his servants were near enough to intervene, and an exchange of blows — for Mrs. Ma had seized a flute from an amazed musician, and stood ready for the assault — was for the moment averted. Foiled in finding the natural outlet for his rage, Ma, with as wild gesticulations as were possible with a man holding each arm and a third dragging at his skirts, shouted orders to his servants to turn Yang's and Le's squires, with their presents, out into the street. With equal vehemence Mrs. Ma invoked the direst misfortunes and deepest curses on

the head of any one who ventured to lay hands on them, and at the same time called on her partisans to throw the other people and their gifts out of doors. The hubbub thus created was aggravated by the incursion of idlers from the street, some of whom presently took sides, as the squires and their followers showed signs of acting on the taunts and adjurations of Ma and his wife. From words the adverse hosts speedily came to blows, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. The presents, which had made such a goodly show but a few minutes before, were broken to pieces and scattered over the courtyard; while the eight geese, with outstretched wings and wild cacklings, flew, seeking places of refuge. With impartial wisdom the servants of the house, aided by some unbiased onlookers, threw their weight on the combatants in the direction of the door. By this manœuvre the courtyard was gradually cleared, and eventually the front gates were closed on the surging, fighting crowd, which was dispersed only when some of the ringleaders had been carried off to the magistrate's *yamun*.

As a neighbor and an acquaintance of Ma, I thought it best, on being informed of what had taken place, to call in to see if I could be of any use. I had some difficulty in getting inside the front gates; but when I did, a scene of confusion presented itself such as I have never seen equaled. The courtyard was covered with débris, as though some typhoon had been creating havoc in an upholsterer's shop; while in the audience hall Ma was inflicting chastisement on his wife with a mulberry twig, which he had evidently torn from the tree at hand in the yard. I was fortunately in time to prevent the punishment becoming severe, though at the time I could not but feel that Mrs. Ma's conduct was of a kind which could only be adequately punished by corporal chastisement.

As a husband and a Confucianist, I deprecate the use of the rod toward a wife except in extreme cases. There are, however, some women whose intellects are so small and their obstinacy so great that reasoning is thrown away upon them. They have nothing to which one can appeal by argument; and with such persons, bodily fear is the only fulcrum on which it is possible to rest a lever to move them. From all I hear, Mrs. Ma is a typical specimen of this class. She prides herself on her obstinacy, which she regards as a token of a strong mind, and she is utterly destitute of that intelligence which should make her aware of the misery and discomfort it causes to those

about her. No camel is more obstinate, and no donkey more stupid, than she.

But, while quite recognizing this, I could not but feel some compassion for her, as, weeping and disheveled, she escaped from the hall when I succeeded in releasing her from her husband's wrath. At first Ma's fury was so uncontrollable that I could do nothing with him; but gradually he quieted down, and, acting on my advice, went over to his friend Ting to consult as to what should be done in the very unpleasant circumstances in which he was placed. It was plain that some decided step would have to be taken, as the arrest of some of the rioters had brought the whole affair within the cognizance of the mandarins, and it is always best in such matters to be the one to throw the first stone. After much discussion it was, as I afterwards learned, decided that Ma should present a petition to the prefect, praying him, in the interest of marital authority and social order, to command the fulfillment of the contract entered into by the petitioner with Fung and Tsai.

On the following morning Ma, in pursuance of this arrangement, presented himself at the prefect's *yamun*, and, after having paid handsome *douceurs* to the doorkeeper and secretary, was admitted into the august presence of his Excellency Lo. Having only lately arrived in the prefecture, Lo's appearance had been hitherto unknown to Ma, who was much awed and impressed by the dignified airs and grand ways of his Excellency. A man severe he is and stern to view, and yet beneath his outward seeming there is a strong undercurrent of human nature, — held in check, it is true, by the paralyzing effect of our educational system, but still capable of being aroused and worked upon at times. As Ma knelt before him, he glanced down the memorial, and demanded a full explanation of the circumstances. Nothing loath, Ma poured forth his version of the story, in which he by no means extenuated his wife's conduct, and wound up by emphasizing the importance of checking the insubordination of the women, which was becoming only too prevalent in that neighborhood.

"You certainly have made out a *prima facie* case for further investigation," said the prefect; "and what you say about women is, to your credit, precisely in accord with the teachings of Confucius, who laid down that 'women should yield absolute obedience to their husbands, and that beyond the threshold of their apartments they should not be known either

for good or evil.' I shall therefore summon your wife to appear at once before me; and meanwhile you may stand aside."

The summoning officer was not long in executing his mission, and the time had scarcely begun to hang heavily on Ma's hands when Mrs. Ma entered the *yamun*. That lady looked anything but comfortable when she saw her husband talking with an assured air to the officers of the court, and answered his glance of recognition with the kind of look that a house dog gives a stranger cur when it crosses his threshold. On learning that Mrs. Ma had arrived, the prefect at once took his place on the bench; and as both disputants fell on their knees in the courtyard, he ordered Mrs. Ma to explain her conduct in disobeying the commands of her husband.

"May it please your Excellency," she began, "I am a poor ignorant woman."

"So far I am with you," said the prefect; "but go on with your story."

"And, your Excellency, I have always tried to do my duty by my husband and children."

"That is not the point. Tell me why, when your husband had forbidden you to interfere in the matter of the marriage of your daughters, you persisted in doing so."

"May it please your Excellency, my great-grandmother —"

"Oh, may curses rest on your great-grandmother!" shouted the prefect, losing patience. "Speak to the matter in hand or you shall be flogged."

"I was only going to explain, your Excellency —"

"Now take care what you are saying."

"It is true my husband told me that he would arrange our daughters' marriages, but I knew anything he touched he marred, and I thought, therefore, that as I had always been told, at least by my great —" A warning glance from the prefect here checked her eloquence, and she went on — "I have always learned that the marriage of a daughter is the particular province of her mother. I should never have dreamed, your Excellency, of interfering if it had been our son's marriage. Not that we have a son, your Excellency, though many is the time I have been to the temple of Kwanyin to pray for one; and as to money, your Excellency —"

"Bring a one-inch bamboo," said the prefect to one of the lictors.

"Oh, please spare me, your Excellency, and I will say anything you wish!"

"All I want is that you should tell the truth and speak only to the record. Do this, and I will listen; lie or wander, and I shall flog you."

"Well, then, your Excellency, I found also that the two young men selected by my husband were in no way proper matches for my daughters, who are very beautiful. One of these wretched youths is blind in one eye, and the other has one leg shorter than its fellow. In these circumstances I took the matter in hand, and discovered two veritable dragons, who were yearning to link their fate with the pair of phœnixes who rest beneath my humble roof. As destiny decreed, my husband's cripples sent their betrothal presents at the same moment that Messrs. Yang and Le sent theirs. Upon this my husband gave way to wild fury, broke the presents to atoms, beat the servants, and flogged your humble servant till she was one mass of bruises."

"Is it true that these *protégés* of yours are as your wife describes them?" asked the prefect of Ma.

"No, your Excellency; she has grossly exaggerated their defects. It is true that the sight of one of Fung's eyes is partially affected, and that Tsai's legs are not quite of an equal length, but the difference is so slight that it is outwardly invisible, and is only perceptible if he walks over a wooden floor, when there is a slightly hop-and-go-one sound about his steps. But, your Excellency, she would have been wise to have remembered the proverb, 'Don't laugh at your neighbor's wart when your own throat is disfigured by a wen;' for it is as well known as that your Excellency is the quintessence of wisdom, that Yang is only, as we people say, nine parts of a whole; and as for young Le, he bears so evil a reputation that no respectable citizen will allow him to enter his doors."

"Well, if this were a matter which only concerned you two, I should not trouble myself further about it, for you are a pair of the simplest of simpletons; but as your daughters' interests are at stake, I have thought it right to send for them, that I may find out what they feel on the subject."

At this moment the twins entered the court and advanced with graceful modesty, swaying from side to side like tender shrubs gently moved by a passing breeze. Never had they looked more lovely; their jade-like complexions, exquisite

features, and their lustrous eyes lent so ethereal a beauty to their budding womanhood that they seemed more than mortal. With the winsomest mien, and wielding their fans as only Chinese women can, they bowed low before the prefect, and then stood awaiting his orders. The poor man gazed on them as a man gazes on spirits from the other world. He had looked up as they entered, expecting to see in them repetitions of their vulgar-looking parents; but to his unutterable surprise they stood before him resplendent as the moon on the fourteenth night, and as fascinating as fairies. As it happened, they had just arrayed themselves in their most becoming costumes in expectation of a visit from Tsin and Te, when the prefect's summons came. Every charm, therefore, which personal adornment could add to their natural beauty was present with them, and the picture they made as they stood in the middle of the courtyard was one which struck the spectators dumb with astonishment. The prefect dropped his pencil, and seemed quite to forget that anything was expected of him; and for the moment no one, except the twins and their parents, did expect anything from him; for one and all — secretaries, *ting-chais*, lictors, and clerks — were so ravished by the sight, that all consciousness of the fitness of things was lost to view. After some moments of silence, which seemed to the twins like so many hours, the prefect awoke from his rapt astonishment, and said: —

"Are you really the daughters of these people before me? Is it possible that nature should have played such a trick, and should have molded you in manners, as in shape, in blood, and in virtue, on a model as widely separated from your parents as earth is from heaven?"

"May it please your Excellency," replied Daffodil, in a low and nervous tone, "we are the children — the only children — of these our parents."

"Come nearer," rejoined the prefect, in a voice that had no stern judicial ring about it, "and speak without reserve to me; for if I do not espouse your cause and shield you from wrong, may my father's ashes be scattered to the wind, and my mother's grave be dishonored. Tell me, now, have you any desire to marry any of the four suitors your father and mother have provided for you? and if you have, tell me to which you incline."

"We know nothing of these young men, your Excellency," said Daffodil.

"Well, when you hear that, according to your parents'

description, one is blind, another lame, a third silly, and the fourth wicked, I should hardly expect that you would care to make their acquaintance. However, as they are in attendance, I shall have them in, that you may see what manner of men they are." Turning to an officer, he added, "Send in the four suitors in this case."

As the young men entered, all eyes were turned towards them; and certainly a sorrier quartet it would be difficult to find anywhere. Their natural failings fully justified the description given of them by Ma and his wife, and were in this instance exaggerated by the consciousness of the ordeal they were called upon to undergo. The prefect looked at them with surprise and disgust; and the twins, who held Tsin and Te as their models, regarded them with horror from behind their fans.

"Well?" said the prefect, turning to Daffodil and Convolvulus.

"Oh, your Excellency!" plaintively ejaculated the twins in one breath.

"I quite understand you, and your verdict is exactly what I should have expected; and since it is plain to me, — come a little nearer, I fear you cannot hear what I say, — that your parents are as incapable of understanding your value as monkeys are of appraising the price of apple-green jade, I shall take on myself the matter of your marriages. Are not prefects the fathers and mothers of the people? and if so, then I am both your father and your mother. Put yourselves into my hands, then. Trust in me; and if I do not do the best I can for you, may I die childless, and may beggars worship at my tomb!"

"How can we thank you," said Daffodil, who was always readiest with her words, "for your boundless condescension and infinite kindness towards your handmaidens! May your Excellency live for ten thousand years, and may descendants of countless generations cheer your old age!"

"Thank you for your good wishes," said the prefect. "I must take time to consider the course I shall pursue, and will let you know the result." Then turning to Ma and his wife, he said in quite another tone, "Take your daughters home, and do not venture to make any arrangements for their future until you hear from me."

So saying, he rose; but, contrary to his usual habit, waited to arrange his papers until the sylph-like forms of the twins

had disappeared through the folding doors, when he retired precipitately.

The next morning Ma was surprised by a visit from the prefect, who had found it necessary, he said, to inform the twins in person of his intention towards them. Having greeted his wards with all the affection of a guardian, he said: —

"On thinking over the matter of your marriages, I have determined to hold an examination preliminary to the coming official examination; and I propose to offer you as the prizes to be awarded to the two scholars who shall come out at the top of the list. In this way we shall have at least a guarantee that your husbands will be learned, and likely to gain distinction in official life."

"But suppose," put in Convolvulus, timidly, "they should be married men?"

"Ah, I never thought of that!" said the prefect, laughing. "Well, I will tell you what I will do. It happens that a hunter brought me in this morning a brace of the most beautiful gazelles; and these I will give to the two top married men, as dim and bleared emblems of the still more lovely creatures which will fall to the lot of the two successful bachelors."

The prefect accompanied his remark with a smile and bow which added another tinge of color to the blushes which had already suffused the brilliant cheeks of the twins, whose modest confusion had scarcely subsided when he took his departure.

The appearance, two or three days after this interview, of a semi-official proclamation announcing the examination, and specifying the prizes in store for the winners, produced the wildest excitement in the town. The proceedings before the prefect had become notorious, and the rare beauty of the twins was, if possible, exaggerated by the thousand-tongued rumors which spread of their exceeding loveliness. To Daffodil the ordeal suggested no uneasiness. For, feeling confident of the surpassing talent of Tsin, she entertained no doubt that he would come out first upon the list. But with Convolvulus the case was different: for, though devotedly attached to Te, she had wit enough to recognize that his literary talents were not on a par with his distinguished appearance. The uneasiness she thus felt found vent in words at one of the stolen interviews in the arbor, and Te frankly admitted that he had been tortured by the same misgiving.

"If I could only dive into the prefect's mind," he said,

"and find out what themes he has chosen for the two essays, I should have no fear."

These words sank deep into Convolvulus's soul, and in a conversation with Daffodil, in which she expressed her fears for Te, she repeated what he had said, adding: —

"Do you think that we could worm out of the prefect something about the themes he is going to set?"

"I do not know, but we might try," replied her sympathetic sister. "The best plan would be, I think, that we should express in a casual way a liking for some classical piece, and it is possible that to pay us a compliment he might be kind enough to choose the themes out of it. For, dear old man, I saw from behind my fan a look in his eyes, when he made us that pretty speech the other day, that made me think of mother's saying. 'Men propose and women dispose.' Only yesterday dear Tsin taught me a lovely ode out of the 'Book of Poetry,' beginning —

"'See where before you gleams the foaming tide
Of Tsin and Wei down-sweeping in their pride.'

It was so pretty of him to choose an ode in which his own dear name occurs, was it not? Now, don't you think that in the letter we have to write to the prefect to-day about the copy of the proclamation he sent us, we might put in a quotation from this ode? It would at least please him, for I know he is fond of poetry, and it is possible that it might draw a remark from him which we may turn to account. It is full of lines which would make capital themes."

"Oh, Daffodil, how clever you are! If you and Tsin have sons they will all, I am sure, be *Chwang-yuen*.[1] Your device is excellent. Let us set to work at once to compose the letter."

So down they sat to the task, and, after much cogitation, Daffodil drafted the following: —

"May it please your Excellency, — Your humble servants on their knees have received the jade-like epistle and proclamation which you deigned to send them. With rapture they have admired the pearl-like style of your brilliant pencil, and with endless gratitude they recognize your kindness and bounty, which are as wide and far-reaching as 'the gardens beyond the Wei' described in the 'Book of Poetry.'"

[1] The title of the senior wrangler of the empire.

"Now, what do you think of that?" said Daffodil, as she put down her pencil. "*I* think it is neat. It brings in the reference to the ode without any seeming effort, and will, if I mistake not, tickle our friend's fancy for classical quotations."

"Oh, it is excellent," said Convolvulus. "With the twig so cleverly limed, I feel sure we shall catch our bird."

And the result proved Convolvulus to be right; for on the following day the prefect called again, and in conversation with the twins, with whom he had now grown familiar, he remarked: —

"So I see you have read the 'Book of Poetry.'"

"Yes," said Convolvulus; "and it was such a pleasure to be able to quote our favorite ode in writing to our dearest friend."

The prefect, touched and pleased at this artless expression of regard, rejoined: —

"It so happens that this is one of my favorite odes also. The description," added he, waxing enthusiastic, "of the wide-sweeping rivers, and the lovely gardens, with the admixture of human interests in the mention of lovers toying beneath the shade, presents to my mind a picture which is literally laden with beauty and delight."

"Though, of course, I am quite incapable of understanding *all* that you mean, it has occurred to me in reading the ode," replied Daffodil, "that every line is like a seed of corn, which, if properly treated, may be made to bring forth rich literary fruit."

"I cannot help thinking, Miss Daffodil," said the prefect, "that if you were to enter the lists at the examination you would probably win yourself."

"What a barren triumph it would be!" said Daffodil, laughing. "But if I competed at all," she added, "I should insist on your taking this ode as our text, and then I should reproduce the ideas you have just given us, and win the prize."

"Well, I will tell you what I will do if you will keep my secret," said he. "I *will* give the themes from this ode, and then you and your sister will be able to judge whether the winners deserve the prizes. But what is the matter with your sister?"

This exclamation was caused by Convolvulus dropping her teacup on to the floor and breaking out into hysterical sobbing.

"Oh, she is rather subject to these attacks at this time of

the year," said Daffodil, running to her side. "Will you excuse my attending to her?"

"Oh, don't think of me for a moment. Please look after your sister. I will go off at once, and shall send over in the afternoon to inquire how she is."

As the door closed on the prefect, Convolvulus sobbed out: "Oh, how stupid I have been! But I could not help it. Dear Te is safe now."

That afternoon there were great rejoicings in the summer-house, and Daffodil's *finesse* was eulogized in terms which to an unprejudiced observer might have seemed adulatory. And it was generally agreed between the four lovers that by steady application during the month which intervened before the examination, Te might easily make himself so completely master of all that had been written on the ode in question that he could not fail to succeed. With ready zeal, on the very next morning he set to work at the commentaries, and, beginning with Mao's, he waded carefully through the writings of every weighty critic down to the present time. In the intervals of leisure he practised essay-writing under the guidance of Tsin, and made such progress that Convolvulus was in raptures; and even Daffodil, reflecting the opinion of Tsin, was loud in her praises of his diligence and success.

At last the examination day arrived, and armed with the good wishes and benedictions of the twins, the two friends betook themselves to the prefect's *yamun*. On entering the courtyard they found that rows of tables, separated by temporary partitions on the sides and at the back, were ranged in the usually empty space. At the door was a secretary, — a stranger, — who gave to each a numbered ticket and inscribed their names on a register; while another official allotted to each a table, and distributed paper, ink, and pencils. In their impatient anxiety our two heroes had come early; but from the noise and excitement which began immediately to echo on every side of them, it was plain that there were very many others who were minded to be in good time also. At length, when every table was full and every ticket given away, a drum was sounded, the folding doors were closed, and the competitors were cut off from the outer world for the rest of the day. Presently the prefect entered at the upper end of the hall, and having taken his seat on a raised dais, thus addressed the assembled scholars: —

"You are all doubtless aware of the unusual circumstances under which I am holding this examination, and I take it for granted that you are cognizant of the prizes which are to be won by the two most successful competitors." Many an eye sparkled at this reference to the twins. "The two themes on which I shall ask you to write as many essays are taken from the ode of the 'Book of Poetry,' entitled 'The Tsin and the Wei.'" Here Te gave a great sigh of relief. "The first consists of the two opening lines: —

"'See where before you gleams the foaming tide
Of Tsin and Wei down-sweeping in their pride;'

and the second, of what I may call the refrain of the ode: —

"'Beyond the watery waste of mighty Wei
There blooms a garden rich in blossoms gay,
Where lads and lasses toy in shady bowers,
And pelt each other with soft-scented flowers.'

You will have observed that a secretary, who has been kindly lent me for the occasion by the Viceroy of the Province, took down your names at the door, placing them on his scroll opposite the numbers corresponding with those on your tickets. Having finished your essays, you will be good enough to sign at the foot of each the number on your tickets — not your names. After the papers have been examined, and the order of merit arranged, this sealed envelope which I hold in my hand, and which contains the secretary's scroll, will be opened, and the names of the winners ascertained and announced. As the task of going over the essays will be a long one, I propose to proclaim the award on the fifteenth of the present month at noon. And now to your tasks. The prizes offered you are well worth a struggle, and I cannot imagine any objects more calculated to stir the blood and fire the imaginations of young men like yourselves than the lovely daughters of Ma."

When the students had settled down to work, the prefect, acting on a sudden impulse, sent to invite the twins to look down at the competitors from the latticed gallery which ran along one side of the courtyard. Such an opportunity of looking down upon five hundred possible husbands was not to be lost, and as quickly as their chair coolies could carry them they presented themselves at the door of the private apartments. The prefect, who had grown quite alert when Daffodil and her

sister were in question, snatched a moment from his duties in the hall to escort them to the gallery. Once alone, they eagerly scanned the five hundred for the lineaments of their lovers.

"Oh, there is Te!" said Daffodil. "I know him by the lie of his pigtail."

"Where do you mean?" asked Convolvulus, seeing that her sister was looking in quite another direction from the one in which her eyes had been riveted for some minutes.

"In the front row, and about the tenth from this end."

"Why, you silly thing, there the dear fellow is, sitting in the fourth row, with his sleeves tucked up and his spectacles on."

"Well, then, all I can say is, that there is another young man with a pigtail exactly like Te's. Do you see Tsin?" she added, after a pause. "He is writing as though his life depended on it, and smiling at times as though some happy thoughts were crossing his mind."

"Oh!" exclaimed Convolvulus, presently, "Te is in difficulties. He is biting the end of his pencil, as he always does when he is stranded for want of matter. I wish I were by him to encourage him."

"I don't think your presence would be likely to add much to the concentration of his thoughts," remarked her sister.

"Oh, there, he is off again! I wonder what thought suggested itself to him at that moment. Do you know, I sometimes think that Te and I are able to communicate mentally by speechless messages, for I have several times found that we have both been thinking of the same thing at the same moment."

"Oh, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! But now we must be going, or those men near us will hear us chattering." So, sending a dutiful farewell to the prefect, they returned home to await the arrival of their lovers, who had promised to report progress after the labors of the day. As the shades of evening fell, the sound of well-known footsteps brought the sisters to the balcony of the summerhouse; and as they leaned over to greet their lovers, the young men instinctively paused to admire the beauty of the picture they made. Their light and graceful forms, clothed with all the taste and brilliancy of richly embroidered robes, and their exquisite features lit up with pleasure and expectancy, presented a foreground which found fitting surroundings in the quaint carving of the arbor and the masses of wistaria blossom, which drooped like bunches of grapes from the eaves and every coign of vantage.

"Well?" they asked.

"Good news," was the answer. "The prefect was as good as his word, and everything turned out exactly as we had expected."

"That is capital. But we were sorry you did not sit together," said Daffodil.

"How do you know that we did not?" said Tsin with surprise.

"And why, Te, did you tuck up your sleeves, as though you were going to contend with a sword instead of with a pen?" said Convolvulus.

"Now, who told you that I tucked up my sleeves? Confess, or I'll —"

"Oh, what a pair of unsympathetic mortals you are!" broke in Daffodil, who was too happy to be silent. "There were we looking down upon you from the latticed gallery, and you were no more conscious of our presence than if you had been made of stone."

"And, Te, dear," said Convolvulus, "once when your ideas had evidently forsaken you, I longed to be at your side to help you out. And I think my longing wish must have been of some use, for almost immediately you set to work again."

"Let us go for a stroll in the garden, and we will talk it all over," was the reply of the enamored Te.

The ten days which elapsed between the examination and the announcement of the results passed slowly with Tsin and Te, and were mainly occupied in going over each point they had made and each opportunity they had missed. In the preliminary studies, Tsin had among other points striven to impress upon Te the importance of drawing a comparison between the effect of the licentious music of the state of Ching, as illustrated by the manners of the people described in the ode, and that produced by the austere strains of Wei. But when the moment came for the use of this comparison, Te found himself hopelessly confused, and ended by attributing to the exceptionally pure airs of Wei an impropriety which bordered on grossness.

The recollection of this and other shortcomings weighed heavily on Te's spirits, and tortured him even in the presence of his lady-love.

"But what matters it," said that young lady, "if you do fail in one direction, so long as you make up for it in others? It is no use making the bridge wider than the river."

"True," replied Te; "but what if an architect puts his materials together so badly that they topple over into the stream?"

"What should you say of an architect," answered Convolvulus, "who built a good bridge, and could not sleep of a night if a leaf stirred, for fear it should be blown down?"

"Well, my eyes will not now be long 'blackened with the pencil of sleeplessness,' to use your own pretty imagery," answered her lover. "And I really don't know whether to wish that between this and the fifteenth, Time should fly or move with leaden feet. At all events, I enjoy your presence now, and it may be that then it will be lost to me forever."

"I should not give up hope even if you failed," replied the cheery little Convolvulus. "There are more ways of catching a bird than grasping its tail."

The intense anxiety felt by Tsin and Te as to their success or failure caused them, as perhaps was only natural, to lose sight to a certain extent of the fact that to the young ladies there was even more depending on the fifteenth than to themselves; for, after all, their failure would only bring on them a negative misfortune, while it was within the bounds of possibility that Daffodil and Convolvulus might find themselves bound to partners whom they loathed. The twins' interest in the day was heightened by the arrival of the prefect on the afternoon of the fourteenth, to invite them to be present on the following morning.

"I have arranged," said he, "a pretty little alcove on the outside of the hall, where you can sit with your mother and watch the proceedings. As you know, I inserted a saving clause into my proclamation, reserving to myself the right of rejecting any student who should appear physically unworthy of you; and it may be that I may wish to refer the decision on such a delicate point to yourselves."

"How thoughtful you are, your Excellency! But I am sure we may trust you not to give us pock-marked, bald, or stunted husbands," said Daffodil, smiling.

"Now describe your idea of what a husband should be," replied the prefect.

"First of all, he must be tall," answered Daffodil, drawing a mental picture of Tsin, "with broad shoulders and an upright figure. He should have a well-formed nose, a bright eye, and a glossy pigtail."

"Just what I used to be in bygone days," thought the prefect to himself. Somehow lately he had taken to wishing that life was beginning with him anew, and after each interview with the twins he had returned to regard Madam Lo's matronly figure with increasing disfavor. On this particular occasion he was evidently bent on enjoying himself, and seemed disposed to reproduce, in Ma's garden, the free and easy manners of the frequenters of the "shady bowers," "beyond the watery waste of mighty Wei." Nothing loath, the girls indulged his humor, and when he finally took his leave, he carried off with him one of Daffodil's prettily enameled hairpins and Convolvulus's bangle.

On the following morning the town was early astir, and quite a crowd collected at Ma's doorway to see the twins start for the prefect's *yamun*. In that usually decorous building the scene was tumultuous. Not only did the five hundred competitors present themselves, but when it became known that the beautiful twins would be present, nearly the whole male population of the town, including myself, poured into the courtyard. The police and lictors had no light task in keeping order; and when the twins stepped into the alcove a rush was made to that side of the courtyard, which threatened to break down the barrier that inclosed the hall. Even the sounding of the drum and the appearance of the prefect produced little or no effect on the disorder which prevailed; and it was not until two or three of the most obstrusive admirers of the two beauties had been seized and flogged on the spot, that sufficient silence was obtained to allow of the opening of the proceedings.

"I have read," said the prefect, addressing the competitors, "with the greatest care the essays which you handed in on the fifth, and after much consideration, I have selected two sets as being the best of those contributed by bachelors, and two whose authors are married men. As there is less to say about the married men, I will dispose of them first. I find that Ping and Lung are the winners in that competition. Let Ping and Lung step forward. Your essays," said the prefect, addressing the two scholars, "are extremely creditable, and I have much pleasure in presenting you with the gazelles which I advertised as your reward. I am only sorry for you that they are not the gazelles on my left hand," pointing to the twins.

"Most cordially do we echo your regret, your Excellency," said Ping, casting longing eyes towards the alcove; "but fail-

ing those priceless prizes, we thank you for the gifts you have conferred upon us."

"Now," said the prefect, "I come to the bachelors."

At these words there was a movement and excitement in the hall, which showed how deeply the admiration of the competitors had been stirred by the unparalleled beauty of the two sisters. To both Tsin and Te the moment was one of supreme concern. Tsin held his breath and bit his lip, while Te wrung his perfectly dry pocket-handkerchief as though it had been used, as well it might have been, to wipe the perspiration from off his streaming forehead.

"With regard to the winner of the first prize," he added, "I have no hesitation in pronouncing my decision. Beyond compare the essays of Tsin, in whom I am glad to recognize the son of an old friend, are infinitely the best. Not only do they display originality of thought and brilliancy of diction, but the depth of the scholarship they manifest is perfectly wonderful. I could not have believed that any scholar could have possessed so minute and accurate a knowledge of the writings of the scholiasts of all ages. I have known men who have been thoroughly acquainted with the critics of the Chow dynasty; others with those of the Han dynasty; others, again, with those of the T'ang dynasty; but never have I met with any one who had mastered so thoroughly the writings of all of them. And it becomes almost bewildering when one thinks that his knowledge of the scholia on every other ode in the 'Book of Poetry' is as perfect as his knowledge of the commentaries on this one. For why should I suppose that his attention has been especially attracted to this ode? Without question, then, I give the palm to Tsin. But with regard to the second prize I confess to have been in some doubt. However, after mature consideration, I have determined to award it to a gentleman of the name of Te." Here Convolvulus, who had been leaning forward to catch every word, threw herself back in her chair with a sigh of relief. "The genius," went on the prefect, "displayed by Tsin is wanting here, and there is a lack of literary ease, and sometimes a confusion of thought which has surprised me; but at the same time I cannot overlook the fact that, like Tsin, Te possesses an extraordinarily accurate knowledge of the ancient commentators. His power of quotation is prodigious, and it would almost seem that he had learnt the commentators by heart. Proof of such untiring diligence and

of such a wonderful memory may not be passed over, and I therefore proclaim Te the winner of the second prize. Tsin and Te, stand forth."

With some trepidation the two young men stepped forward, and made a profound bow to the prefect, who rose and went over to the twins.

"Do these young men satisfy your requirements, young ladies?" asked the prefect, smiling on them.

"Exceedingly well, your Excellency," said Daffodil.

Then, returning to his seat, the prefect continued: —

"To you, O most fortunate Tsin, the fates have awarded the incomparable Daffodil; while to your lot, Te, falls the equally matchless Convolvulus. Ascend the dais and let me introduce you to your brides."

With alacrity the young men mounted the steps and advanced towards the alcove. At the moment that they made their bow and swore their fealty, the band, which the prefect had provided for the occasion, struck up the well-known wedding air, "The phœnixes in concord sing," and the courtyard rang with the shouts of "Good!" "Good!" "Very good!" "Good!" "Good!"

After a short pause, caused by the difficulty of getting Ma and his wife to their appointed places in the hall, the happy couples made obeisance to heaven and earth, and to their parents; and then, with a deep reverence to the prefect, turned at his invitation towards the private apartments of the *yamun*, where, as I afterwards learned, he entertained them at a sumptuous feast. At the moment that the bridal procession passed from the hall, the prefect turned to the crowd and said: —

"I am quite aware that the course I have pursued on this occasion is an unusual one, and that it could only be justified by circumstances such as I was called upon to encounter. The result, however, has surpassed my highest expectations, and to-day we have seen two veritable dragons of learning united to beings of more than earthly beauty. Such a consummation is worthy the labors of the wisest of mankind, and reminds me of those well-known lines of the great poet of the T'ang dynasty: —

"'In all the regions watered by Hwang-ho
Or Yang-tse-Keang's current, tell me where
You'd find on sultry plain or mountain snow
Men half so wise or women half so fair?'"

THE HISTORY OF GAMBER-ALI.

By COMTE DE GOBINEAU.

(Translated for this work by Forrest Morgan. The spelling of Persian words has mostly been conformed to accepted standards.)

[Count Joseph Arthur de Gobineau, French diplomatist, social student, and story-writer, was born at Bordeaux in 1816, and died at Turin in 1882. Early entering the diplomatic service, he became secretary of the legation to Berne in 1851; secretary of the embassy to Persia, 1854–1858, and minister plenipotentiary, 1862–1864; imperial commissioner to the United States in 1861; minister to Greece in 1865; to Brazil in 1868; and to Sweden, 1872–1877. His most important function for posterity was the Persian service, which furnished him with much literary capital, including his best work, the "Nouvelles Asiatiques," or "Asiatic Tales." His works are, chronologically: "The Cousins of Isis. The Adieux of Don Juan," dramatic poem (1844); "The Rhymed Chronicle of Jean Chouan and his Companions" (1846); "Essay on the Inequalities of Human Races" (1853–1855), propounding the ethnological theory that racial differences are intrinsic and should be the basis of all social and political arrangements, instead of being ignored as inconsequential accidents; "Readings of Cuneiform Texts" (1858); "Three Years in Asia, 1855–1858" (1859); "Voyage to the New World" (1861); "Treatise on the Cuneiform Writings" (1864); "Religions and Philosophies in Central Asia" (1865); "Typhaines Abbey" (1867), a romance of social conditions in the Middle Ages; "Aphroessa," poems (1869); "History of the Persians" (1869); "Memories of Travel" (1872); "The Pleiades" (1874), a criticism of European politics and society in the guise of a romance, but with much acute character sketching; "Amadis," a poem (1876), with an unfinished fragment published posthumously in 1887; "Asiatic Tales" (1876), a collection of six short stories of which we give one below, embodying the life and human character of the Orient in this form instead of essays, and masterpieces of observation, style, social and political analysis, and imaginative realization of alien minds; "The Renaissance Historic Scenes: — Savonarola, Cæsar Borgia, Julius II., Leo X., Michael Angelo" (1877); "History of Ottar Jarl" (1879).]

There was at Shiraz a painter called Mirza-Hassan, and people added *Khan* — not that he had been decorated with a title of nobility the least in the world, only his family had judged it expedient to confer the khanate on him at his birth: it is a precaution often employed, for it is pleasing to pass for a distinguished man; and if by chance the King should permanently forget to accord you a designation which at the very least is elegant, where is the harm in taking it? Mirza-Hassan, then, called himself Mirza-Hassan-Khan — as long as your arm; and when people spoke to him, they always addressed him thus: "How do you do, Khan?" which he received without corrugating an eyelid.

Unhappily, the state of his fortune was not adequate to support his rank. He dwelt in a modest, not to say wretched, house in one of the alleys adjoining the Emir's Bazar, still standing at that time, not having been shaken down by earthquakes. This residence — where one entered by a low door, pierced in a wall without windows or dormers — consisted of a square court eight meters on a side, with a sunken basin of water in the center and a poor devil of a palm in one corner. The palm resembled a feather duster in distress, and the water in the basin was stagnant. Two rooms in ruins had roofs no longer; a third remained half covered; the fourth was good. There the painter had established his *andarún*, — that is to say, the apartment of his wife, Bibi-Janam (Madam My Heart); and he received his friends in the other room, where one enjoyed the advantage of being half in the shade and half in the sun, since only a fragment of the ceiling remained. For the rest, Mirza-Hassan lived in perfect accord with Bibi-Janam, at all times when she was not crossed. But if by chance she had to complain of a neighbor, or if any one had held with her at the bath, where she passed six or eight hours on Wednesdays, some dubious converse regarding the habits or doings of her spouse, — then, it must be admitted, blows rained on the culprit's ears. No matron in Shiraz, not even in all the province of Fars, could pretend to manage that formidable weapon, the slipper, as adroitly as Bibi-Janam, past mistress in that species of fencing. She seized you the terrible instrument by the point, and with marvelous address brought down from here and from there the iron heel on the head, on the face, on the hands of her unhappy mate! Merely thinking of it makes one shudder: but once again this would be a happy household; such catastrophes were hardly ever renewed oftener than twice a week, and the rest of the time they smoked the *kaliyún* together, partook well-sugared tea from English porcelain, and sung the songs of the Bazar, accompanying themselves on the *kamancha*.

Mirza-Hassan-Khan complained, not without reason, of the hardness of the times, which usually compelled him to keep the greater part of his effects in pawn, and sometimes those of his wife. But without resigning himself to this annoyance, he could never have been able to dream of regaling himself with preserves, with cakes, with Shiraz wine and *ráki* [brandy]; which was not likely. So they resigned themselves to it. They

borrowed from their friends, from the tradesmen, from the Jews, and as this was always a difficult operation, since the Khan enjoyed but a slender credit, they deposited clothes, carpets, caskets, whatever they had. When fortune happened to smile, and let some piece of money fall into the hands of the household, they applied a financial system of great wisdom: they entertained themselves with one third of the money; with the second they speculated; with the third they redeemed some regretted object, or even liquidated the public debt. This last combination was rare.

We need not seek far to find the causes of so sad a situation: morose and discontented people pretended to find them in the chronic disorder and improvidence of the couple. Pure calumny! The sole reason was the culpable indifference of contemporaries to men of birth and talent. Art had the consumption, if all must be told, and the consumption fell straight on Mirza-Hassan-Khan and his wife Bibi-Janam. *Kalemdans* or painted inkstands sold poorly; caskets were in little demand; rivals both disloyal and without the least merit fabricated mirror backs for which they ought to have blushed, and had no more shame than to let them go at a very mean price; lastly, book bindings were going out of fashion. The painter, when he let his thoughts rest on this deplorable subject, overflowed in bitter words. He considered himself the last and purest ray of glory of the school of Shiraz, whose daringly coloristic principles seemed to him superior to the elegant mannerisms of the Ispahani artists; and he never wearied of proclaiming it. No one, to his taste, equaled him — what! equaled? no, nor approached him — in the lifelike representation of birds; one could pluck his irises and roses, eat his nuts, and when he turned to representing figures he surpassed himself! Without any doubt, if that famous European who formerly composed an image of Hazrat-i-Mariam [her Highness the Virgin Mary], holding on her knees the prophet Issa in his little infancy (health and the benediction of God be upon him!) could have contemplated the manner in which he copied it, how he rendered the nose of Hazrat-i-Mariam and the leg of the baby, and above all, above all, the back of the chair — that famous European, I say, would have thrown himself at the feet of Mirza-Hassan-Khan and said to him: "Verily, what dog am I to kiss the dust of thy shoes?"

This opinion, doubtless just, which Mirza-Hassan-Khan had of his personal worth, did not pertain to him exclusively; a very flattering circumstance, and one he loved to bring up. If coarse people — merchants, artisans, chance customers — paid him ill for his works and insulted him by haggling over the price, he was indemnified by the suffrages of men who were illustrious and worthy of respect. His Royal Highness the prince-governor honored him from time to time with a commission; the chief of the religion himself, the Imam-Juma of Shiraz, that venerable pontiff, that saint, that majestic, that august personage, and the Vizir of the prince and even the Chief of the Huntsmen, would not consent to receive in their noble pockets an inkstand which was not of his manufacture. Could anything be conceived more fitting to give an exact idea of the ability, even the genius, displayed by this incomparable painter who had the happiness to be called Mirza-Hassan-Khan! Nevertheless, it was a pity: so many of the illustrious protectors of Art believed they did enough for their great man in accepting his works, and always forgot to pay him, and he was simple enough not to recall it to them. He contented himself with groaning over it, and parrying as well as he could the blows of the slipper which came at every mishap of this kind — for Bibi-Janam never failed to attribute everything in the world that took place, of a vexatious kind, to the stupidity, the folly, or the levity of her dear spouse.

This couple had a son, already well grown, and who promised to become a very pretty young fellow. His mother doted on him; she had named him Gamber-Ali. Mirza-Hassan-Khan had proposed to endow him with his own title, become hereditary; but Bibi-Janam had opposed it with violence, and speaking to her husband as she was in the habit of doing —

"Booby!" she said to him, "leave me in peace, and do not fatigue my ears with thy follies! Art thou not the son, the own son, of Jafar the scullion, and is there any one living who is ignorant of it? Besides, what service has it done thee, to give thyself a title as thou hast? They laugh at thee and thou makest no more money! No! my son has no need of those absurdities! He has better means of making a fortune. When I was big with him, I accomplished for his advantage a pilgrimage to the Imam-Zadeh-Kassim, and that devotion never fails of its effect; when he was born, I provided myself

in advance with an astrologer — I, dost thou hear, and not thou, bad father! For thou never dreamest of anything useful! I forearmed myself, I say, with an excellent astrologer; I gave him two *sahibkráns* [60c.].[1] He promised me faithfully that Gamber-Ali, if it pleased Allah, should become prime minister! He will become so, I am certain of it; for I at once sewed to his neck a little bag containing blue beads to bring him happiness and red beads to give him courage, I put on his two arms talisman boxes in which are inclosed verses from the book of Allah, who will preserve him from all evils — inshallah! inshallah! inshallah!"

"Inshallah!" responded Mirza-Hassan, in a deep voice and with docility.

And thus was Gamber-Ali launched into existence by the cares of a prudent mother. Being provided as he was with all necessary safeguards, reason demanded that he should be allowed a modest freedom. Thus he was able at his will, up to the age of seven, to go about quite naked in the quarter, with his young companions and his young companionesses. He early became the terror of grocers and provision dealers, from whom he knew to a wonder how to purloin dates, cucumbers, and sometimes even skewers of roast meat. When they caught him they reviled him, which was all the same to him; and sometimes they beat him, but not often, because they feared his mother. On these occasions she was like a lioness, and still more terrible. Hardly had the little Gamber-Ali taken refuge with her, drowned in tears, and rubbing with one hand the parts injured by the irascible shopman; hardly had the matron succeeded in catching, through sobs and cries, the name of the culprit — she lost not a minute; she adjusted her veil and precipitated herself from the door like a water-spout, brandishing her arms in the air and setting up the cry: —

"Moslem women! they are slaughtering our children!"

At this call, five or six neighbor women, who, moved by a belligerent spirit, were accustomed to serve her as auxiliaries in expeditions of this sort, rushed from the depths of their dwellings and followed her, shrieking and gesticulating like

[1] Properly, *sahib-kiráni*, or "great kiráni" — one tenth of a *toman*. The latter, however, a gold coin worth $15 at the beginning of the 18th century, has been steadily debased or reduced till it was worth not over $3 in Gobineau's time, and about $1.75 now.

her; on the way they gained recruits, and arrived in force before the culprit's shop. The miscreant wished to explain; they would not listen to him, they laid violent hands on everything. The idlers of the bazar flocked eagerly to mix in the action, the members of the police threw themselves into the fray and sought vainly to reëstablish order by kicks and cudgelings. The most fortunate outcome the dealer could expect was to escape being sent to prison; for he always ended by paying a fine for allowing himself to disturb the public peace.

Insensibly, Gamber-Ali reached that solemn day when his mother, interrupting his sports, slipped him into a *shalwár* or trousers, put on him a *kulicha* or tunic, a sash and a cap, and sent him to school. Everybody has to go through that: Gamber-Ali knew it and resigned himself. At first he frequented the educational establishment of Moulla-Saleh, whose shop was situated between that of a butcher and that of a tailor. Some fifteen scholars, girls and boys, attended there, squeezed in with the master like oranges in a basket, for the space was barely a few feet. They learned to read and recite prayers; and from morning to evening the neighborhood was stunned with the psalmody of the studying band. Gamber-Ali did not remain long with Moulla-Saleh; because that illustrious professor, having been a caravan mule-driver before consecrating himself to public enlightenment, had the bad habit of striking his pupils very sharply when they let themselves go to playing tricks on the passers-by, in place of giving all their attention to his learned instructions. Gamber-Ali complained to his mother, who made an irruption into the professor's presence, threw at his head the three cents she owed him for the past month, and plainly declared to him that he would see her son no more.

On leaving this school, the little fellow passed into the establishment of Moulla-Yousef, where he studied six months; after that time the school closed, on account of the master becoming a druggist, and abandoning the white turban of science for the sheepskin cap of civil life. The third schoolmaster of Gamber-Ali was a former musketeer of a former governor, about whom tradition preserved but one fact, which was that he had his head cut off. Moulla-Yousef, when he spoke of this patron, asserted with an air of conviction that the judge had not betrayed his trust. As for him, he was gentle, loved chil-

dren, never beat them, extolled their progress, and received, beyond his regular salary, many little presents from mothers enchanted with his ways; he saw his house flooded with honey-cakes, and pastry made of raw flour kneaded with mutton fat and sprinkled with sugar, without counting preserved fruits and *ráki*.

At sixteen Gamber-Ali had finished his education. He read, wrote, calculated; he knew by heart all the legal prayers, could even sing the *menajáts*, knew a little Arabic, recited in a very agreeable voice some lyric poesies and fragments of epic, and sincerely loved his parents. He felt a mad longing to rush into adventures and amuse himself at any price — except the price of his skin, for he was a very great coward. This quality did not hinder him, any more than the greater part of his school-fellows who entered the world at the same time as himself, from adopting the fashions, the habits, the rakishness of dress, which in Persia characterize what are called in Andalusia the *majos* — that is to say, the elegant youth of the lower class. He had large trousers of blue cotton, very dirty; a tunic of gray felt, with double hanging sleeves; his shirt open, leaving the chest free; his cap over one ear; his *gáma*, or large saber sharpened on both edges, hanging on the front of his sash and serving as a rest for his right hand, while in the left he held a flower, sometimes placed in his mouth. This swaggering carriage became him wonderfully. His hair was in ringlets and of an admirable ebony, eyes painted with *kohol*, as handsome as a woman's, a figure like a cypress, and in all his movements grace and to spare.

In this youthful bloom and with this equipment, he frequented the Armenian taverns: of course he found few rigid Mussulmans there, but, in compensation, many flighty birds of his own feather — dangerous vagabonds of the sort they call *loûtis* or ragamuffins, and who think as little of giving a blow with a knife to satiate their anger as of turning up a glass of wine, in a word, he saw very bad company, which, with many people of a jovial humor, is equivalent to enjoying themselves perfectly.

Where did he procure the money indispensable to this delicious existence? That is what, for sound reasons, we should do wrong to inquire closely into; and this method of establishing an income might have led him where he had no

desire to go, if his destiny, directed or foreseen by the ability of the astrologer, had not traced quite promptly the line he ought to follow. This event came about on one of the first days of the full moon of Shâban.

Some four hours after the evening prayers, he had betaken himself to a nice little public-house not far distant from the tomb where the poet Hafiz sleeps. There was a fine assemblage there: two Kurds of evil aspect; a moulla of the kind who sell marriage contracts for terms of two days, twenty-four hours, and lower still — a style of morals little approved by the pedantic portion of the clergy; four muleteers, very jolly, whom the looks of the Kurds intimidated not at all; two slight youths, fellows of Gamber-Ali; an enormous *topchi* or artilleryman, native to Khorassan, endlessly long but large in proportion, which reëstablished the equilibrium; besides a *pishkhidmat* or valet of the prince-governor, come there on the sly. The Armenian, host of the inn, spread an oxhide on the carpet, and brought successively parched almonds which excite thirst, white cheese, bread, and skewers of *kabab* or mutton roasted between bits of fat and laurel leaves, the *ne plus ultra* of delicacies. In the midst of these trifles were solemnly placed a dozen of those *bagalis*, or flat glass flasks, which bashful drinkers can easily hide under their arms and carry home without anybody perceiving it, and which contain nothing less than wine or brandy. They drank peaceably enough for two hours. The remarks were agreeable — such as one might expect from persons so distinguished. Candles had just been brought and placed on the tablecloth with a fresh row of bottles, when the moulla interrupted one of the Kurds, who, at the top of his voice and from the bottom of his nose, was singing a lamentable air, and made the following proposal: —

"Excellencies, since the mirrors of my eyes have the transcendent happiness of reflecting to-day so many prepossessing countenances, the idea comes to me of presenting an offer which will without doubt be received with indulgence by some one of the illustrious members of the assemblage."

"The excess of the goodness of your Excellency transports me," responded one of the muleteers who had still some control of himself, but waggled his head in a way to give one the vertigo; "all that you are going to command us is precisely what we were going to do."

"May your indulgence not diminish!" rejoined the moulla. "I am acquainted with a young person; she desires to marry a man of consideration, and I have promised her to find for her a spouse worthy of her. To speak to you in entire confidence, as one ought with tried friends, and to dissemble from you nothing of the most exact truth, the lady in question is of a beauty to make the rays of the sun grow pale, and drive to despair the moon herself! The most dazzling stars are pebbles without luster beside the diamonds of her eyes! Her figure is like a willow bough, and when she rests her foot upon the earth, the earth says 'Thank you!' and swoons with love!"

This description, which nevertheless gave a sufficiently advantageous account of the moulla's friend, produced but little effect; so little that one of the loûtis began to sing, with a tremulousness of voice which resembled gargling: —

"The prime minister is an ass, and the King is no better!"

This was the beginning of a song newly imported from Teheran. The moulla did not allow himself to be diverted from his idea, and continued in a tearful voice, which struggled successfully against the nasal tremolo of his comrade: —

"Excellencies! this divine perfection possesses, in the rear of the Coppersmiths' Bazar, a house with three rooms, eight carpets nearly new, and five chests filled with clothing. She has, moreover, *kabalas* or contracts for no bad amount of money; I do not know the sum, but it cannot be less than eighty tomans!"

This second chapter of a *fiancée's* qualities aroused everybody, and one of the loûtis cried out: —

"See me! Does she want a husband? Let her take me! Where would she find one as good? You know me, moulla? If I don't have her, I die of love and regrets!"

Thereupon he began to weep, and to give an idea of the strength of his feeling, drew his gáma and started to give himself a smart blow on the head with it; but the cannoneer withheld him: and as every one, now become attentive, perceived that the moulla had not told the whole, they besought him to go on to the end of his panegyric, in order to know if there were not some shadow on the delightful picture he had just been drawing.

"A shadow, Excellencies! May your goodness not diminish! May all benedictions fall like a rain upon your noble heads! What shadow could there be? An incomparable beauty, is that a blemish? A fortune like that which I have just been reckoning up for you, is that a defect? An immaculate virtue, comparable only to that of the Spouses of the Prophet, can that be a subject for your blame? Now this virtue, magnanimous gentlemen, is not one of those which are affirmed without the power of demonstrating them! It is incontestable, founded on proofs not to be refuted; and these proofs, behold them! They are letters of *toba* dated this morning."

At these words, the enthusiasm no longer knew any bounds; the loûti who had just now been prevented from knocking himself on the head took advantage of the moment when every one, absorbed in his own thoughts, lifted his eyes and hands to heaven, murmuring —

"Beh! Beh! Beh!"

and administered to himself a gash on the skull, which began to bleed. During this time the moulla had unfolded the precious document, and placing it under the eyes of the public, began to read with an imposing voice. But before joining the auditors, so vividly interested, the reader needs to know what letters of *toba* are.

When a lady has given occasions for scandal too indiscreetly repeated, public opinion unfortunately turns against her, and annoying comments result from it. Then the judge takes the giddy creature under his charge; he demands frequent gifts from her, he keeps himself informed of her sayings and doings, and after some misadventures, the lady most commonly feels the need of changing her way of life. She can only succeed in this by marrying. But how marry in a situation so difficult as hers? By a thoroughly simple expedient. She goes and finds a religious personage, explains her case to him, pictures her desolation, and the religious personage brings forth his writing materials. He gives her a bit of paper attesting the regret for the past which consumes the penitent, and as Allah is essentially compassionate when people have the firm resolve not to fall back into their sins, the quondam sinner finds herself bleached from head to foot; no one has any longer the least right to suspect the solidity of her principles, and she is as marriageable as any other girl, no matter who, provided she finds a husband.

Nothing is more admirable to see than this sudden transformation, and it does not cost dear, the usage being even to beat down the price.

So the moulla read, in a clear and incisive voice, a document of the following tenor: —

"The said Bulbul [Nightingale], having had the misfortune to lead during many years a thoughtless life, assures us that she deplores it profoundly, and regrets to have afflicted the souls of the virtuous. We attest her repentance, which is known to us, and we declare her fault effaced."

Beneath the writing was the date — which was found to be in truth that of the same morning — and the seal of one of the principal ecclesiastics of the city.

The reading was not accomplished when the more intoxicated of the two Kurds declared himself resolved to kill any person imprudent enough to dispute with him the hand of the moulla's protégée. But the cannoneer did not allow himself to be intimidated, and dealt the aggressor a blow with his fist full in the face; on which one of the comrades of Gamber-Ali threw one of the flasks at the head of one of the muleteers, while the other almost instantly overturned the moulla on his body: here the fray became general.

The pishkhidmat of the prince, an official personage, had the proprieties to guard; he comprehended instinctively that his dignity was involved, and that if it is disagreeable in itself to receive blows, it may be compromising to carry the traces of them on the nose or any other feature of the visage: for how expect that coarse people would pay any regard to the most necessary considerations? So the worthy servant, raising himself as well as possible, and steadying himself on his legs, while shielding his head with his hands, made a movement to retire; but his pantomime was wrongly interpreted. Some of the combatants fancied he had the idea of going to fetch the guard, so they united against him in a common effort; but they were not all close to him, and Gamber-Ali found himself acting as a mattress between the poor pishkhidmat and his assailants, among whom distinguished themselves two of the muleteers, more drunk and consequently more furious than the others. The unfortunate son of the painter was in a delirium of terror; he uttered piercing cries and called his mother to his aid. Assuredly the valiant Bibi-Janam would not have let herself

be adjured in vain by the cherished offspring of her womb; alas! she was far off and did not hear. Meanwhile, Gamber-Ali had encircled the pishkhidmat with his arms and hugged him tightly, and the more blows he received that were aimed at the poor man, the more he implored him to save him by all that was most sacred in the world; while it was himself who, without suspecting it, served as a fiercely belabored buckler to the one he implored.

It is probable that the contest would have ended in great damage to the dignitary of the palace and the slight youth, if the Armenian landlord — a big, jovial, vigorous fellow, wonted long ago to such scenes, which caused him neither surprise nor emotion — had not suddenly appeared in the room. Without wasting any time in investigating who was wrong or right, he grasped with one hand the collar of the pishkhidmat, with the other the back of Gamber-Ali's coat, and with one vigorous push thrust the two unlucky beings through the open door, which he shut behind them. They went rolling on the sand on opposite sides, and lay for quite a while dizzy with the shock, and experiencing some difficulty in arising. Meanwhile the same idea distracted the brain of both: without saying anything, they were in equal anguish lest the garrison should make a sortie, and judging it exceedingly to the purpose to gain the open, by a violent effort they regained their feet. The pishkhidmat said to Gamber-Ali: —

"Son of my soul, continue to defend me! Do not abandon me! The holy Imams will bless thee."

Gamber-Ali had no anxiety to seek solitude. He drew near his protégé, and the two, holding each other's hand and staggering a little, made off as fast as possible from the blind alley where the public-house was situated; after they found themselves on the street, their courage and voice came back to them.

"Gamber-Ali," said the palace domestic, "lions have not so much intrepidity as thou! Thou hast saved my life, and by Allah I will never forget thee! Thou shalt not have obliged an ingrate. I will make thy fortune. Come and find me to-morrow at the palace, and if I am not at the gate, have me sent for: I shall certainly have something to announce to thee. But first of all, swear to me that thou wilt not speak to any person of what has befallen us this evening, and that thou wilt not

breathe a word of it to thy father, to thy mother, to thy pillow! I am a pious man, and honored by every one for severity of habits, from which I never depart: thou comprehendest, light of my eyes, that if people began to calumniate me, I should experience much chagrin!"

Gamber-Ali pledged himself by the most terrible oaths not to confide even to an ant, the most taciturn and most discreet of beings, his new friend's secret. He swore on the head of his friend, on that of his mother, of his father, and of his grandfathers paternal and maternal, and consented to be called son of a dog and of one damned, if he ever opened his mouth on their common adventure. Then, after having multiplied these redoubtable oaths during a good quarter of an hour, he took leave of the pishkhidmat, a little calmed, who kissed him on the eyes and promised to be faithful to the appointment assigned for the next morning.

Gamber-Ali had suffered a beating, and had feared being knocked on the head. The danger past, and the pain of his bruises a little deadened, he felt very free; it was not his first affair, and he had no motives analogous to those of the pishkhidmat for being uneasy about his reputation. He could therefore, without distraction, allow his imagination to take fire over the promises he had just received; and, his head full of dazzling fireworks, saturated with the splendors to come, he arrived at the paternal mansion in the best humor in the world. All the vagrant dogs of the quarter knew him, and made no hostile demonstration against his legs. The guardians of the night, stretched under the awnings of the shops, raised their heads at his approach and let him pass without question. Thus he slipped into his dwelling.

There, although the night was far advanced, he found his worthy parents facing a flask of brandy and a roast lamb lacking a good share of its flesh, already consumed. Bibi-Janam was playing the mandolin; and Mirza-Hassan-Khan, having taken off his coat and hat, his head a week unshaven and his beard half dyed black with an inch of white at the roots, was thumping with enthusiasm on a tambourine. The two spouses, their eyes white with ecstasy, were singing in a thorough falsetto: —

"My cypress, my tulip, let us intoxicate ourselves with divine love!"

Gamber-Ali halted respectfully before the threshold of the room, and saluted the authors of his days. He had, more pronouncedly than ever, his right hand on the pommel of his sword; his cap was mashed in, his shirt torn, his ringlets in complete disorder. He had the air, in the secret opinion of Bibi-Janam, — who was a connoisseur in such matters, — of the most delicious scamp that a woman's good taste could dream of.

"Sit down, my darling," said the lady, laying aside her guitar, while Mirza-Hassan-Khan abruptly ended an audacious trill and a masterly roulade. "Where dost thou come from? Hast thou enjoyed thyself well this evening?"

Gamber-Ali squatted down, as his mother had just given him permission, but modestly; and resting against the door casing, he replied: —

"I have just saved the life of the prince-governor's lieutenant. He was attacked in the fields by twenty warriors, actual tigers in audacity and ferocity, all Mamacènys or Bakhtyarys I verily believe! For it is not in any but those two tribes to furnish men so gigantic! I attacked them and put them to flight, by the favor of Allah!"

Thereupon Gamber-Ali struck a modest pose.

"Behold, now, the son whom I brought into the world, I alone!" cried Bibi-Janam, facing down her husband with an air of triumph. "Embrace me, my soul! embrace thy mother, my life!"

The young hero had no need of inconveniencing himself much to satisfy the tenderness of his admirer: the room was cramped; he leaned his body forward a little and placed his forehead under the lips which were offered to him. As for Mirza-Hassan-Khan, he contented himself with saying, with a truly practical feeling: —

"It is a good job!"

"What did the noble lieutenant give thee?" continued Bibi-Janam.

"He invited me to breakfast to-morrow at the palace, and he is to present me to his Highness himself."

"Thou wilt be appointed general!" affirmed the mother, with conviction.

"Or Councillor of State!" said the father.

"I should not detest being chief of the customs to begin with," murmured Gamber-Ali in a meditative voice.

He more than half believed what he had just that very minute invented; and this arose from the special laws which govern the vision of Oriental minds. A pishkhidmat of the prince, who wished well to the poor and interesting Gamber-Ali, was necessarily a man of the rarest merit; and therefore how should he not be his master's favorite? Since he was his master's favorite, he was his actual lieutenant; every business was necessarily confided to him: and with such power, was it possible to admit that he would be stingy in heaping rewards on the head of his preserver? It was true, Gamber-Ali had not put to rout a band of ferocious and terrific marauders, but why go out of his way to tell that he was leaving a tavern? To whom would that indiscretion do any good? Was it not better to coat all his story with an honorable varnish, since it was to end, for him, in the most extraordinary fashion? Besides, it was evident, and the pishkhidmat had not concealed it from him, that he had shown a courage above all praise.

The dreams which father, mother, and son elaborated on that happy night cannot be recorded. Bibi-Janam already saw her idol in the brocade robe of a prime minister, and gratified herself by having in fancy the bastinado applied to a cook-shop keeper's wife, who had spoken ill of her the evening before. Nevertheless a little sleep must be taken. The three personages toward morning stretched themselves on the carpet, and for three hours tasted what are called the sweets of repose; but at dawn Gamber-Ali leaped to his feet, performed his ablutions, recited his prayer indifferently well and succinctly enough, and marched into the street balancing himself on his haunches, as became a man of his quality.

Arrived before the palace, he saw as usual, seated or standing before the great gateway, a number of soldiers, domestics of all grades, suitors, dervishes, and other people brought there by their business or their particular connections with the personages of the place. He made a way for himself through the midst of the crowd, displaying the insolence peculiar to boys, and which we bear from them readily enough; and demanded of the porter, in an arrogant voice amended by a pleasant smile, if his friend Assad-Oullah-Beg was at home.

"He is right here now," replied the porter.

"May your Excellency's goodness not diminish!" replied Gamber-Ali, and went to meet his protector, who received his salute in the friendliest manner.

"Your fortune is made," said Assad-Oullah (the Lion of God).

"It is by means of your compassion!"

"You merit everything in the way of good things. The matter stands thus: I have spoken of you to the *ferrash-bashi*, chief of the carpet-spreaders to his Highness. He is my friend, and one of the most virtuous and honorable of men. I should do wrong to vaunt his integrity: everybody knows it. Justice, truth, and disinterestedness shine in his conduct. He consents to admit you among his subordinates, and from this day on you make one of them. Naturally, you must present him with some little gift; but he makes so little account of this world's goods, that it will be merely as an evidence of your respect for him. You will give him five gold tomans and four loaves of sugar."

"May the salvation of the Prophet be upon him!" replied Gamber-Ali, a little disconcerted. "May I venture to inquire what my wages will be, in the illustrious duties I am to perform?"

"Your wages!" said the Lion of God in a low voice and a confidential tone, looking around him to assure himself that no one was listening. "Your wages are eight sahibkráns a month; but his Highness' steward generally pays but six. You let him have two for his trouble; four then remain for you. You would not wish to evince ingratitude to your worthy chief by not offering him at least half? I know you — you are incapable of it; it would be a most unbecoming procedure! We will say, then, you have two sahibkráns left. What can you do with that, except to regale with it the *nayb-i-ferrash*, the chief of your squad, to make him a sure and devoted friend of yours; for — do not deceive yourself — beneath ways a little abrupt, there is a heart of gold!"

"May Heaven overwhelm him with blessings!" rejoined Gamber-Ali, who had become very sad; "but what will be left me for myself?"

"I will tell you, my child," responded the Lion of God, with the grave and composed air which sat so well on his profound experience and his immense beard. "Every time you have to carry a present to any one, on behalf of the prince or your superiors, you will naturally receive a recompense from the persons honored with such favors, and so much the more

because you are very good-looking, my child. You must of course share what you have accepted with your comrades: but you are not obliged to tell them exactly what has been put into your pockets; there are little reserves to make as to that which you will very readily comprehend. Then, when you are commissioned to bastinado any one, it is the custom for the victim to offer the beaters a trifle, that they may strike less vigorously or even altogether to one side. You will have a little experience to acquire in that matter also. That sort of innocent adroitness comes readily, especially to a quick-witted youth like you. As I have no doubt your chiefs will rapidly come to esteem you, they will give you some commission to collect taxes in the villages. It is your business to reconcile your interests with those of the peasants, who never wish to pay; of the State, which always wishes to receive; of the prince, who would be vexed if his hands were empty. Believe me, that is a gold mine! In short, a thousand occasions, a thousand circumstances, and a thousand conjunctures will present themselves, where I do not doubt for an instant you will accomplish wonders; and as for me, I shall be truly happy to have had power to contribute toward placing you in so good a position in the world."

Gamber-Ali grasped at the seductive side of the picture so affably itemized before his eyes, and was charmed with so many brilliant perfections. One point alone disquieted him.

"Excellency," he said in a voice of emotion, "may all felicities recompense you for the good you are doing to a poor orphan without support! But as I possess nothing in the world but my respect for you, how can I give five tomans and four loaves of sugar to the venerable ferrash-bashi?"

"Very simply," answered the Lion of God. "He is so good that he will wait. You will make him the little offering out of your first profits."

"In that case I accept your proposition with happiness," cried Gamber-Ali, at the summit of joy.

"I will introduce you at once, and you will enter on your functions this very day."

Then the pishkhidmat, turning on his heel, conducted his young acolyte through the crowd and penetrated the courtyard with him. This was a great empty space, surrounded by low constructions executed in sun-dried bricks of a gray color,

relieved at the angles by courses of kiln-burned bricks whose red tones gave the whole considerable brilliancy. Here and there mosaics of blue faïence, decorated with flowers and arabesques, set off the whole. Unluckily, part of the arcades had fallen down, others were breached; but ruins are the essential of all Asiatic arrangements. In the middle of the square were paraded a dozen cannon with or without carriages, and artillerymen were seated or lying around; *jilaudars* or grooms were holding horses, whose velvety rumps were partly covered with housings of a crimson ground and checkered embroideries; here moved about a group of ferrashes, rod in hand, to maintain a good order which did not exist; farther on, soldiers were cooking their meals in pots; officers were traversing the court with an air either insolent, mild, or courteous, according as they were concerned about the looks fastened on them. This one was saluted; that one, on the contrary, bowed respectfully before one more powerful: it is the way of the world, in all the kingdoms of the earth, only it is entirely artless.

From the great courtyard, Assad-Oullah, followed by his recruit dazzled by so much magnificence, penetrated into another inclosure, a little more spacious, whose center was occupied by a square basin filled with water; the wave was pleasingly dyed with the azure reflections of the facing, formed of large enameled tiles of an admirable blue. On the margins of this basin rose immense plane-trees, whose trunks disappeared under the branchy and luxuriant enlacements of gigantic rose bushes covered with fresh and abounding flowers. Opposite the low and narrow gateway by which the two friends had made their way in, a lofty hall which a European would have taken for the stage of a theater — for it was absolutely open in front, and rested on two slender columns painted and gilded — displayed, like a rear scene and the lights of the side scenes, the most attractive, the most enticing mixture of paintings, gildings, and mirrors. Rich carpets covered the raised floor, about six feet above the level of the court; and there, reclining on cushions, his Highness the prince-governor himself was deigning to breakfast off an enormous dish of *pilau* [stew of rice, meat, spices, raisins, etc.] and a dozen viands contained in porcelain vessels, surrounded by many nobles of fine presence and his principal domestics.

Of the three sides of the court which the *salon* did not

occupy, two were heaps of rubbish, the third presented a range of fairly habitable rooms.

Gamber-Ali felt greatly cowed at finding himself, in actual person, in so august a place; and at the same time thought himself as grand as the world, merely at having been happy enough to penetrate there. Thenceforward, it seemed to him, he would have no more equals on this earth, since he belonged to a paragon of authority, who without any one finding fault could have him cut into little pieces. Before having entered this royal dwelling, he was perfectly free in his person; and the prince-governor, ignorant of his existence, could never have had him hunted up. Henceforth, having become *nouker* domestic, he formed part of the happy class which comprises the lowest scullion and the prime minister, and could have the joy of hearing the prince exclaim within a quarter of an hour, "Have them put Gamber-Ali to the bastinado!" which obviously signified that Gamber-Ali was not one of the crowd, like his unhappy father, seeing that the prince would condescend to occupy his mind about him.

While he abandoned himself to these presumptuous reflections, Assad-Oullah said to him, jogging his elbow:—

"There is the ferrash-bashi! Have no fear, my child!"

The recommendation was not superfluous. The chief of the carpet-spreaders to the prince-governor of Shiraz possessed a highly repulsive face: half his nose was eaten away by the disease they call the *bouton;* his black mustaches, painted, extended half a foot to right and left of this nose in ruins, his eyes glittered morosely under thick eyebrows, and his port seemed imposing. He was wrapped in a magnificent robe of Kerman wool, wore a *jubba* or mantle of Russian cloth covered with rich lace, and the lambskin of his cap was so fine that on a mere glance one could calculate the price as eight tomans at least.

This majestic dignitary advanced with a formal air toward the pishkhidmat, who saluted him by putting his hand over his heart: but Gamber-Ali did not permit himself such familiarity; he slid his hands down his legs from the top of the thigh to below the knee, and being thus bent over as far as was possible without touching his nose to the ground, he straightened up again, hid his fingers in his girdle, and waited modestly with eyes cast down till he should be honored by having a word addressed to him.

The ferrash-bashi passed his hand over his beard with an approving air, and by a gracious glance notified Assad-Oullah of his satisfaction. The latter hastened to say: —

"The young man has merit, he is filled with honesty and discretion; I can swear it on the head of your Excellency. I know that he seeks becoming associates, and shuns bad company! Your Excellency will certainly protect him, out of your inexhaustible goodness. He will do everything in the world to satisfy it, and we are expressly agreed upon it."

"That is as well as possible," responded the ferrash-bashi; "but before deciding, I have a question to address in private to this worthy young man."

He took Gamber-Ali aside, and said to him: —

"The noble Assad-Oullah acts toward you like a father. But confess to me, how much have you offered him?"

"May your goodness not diminish," said Gamber-Ali with candor. "I would not permit myself to offer a present to any one whomsoever, when my wretched fortune obliged me to wait, counting the days, until I might be able to present my respects to your Excellency."

"But at least thou hast promised him something?" continued the ferrash-bashi, smiling. "How much hast thou promised him?"

"By your head, by those of your children!" exclaimed Gamber-Ali, "I have made no advances in any way, reserving myself to take your orders on this subject."

"Thou hast done well. Act always as discreetly and thou wilt find thyself the better for it. Listen to the disinterested counsel I give thee. As to what concerns me, do not inconvenience thyself: I am too happy to be able to serve thee. But as thou art starting out in the world, thou must learn to render to each one according to his rank, without which the stars themselves could not do their service in the sky, and the entire universe would be a prey to disorder. Thou knowest that a pishkhidmat is not a ferrash-bashi; hence thou canst justifiably give the first but just half what thou designest for the second: and to specify matters for thee, give to Assad-Oullah, as soon as thou canst, five tomans and four loaves of sugar — no more! Thou seest that I take care of thy little interests!"

Thereupon the ferrash-bashi gave a light tap of good-will

to Gamber-Ali's cheek, and after having notified him that henceforth he formed a part of the prince's men, betaking himself where his duty called him. The new servant of the great could not help feeling some anxiety over his situation. The Lion of God had informed him of only a third of what he should have to disburse: in place of five tomans and four loaves of sugar, he found himself pledged for fifteen tomans and twelve loaves of sugar. That was not the same thing. But he shook off his woes, thanked his protector with effusion, kissed the hem of his robe, and — as he thenceforth had the right — began wandering from side to side through the courts of the palace, accosting his comrades, some of whom he already knew from having encountered them in the company of the sedate gentry he ordinarily consorted with, and entering into conversation with others. He was at once gauged, and incredible fondness was evinced for him. The prince's tea suited his taste; and he was even able, without any one taking too much notice, to slip several lumps of sugar into his pockets. Then he played all sorts of inoffensive games; and as Gamber-Ali was no novice there, he netted from this operation, conducted with art, a dozen sahibkráns and general esteem. In short, he appeared to every one what he was in reality, a very fine fellow physically and morally.

When he returned to his home that evening, his mother hastened to interrogate him.

"I am overwhelmed with fatigue," he answered with a nonchalant air. "The prince absolutely insisted on making me dine with him. We have played cards all day, and out of prudence I have taken care to win from him only the little money you see here. Another time, when I am fully anchored in his good graces, I shall not treat him so well. We have agreed that in order not to give umbrage to the jealous, I am to pretend for some time to be one of his ferrashes, then I am to become Vizir. Meanwhile, I shall have nothing to do but amuse myself all day long. We depart for Teheran before long, and his Highness intends to recommend me to the king."

Bibi-Janam pressed her adorable son in her arms. Finding him somewhat agitated, she promised him against the next morning a good-sized bowl of willow-leaf tea, a wonderful preservative against fever: and as Mirza-Hassan-Khan had brought home ten sahibkráns, produced by the sale of two inkstands,

she prepared some pastry with a light crust and a dish of kuftèhs, — balls of hashed meat fried in vine leaves, whose perfection had always yielded her an incontestable glory. They ate and they drank, and half the night passed away in the bosom of a perfect joy.

What an admirable thing is truth! It steals everywhere through the midst of falsehood, without men being able to know how. The approaching departure of the prince-governor for the capital, announced by the young ferrash, who had no evidences on the matter except those furnished by the ardor of his imagination, was found to be perfectly exact; and Gamber-Ali was utterly astonished when his comrades announced to him that they were going in less than a week, because the prince had been recalled and even replaced, — a new proof of the well-known wisdom of the government.

They do not waste their time, in these countries, keeping minute accounts with the delegates of power. These are appointed, they are sent; they collect the produce of the taxes; they keep the greater part of it for themselves, under the pretext that the crops have been bad, that trade is at a standstill, that the public works absorb the resources. No quarrels are picked with them, and all they say is received for truth. Then, at the end of four or five years, they are removed; they are ordered to present themselves; they are asked which they prefer, to render accounts or pay a stated sum of money. They always choose the second term of the proposition, because it would be difficult for them to turn in systematic documents. Thus they are stripped of half or two-thirds what they have amassed, and from what is left they make presents to the sovereign, to ministers, to influential persons; and for a round price another government is conferred on them, which they proceed to administer without change of system, to arrive at the same upshot. This is a method whose merits it is needless to extol: its advantages strike the eye at once. The people are charmed to see their governors disgorge; the governors pass their lives in enriching themselves, and finally die poor, without ever suspecting that such must be the inevitable end. As to the supreme power, it is saved the cares of surveillance, and a teasing of its agents which would be in bad taste.

His Highness the Prince, having exploited the province of which Shiraz is the capital for a sufficient length of time, was

invited to come and report to the pillars of the empire — to wit, the chiefs of the state. So far, all was going on according to rule; but as usual, and since nothing in this world is perfect, it was a trying moment for the disgraced official to pass, — he did not know at just what figure they would set his ransom.

That morning early, even before daybreak, his steward had taken flight, carrying off several keepsakes of value. The ferrash-bashi was gloomy: he had misgivings about his situation, which could hardly continue to be as lucrative in the future as in the past. The pishkhidmats were exchanging many comments in a low voice; the stablemen, the ferrashes, the soldiers, the *kavachis* [court coffee-house keepers], having nothing to lose, were at the height of felicity over a change of location. From moment to moment one article or another disappeared, and would be found a month later in some shop of the Bazar. As to the populace of Shiraz, when it learned the news, it gave itself up to a joy at the pitch of delirium. Everywhere was extolled to the skies the justice, the generosity, and the goodness of the Shah; he was compared to Nushirvan, an ancient monarch to whom they attribute the virtues which in his time they doubtless attributed to some one else; and there was an outburst of songs, each more malicious and audaciously slanderous than the last, throughout the whole extent of the city bazars. Nothing equals the ingratitude of the people.

The ferrash-bashi took Gamber-Ali one side.

"My child," he said, "thou seest I am very busy; I have to put the tents in good order for the journey, to take care that the mules are shod, and in short, see that nothing is lacking: so I have no time to busy myself about my own interests. See, here is a note in my favor for eight tomans, signed by one of the clerks of the arsenal, Mirza-Gaffar, who lives in Green Place, on the left, beside the pond. Go and find my debtor; tell him I can wait no longer, because I do not know when I shall return, and that I leave next week. Close up this little affair to my satisfaction, and thou shalt have no reason to be displeased."

Thereupon he winked in a highly significant manner. Gamber-Ali, enchanted, promised to succeed, and betook himself briskly whither his superior sent him. He had no trouble in discovering Mirza-Gaffar's residence; and approaching, knocked

sharply at the door. He had stuck his cap on one side, and armed himself with his most determined air.

After the lapse of a minute, some one came and opened it; he found himself in presence of a little old man, who wore on a hooked nose an immense pair of spectacles.

"Health be upon you!" said Gamber-Ali, brusquely.

"And upon you, health, my beauteous child!" replied the old man in a honeyed voice.

"Is it the most noble Mirza-Gaffar I am speaking to?"

"To your slave."

"I come on behalf of the ferrash-bashi, and I have a note for eight tomans which your Excellency is to pay me at once."

"Assuredly. But will you not allow me to charm myself with the aspect of your beauty? The angels of heaven are as nothing in comparison with you. Honor my humble abode by accepting a cup of tea there. The day is hot, and you have taken too much trouble in deigning to transport your Nobility hither."

"May your goodness not diminish," returned Gamber-Ali, heightening his arrogance on seeing the little old man's extreme politeness. Nevertheless he consented to go in, and seated himself in the reception room.

In a twinkling Mirza-Gaffar brought a chafing-dish, made a fire in it, set a copper kettle on the charcoal, put the sugar in place, reached down the tea caddy, lighted the kaliyún, offered it to his guest, and having inquired concerning his illustrious health, and rendered thanks to heaven that all was going well in that quarter, he entered upon the conversation thus: —

"You are a young man so perfectly accomplished and adorned with the gifts of heaven, that I do not hesitate to tell you the whole truth, and may malediction and damnation fall on me if I swerve by one hair's-breadth from the most perfect sincerity, either to the right or the left. I am going to pay you instantly, only I do not know how, for I have not a penny."

"May your goodness not diminish!" coldly responded Gamber-Ali, passing him the kaliyún; "but I am not authorized by my venerable chief to listen to such language, and I must have the money. If you do not give it to me, you know what will happen: I shall burn your grandfather, and your grandfather's grandfather himself!"

This threat seemed to operate forcibly on the old clerk, who probably did not relish such havoc among his forefathers; and he cried out in a doleful voice: —

"There is no longer an Islam! There is no longer any religion! Where shall I find a protector, since this houri-face, this full moon of all qualities, looks on me without kindness? If I should humbly offer you two sahibkráns, would you speak in my favor?"

"Your goodness is excessive!" replied Gamber-Ali. "When was a prince's ferrash ever known to dishonor himself by accepting such a sum?"

"I would lay at your feet all the treasures of the land and sea if I possessed them, and not keep anything for myself; but I do not possess them! On your head, on your eyes, through pity for a miserable old man, accept the five sahibkráns I offer you out of good will, and please tell his Excellency the most noble ferrash-bashi that you have seen for yourself my profound misery."

"I submit one humble request," broke in the ferrash. "I ask no better than to aid you and obtain the benefit of your prayers; but your Excellency must be reasonable too. I accept, to give you pleasure, the present of a toman you honor me with; it was useless, but I should feel inexpressible confusion if I disobliged you. So, a toman and let us say no more about it. You will give me two tomans for my chief, and I take the responsibility of arranging the affair. Only, as our man is rather hasty and impetuous, it is best that from now till a week hence your Excellency should not appear in his noble mansion. Inconveniences might occur."

They argued for an hour, they took many cups of tea, they embraced warmly; then, as Gamber-Ali remained immovable, the old clerk yielded, handed him a toman for himself and two tomans for his chief, and they parted with reciprocal assurance of the most perfect affection.

"Health be upon you!" said Gamber-Ali to the chief of the ferrashes.

"It is well! What hast thou obtained?"

"Excellency, I found the miscreant on the road — he was running away; I took him by the throat, I reproached him with his crime, and in spite of the passers-by who wished to interpose between us, I turned out his pockets, and I bring you the toman I found in them — there was nothing more!"

"Thou liest!"

"On your head! on my head! on my eyes! on those of my mother, of my father, and of my grandfather! By the Book of Allah, by the Prophet and all his predecessors (health and blessing be upon them!) I am telling you only the pure truth!"

The ferrash-bashi darted off like an arrow, and, boiling with wrath, rushed to the clerk's house, knocked — no one answered. He asked intelligence from a rope-maker who lived a short distance off. The rope-maker assured him that Mirza-Gaffar had left two days before, and upheld his word by a flood of oaths. What was incontestable was that the ferrash-bashi had been cheated. He returned to the palace very sad. Evidently Gamber-Ali was not in the wrong.

"My son," said his superior to him, "thou hast done thy best, but fate was against us!"

After this affair, Gamber-Ali's favor still increased, and he was considered the pearl of the Prince's household. He was intrusted with all sorts of commissions; he found his interest in them, and though in general he did not succeed completely to the taste of those who employed him, his candor was so great and his countenance so sincere that no one could tax him with the untowardness of circumstances.

Meantime, the preparations for departure being accomplished, the Prince gave the order to set out. At the head of the train marched the horsemen armed with long lances, foot soldiers, stablemen holding horses by the bridle; then the baggage, the Prince's grooms, the principal officers of his household, and finally the Prince himself, on a magnificent horse, and all the authorities of the city and their retinue, who were to accompany him as far as Shiraz; then still more baggage and other soldiers and other ferrashes, and swarms of muleteers. By a parallel route followed the harem, — the ladies shut into *takht-i-rawáns*, or litters, carried by a mule before and behind (admirable invention, be it said in parenthesis, for gaining an exact idea of the most thorough-going seasickness); the servant women were in *kajáwas*, a sort of basket placed to right and left of some beast of burden. Audible afar were the conversation, the cries, the laments of these illustrious persons, and the abuse with which they overwhelmed the poor muleteers.

This triumphal procession was not without some aspects of

very little brilliancy. The fair sex of the town had gathered in a crowd, the dervishes accompanied them; there were also many old acquaintances of Gamber-Ali, whose ragged clothes, gámas, long mustaches, and "bad-man" airs, promised nothing very edifying. As soon as the convoy appeared, there was a chorus of yells, and the howling was of the greater perfection since Bibi-Janam had taken post in the front rank with a troop of her friends, long since drilled in every sort of aggression, and terrible to the bravest. The most high-pitched characterizations were easily found by these veterans: dog, son of a dog, great-grandson of a dog, robber, thief, assassin, plunderer, and many other epithets our language would not endure, but especially the latter ones, came forth glowing from the lips of these warriors. In the midst of these ejaculations, a reserve of hoodlums, safely intrenched behind their mothers, sang at the top of their voices fragments like this: —

"The Prince of Shiraz,
The Prince of Shiraz,
He is a big fool,
He is a big fool;
But his mother is a jade,
And his sister's one too!"

For some minutes his Highness — intensely interested, no doubt, in the conversation of the noblemen who surrounded him — seemed not to see what was going on, nor hear what was said, or rather screamed in his ears. At length, however, he lost patience, and made a sign to the ferrash-bashi. The latter gave his men the order to disperse the rabble with blows of their clubs. Every one fell to with all his heart; and Gamber-Ali, striking like the rest, heard a well-known voice crying out in his ears: —

"Spare thy mother, my jewel! And have us come to Teheran as soon as possible, thy father and I, to partake of thy greatness!"

"If it please Allah, it shall soon be so!" cried Gamber-Ali, with enthusiasm. Thereupon he fell with all his might on another old riotress, and grasping a dervish by the beard, shook him vigorously. This act of valor made the crowd recoil. The ferrashes more than ever considered their comrade a lion; and seeing the disorder calm down, rejoined the rear-guard, laughing like madmen.

The journey was made without obstruction. After a two months' march they arrived at Teheran, — the Abode of Sovereignty, to follow the official expression, — and negotiations began between the Prince and the pillars of state. On either side a host of stratagems were employed: they threatened, they made innumerable promises, they sought for intermediate terms. Now the affair advanced, now it receded. The Grand Vizir was on the side of severity; the Shah's mother leaned toward lenity, having received a fine turquoise, well set and encircled with brilliants of a suitable cost. The Shah's sister manifested ill will; but the first gentleman of the bedchamber was a devoted friend; he was countervailed, it is true, by the private treasurer of the palace; very likely! but as to the ordinary pipe-bearer, one could not doubt his desire to see it all settled for the best.

Gamber-Ali cared little for these great interests; his own affairs began to take a pretty bad turn, and anxieties often seized him as to his fate. He was partly in fault himself. Becoming a little spoiled, he had resolved on his part to give nothing either to the ferrash-bashi or the pishkhidmat Assad-Oullah. Although, to universal knowledge, he had already had frequent occasions of realizing profits, he always pretended, in the teeth of the evidence, that his destitution was extreme; which did not hinder him from gambling part of the day, and exhibiting gold with a great deal of ostentation. His two protectors had finally opened their eyes. They were grave people, they said no more. Nevertheless, Gamber-Ali quickly perceived that he was no longer treated with the same distinction, nor above all with the same graciousness. Lucrative commissions were no longer conferred on him, they went to others; hard or confining duties — driving the tent pegs, mending the tents, shaking the carpets — occupied him a great part of the day. If he took the liberty as of old to ramble about the cook-rooms, the chief of that department, a great friend of Assad-Oullah-Beg, sent him back to his own quarter with cross words. In short, all was changed, and the poor child felt that the enemies he had made, by the cleverness of his wits and his sharp trickinesses, were only waiting an occasion to let fall on him the weight of their resentment. It was what the newspapers call a strained situation.

One morning, when the ferrashes were amusing themselves before the door, Gamber-Ali, always good-humored in spite of

his anxieties, always spry and active, was playing tag with two or three of his comrades; and, chasing and being chased by them in turn, found himself cornered against a butcher's shop. One of the players, named Kérim, a feeble and consumptive youth, picked up in joke one of the knives from the stall, and laughingly threatened Gamber-Ali with it; the latter, without malice, snatched the instrument from his hands, but in struggling with him, by an almost inexplicable fatality struck him in the side. Kérim fell, bathed in blood; a few minutes later he expired.

The innocent murderer, in despair, completely lost his head. The other ferrashes, witnesses of the action, and sure of its being involuntary, hastened to shelter him from the dangers of the first moment. They thrust him into the stable, and Gamber-Ali in frantic haste threw himself against the right leg of his Highness' favorite horse, fully determined not to leave that inviolable asylum during the rest of his days.

At the end of two hours, however, he was somewhat calmed. The under assistant in the kitchen had confided to him, under seal of the greatest secrecy, that the brother of the deceased with two cousins had come to the palace. They had spoken to the ferrash-bashi; and the latter, before everybody, had asked them how they meant to assert their rights. They replied that either the murderer must be given them to deal with at their pleasure, or else fifty tomans. "Fifty tomans!" the ferrash-bashi had replied in a scornful tone; "fifty tomans for the worst of my men, who would have died of himself in less than a month! May your goodness not diminish! You are making game of us all! If you will take ten tomans, I will give them myself so that no one shall harm my poor Gamber-Ali."

This is what the scullion Kassim recounted; and Gamber-Ali rejoiced with all his heart in the favorable turn his affair had taken. He wondered at his chief's blindness with regard to him; but he knew himself to be so charming that in his heart he fully understood it. He talked a long time with his friend; then, toward midnight, he lay down on his pallet beside the sacred horse, and slept profoundly. Suddenly a vigorous hand shook him by the shoulder; he opened his eyes; before him was the *mírákhur*, the chief of the manger, a formidable personage who bears rule over the horses and the stables in every great establishment, and whom the *jilaudars* obey.

"Fellow," said he to Gamber-Ali, "thou wilt get out of here hot-foot, unless thou hast fifty tomans to give thy master the ferrash-bashi, as much to Assad-Oullah the pishkhidmat, and as much more to thy slave. If thou wilt not or if thou canst not, begone!"

"But they'll kill me!" cried the poor fellow.

"What's that to me? Pay or get!"

Speaking thus, the *mîrâkhur*, who was a sort of giant Kurd Mâfy, a veritable son of the devil as his compatriots boast of being, lifted Gamber-Ali by the neck with as much ease as he would a pullet, dragged him, despite his cries and struggles, to the door of the stable, and there, looking him in the face with tigerish eyes, exclaimed: —

"Pay or be off!"

"I have nothing left!" screamed Gamber-Ali; and by an accident which did not often recur, he spoke the truth. His last penny had been lost that morning at play.

"Well, then, in that case," retorted his terrible conqueror, "go and get bled like a sheep by Kérim's relations!"

He shook his victim vigorously, and flung him into the court; then, reëntering the stable, he shut the door. Gamber-Ali, at the acme of terror, thought himself at first in the midst of his enemies. The moon shone brilliantly, the sky was of a magnificent clearness, the terraces of the city received its rays, the trees swayed gently, the stars were suspended like lamps in an atmosphere extending to infinity beyond them. But Gamber-Ali felt no disposition to go into raptures in presence of the beauties of nature. He perceived only that the silence was profound; the hostlers were sleeping here and there in their blankets; excess of terror gave Bibi-Janam's son a sudden inspiration and a sort of courage. Without asking more advice, he rushed to the entrance of the court and cleared it, scoured swiftly through the streets, turned to the left, and found himself close to the city walls. He had no difficulty in discovering a hole; he let himself drop into the moat, and, climbing the counterscarp, set off at full speed across the desert. The jackals whined, but he did not care for that. One or two hyenas showed him their phosphorescent eyes and fled before him. Persons with a vivid imagination never have but one sensation at a time. Gamber-Ali was too much afraid of Kérim's relations to dread anything else; so he ran without stopping, without drawing breath, for three hours, and day

was breaking when he entered the town of Shah-Abdulazim. He wasted no time contemplating the houses; but, still quickening his flight, he arrived before the mosque at the first streak of daylight; he jerked the door open, flung himself on the tomb of the saint, and, feeling himself saved, quietly fainted.

Abdul-Azim was in his time a most pious personage, a kinsman near or remote of their Highnesses Hassan and Hussein, sons of his Highness the cousin of the Prophet, health and blessing be upon him! The merits of Abdul-Azim are immense: but at that moment Gamber-Ali appreciated only one,—namely, that the mosque with the golden dome built over the tomb of the saint was of all asylums the most inviolable; so that, once arrived there, Gamber-Ali found himself in as full security as he had been some eighteen years theretofore beneath the precious bosom of Bibi-Janam. When he had calmed down sufficiently in his state of syncope, he came to and sat down at the foot of the tomb. He was not alone; a man with a dirty and repulsive face was beside him.

"Keep cool, my boy," said this honest man to him. "Whoever your persecutors may be, you are in perfect safety here, as much as I am myself."

"May your goodness not diminish!" returned Gamber-Ali. "Might I venture to inquire your noble name?"

"I call myself Moussa-Riza," answered the stranger, with an assured air; "I am a European, in fact a Frenchman, and I am styled among my countrymen M. Brichard. But I have embraced Islamism, by the grace of God, to arrange some little affairs I have hanging fire, and the minister of my nation has the baseness to wish to make me leave Persia. So I remain here in order not to fall into his hands, and I work miracles to prove the grandeur of our august religion."

"Blessings be upon you!" said Gamber-Ali devoutly; but he conceived a fear of this renegade European, and resolved to keep a close watch on him. The visit of the mosque keeper, which took place in the morning, was more agreeable to him; he was given food, promised good commons every day out of the endowments of the place, and assured that no one would dare molest him in the venerable sanctuary to which he had had the good fortune to repair. They tried even to persuade him not to confine himself to the interior of the mosque; he could wander at his ease in the courts without fear, were it under the very nose of the chief of police: but he was deaf to

this. In vain the refugees — dwelling pretty numerously in this more spacious part of the consecrated territory, and keeping house in every corner — offered him the enticement of friendly and sprightly conversation, and a thousand opportunities of setting up some little trade: he was in too much terror — he would never go out of reach of the holy tomb. It was easy for those others to confide in a moderate protection! What had they done, after all? Robbed some tradesman? cheated their master? angered some understrapper? It was obvious that for such peccadilloes no one would infringe the prerogatives of the mosque, draw on themselves the wrath of the clergy and the populace; but with him, that was a very different affair! He had had the misfortune to fall on that fool of a Kérim, who stupidly let himself die. He had blood on him; the enmity of that scoundrel of a ferrash-bashi pursued him. The tomb, the ashes, of the holy Imám were none too much to protect him: the Imám should have come to life and intervened in person. So he clung stubbornly to the company of Moussa-Riza.

These two heroes lived in perpetual alarms. Every new face appearing in the mosque represented a spy to them; Gamber-Ali thought he recognized in each an emissary of the Prince's household, and his associate one of his minister's men. Two deplorable existences! The poor wretches were perceptibly growing thin, when one evening a great commotion took place, and they gave themselves up for lost. Their guardians apprised them that the Shah had announced his intention of paying his devotions that very day to Shah-Abdulazim. In consequence they cleaned up a little, dusted slightly, and spread carpets. The population of the town was all abroad. Moussa-Riza communicated to his comrade a very just idea; namely, to beware of being carried off by their persecutors under cover of the tumult which would certainly accompany the entry, the sojourn, and the departure of the Most High Presence the King of Kings. The son of Bibi-Janam found this observation sensible; and from the moment it took possession of his mind, he glued himself tight against the tomb-rock, and removed his shoulders only to apply his breast.

Meantime the uproar outside became terrific. The noise of small cannon mounted on camels' backs resounded on all sides. Beginning far away, then swelling, then bursting forth, were heard the hautboys and tambourines composing the music

of that artillery called *zamburak*. A crowd of royal ferrashes, and of runners in red tunics and tall hats adorned with spangles, threw themselves into the mosque. Following them came in, at a less furious pace, the *ghuláms*, or noble horsemen, decorated with silver chains, gun on shoulder; and the upper domestics; and the aides-de-camp; and the lords of intimacy, the *mugharribs-u-'l-hazrat*, those who approach the Presence, — and the *mugharribs-u-'l-khagan*, those who approach the Sovereign; and finally the Sovereign himself, Nasr-ed-Din Shah the Kajár, son of a sultan and grandson of a sultan, appeared and approached the reliquary. They spread a praying carpet under his august feet, and the master of the state began to execute a certain number of *ruk'ats* (inclinations and genuflexions), accompanied by ejaculatory prayers such as his piety, the situation of his personal affairs, and the disposition of the moment, suggested to him.

But in the midst of the din, — which did not slacken, — however absorbed the Prince might be in his devotional exercises, it was impossible for him not to perceive the two haggard faces under the protection of the saint to whose intervention he was himself having recourse. The first, Moussa-Riza, he knew, and did not meddle with his affair. The second was wholly new to him: his handsome face, his pallor, his evident distress, his youth, interested him; and when he had finished his prayers to his satisfaction, he asked the keeper of the mosque who that man was, and for what cause he hugged the Imám's tomb so tight.

The keeper of the mosque, who was very compassionate by nature, set forth Gamber-Ali's mischance to the Shah in the manner best fitted to excite his commiseration. He succeeded without difficulty, and the High Presence said to the poor fellow: —

"There, in Allah's name! arise and depart! Nothing shall be done to thee!"

That was enough, of course; and Gamber-Ali ought to have understood that under the shadow of the sovereign protection, so miraculously extended to him, he ought thenceforth to cherish no apprehension. But he did not see it in the correct light. His mind was so disturbed that he fancied the most absurd things. He imagined that the Shah had spoken to him thus only to make him leave the asylum, and that the order had been given to the ghuláms to cut his throat at the

door of the mosque. Why, how could he persuade himself that his very master would stoop to become the accomplice of Kérim's relatives? It was one of those maggots born in diseased brains. Instead of throwing himself at his preserver's feet, thanking him, and overwhelming him with benedictions, — which would have brought him a generous alms to boot, — he began to raise appalling cries, invoke the Prophet and all the saints, and declare that they might massacre him where they chose, on the spot even, but he would not leave.

The Shah had the kindness to reason with him. He sought to reassure him, and repeated again and again that he had in all truth nothing to fear from any one, and that henceforth his life was safe. He did not succeed in persuading him; and then, naturally, the High Presence lost his patience, cast a terrible look on Gamber-Ali, and said to him roughly: —

"Die then, son of a dog, since thou wilt!"

And thereupon the High Presence took leave, and his retinue quitted the chapel. Immediately, without loss of time, Gamber-Ali, certain that his last moment was nigh, and using his supreme resources, undid the piece of cloth that served him for a girdle, tore it into a number of strips, made a rope of them, and tied one end of the rope around his body and the other about the tomb, in order to be able to prolong his resistance when the executioners should come. He was afraid, too, — for what was he not afraid of? — that to abduct him with greater ease and less scandal, they would mix some narcotic in the food which the mosque keepers gave him. He resolved not to eat at all; so that day he refused food. The most affectionate supplications on the part of the priests, the encouragements of the devotees, — common visitors at the mosque, and who grew accustomed to telling his story by turns, — nothing could shake him. He remained obstinate.

That night he did not sleep; he listened, on the alert. Every sound, the rustling of the foliage on the trees brushed by the wind, the least thing, set him beside himself.

During the next day he remained stretched out on the pavement, only raising his head from time to time to see if his rope had not been detached; then he let his forehead drop again on his hands, and fell again into a half-sleep full of threatening hallucinations.

Yet in all the dwellings of Teheran, on the squares, in the bazars, at the baths, they talked of nothing else but his case.

Recitals of his conversation with the Shah, retailed, augmented, modified, distorted, embellished in every manner, served as a text for innumerable commentaries. Some would have it that he had murdered Kérim for reasons of his own ; others maintained the contrary, that it was Kérim who wanted to kill him, and he had done nothing but defend himself. A third, better informed, was certain that Kérim had never existed, and that poor Gamber-Ali was the victim of a calumny invented by the ferrash-bashi of the Prince and Assad-Oullah, the pishkhidmat. The women, on the remarkable beauty of the refugee at Shah-Abdulazim being noised about, were all in his favor, and likewise all wanted to see him ; so that on the third day, from dawn onward, bands of ladies mounted on asses, others mounted on mules, some on horseback with maids and servants, in a word the feminine population in a body, set out for the holy mosque; and so great was the multitude, that from the city gate to the borough there was no break in the indefinitely long line of pilgrims. This throng soon filled the mosque ; they trod on each other, they squeezed, they climbed over one another, to have at least the happiness of contemplating Gamber-Ali ; they cried out : —

" How handsome he is ! Blessed be his mother ! My son, eat ! My son, drink ! My beloved uncle, do not let thyself die ! O my adored brother ! wilt thou lacerate my heart ? Gamber-Ali of my soul ! Here are preserves ! here is sugar ! here is milk ! here are cakes ! Speak to me ! Do not look at any one but me ! No one shall touch thee ! On my head, on my eyes, on the life of my children ! Whoever shall dare to look askant at thee, we will tear him in pieces ! "

But to these reassuring speeches Gamber-Ali responded not a word. He was exhausted by emotions and hunger, and in very truth was going softly toward the passage of the bridge of Sirat, where the dead take their way.

And while the women, old and young, married and single, were thus making their way to Shah-Abdulazim, and while these waves of blue veils and white *rubands*, or masks, were alternately entering and departing from the holy place, heaving sighs, sending up wails, and wringing their hands, in affliction over the imminent loss of the handsomest youth who had ever existed ; suddenly, at the city gate, the soldiers on guard were seen to drop their kalyúns, rise to their feet, and salute profoundly. A horseman, two, three horsemen, rapidly cleared

the bridge thrown across the moat; behind them followed no less swiftly a group of well-mounted servants; and behind these again appeared, raising clouds of dust, a very elegant European carriage, drawn by six stalwart Turcomans adorned with red and blue pompons, and driven, as the saying is, *à la Daumont;* and in the carriage were seated four ladies completely hidden by their blue veils and their rubands. This stylish apparition unceremoniously forced a path for itself through the cavalcade of asses and mules, so that it soon arrived at Shah-Abdulazim; the *kâliskah-chîs*, or postilions, halted in front of the great door of the mosque; the horsemen assisted the four ladies to alight, and the latter immediately entered the holy place; their domestics made no bones whatever of opening a passage for them, so that, despite the vociferations and reviling of the women roughly thrust aside, the newcomers found themselves, as they wished, face to face with Gamber-Ali.

One of them squatted on the floor beside the boy, and said to him in a soft voice: —

"Thou hast nothing more to fear, my soul! Kérim's relations have compromised for thirty tomans; here are thy letters of remission; no one has any further right over thy life. Come and follow me! I have paid the thirty tomans."

But Gamber-Ali was no longer in a condition to understand anything. He regarded with a listless eye the paper which the lady presented him, and made no movement. Then, proclaiming herself by the act a person of decision, the benefactress of the refugee, raising her voice, said to her people: —

"Call the keeper of the mosque at once!"

That dignitary was not far off; he hastened thither, and as one of the horsemen had said a few words in his private ear, he executed a salute not less humble than the city gatekeepers had made, and declared that his life should answer for his obedience.

"Here is the liberation of this man," said the lady; "as he is not in a state to understand anything at this moment, I am going to take him away in my carriage. That is not, I hope, violating the holy sanctuary, because, being no longer either guilty or pursued, he cannot be a refugee. What do you think about it?"

"Whatever it pleases your Excellency to command is necessarily right," replied the old priest.

"You consent, then, to what I ask?"

"On my eyes!"

The lady made a sign, and her horsemen applied themselves to the task of detaching the rope and raising Gamber-Ali in their arms; he instantly set up doleful cries. At that pitiful voice, the women who filled the mosque were aroused; many of them had conceived prejudices against the rather abrupt manner of the ghulâms accompanying the unknown, and a general murmur arose, in the midst of which could be distinguished apostrophes like these: —

"What infamy! There is no longer any Islam! Help, Mussulmans! They are violating the sanctuary! Who is this famished old ghoul that wants to eat young men? Daughter of a dog! Daughter of a father who is burning in hell! We shall roast thy grandfather! Leave this boy alone! If thou lettest thyself touch him or even look at him, we will tear thee to pieces with nails and teeth!"

The fury increased, and the lady's servants were already ranging themselves around her and her companions to shield them from assault. To do this lady justice, her courage was fully equal to the occasion. She returned insult for insult, and showed herself not less imaginative in this kind than her assailants. They called her an old woman, she called her enemies decrepit old hags; they cast suspicion on the purity of her motives, she retorted with the most monstrous accusations. In this impassioned colloquy between persons of the weak and timid sex, treasuries of abuse were squandered, and there is no exaggeration in affirming that the most respectable and erudite among the fishwives who are the ornaments of Paris and London would have found something to learn on that noble day. Nothing is more chastened, measured, and flowery than the language of an Oriental man; but an Oriental woman prides herself only on expressing in the most energetic manner possible whatever it suits her to say.

To put an end to this scene, the keeper of the mosque took the letter of remission, ascended the *nimbar* (which is to say the pulpit), made a slight introductory speech, read the document, glorified in pompous terms the charity, the virtue, the kindness, and all the virtues, cardinal and principal, immaculate and otherwise, with which are adorned the veiled and pure beings whom the tongue must not name, nor even the imagination contemplate in fancy's dream, and wound up with an

eloquent adjuration to allow free course to the exercise of the said virtues and the said charity, because, if care were not taken of poor Gamber-Ali, and that very soon, his life would not be prolonged beyond a few hours.

At such a dismal conclusion, sobs burst forth from all quarters. Many women began to give themselves terrific blows on the bosom with their fists, crying, "Hassan! Hussein! Ya Hassan! Ya Hussein!" (invocation to the holy martyrs). Others fell into convulsions; the ones closest to the unknown dame, precisely those who had declared the very precise intention of tearing her up with nails and teeth, began to kiss the hem of her veil and declare her an angel descended from heaven, and assuredly as remarkable for her youth and beauty as for the perfection of her heart; and they helped her to master Gamber-Ali, who fought them, but was nevertheless lifted into the carriage, whose blinds were then closed. This done, the horsemen remounted, the *káliskah-chís* whipped up their teams, turned bridle, resumed the road to Teheran, and disappeared.

The son of Bibi-Janam had absolutely swooned away, in the persuasion that it was all up with him, that he was captured and was going to be put to death. Excessively weakened by his state of mind and by fasting, fever and delirium seized him, and he fell very sick. At moments when consciousness returned to him, he thought himself in prison. Nevertheless, the aspect of the chamber he had been carried into had nothing to confirm this gloomy idea. It was a charming room. The walls were painted white, and the regular square niches where boxes and vases of flowers are set were framed in decorations of rose and gold, relieved by light green. The bed was dressed with immense coverlets quilted in red silk; pillows and cushions, large and small, the cases of fine linen and embroidered, were piled under his head and under his arms. He was cared for by a negress, old and ugly it is true, but very kind-hearted, who obeyed his every request, cosseted him, called him the uncle of her soul, and did not in the least resemble an executioner. Two or three times a day he received the visits of a *hákim-bashí*, or head physician, who was a Jew, well known to him as the fashionable practitioner in high society; and he could not help admitting to himself that the bare fact of being treated by Hakim-Massy constituted in itself an actual honor of which he might be proud. Hakim-Massy told him, with his usual kind-

liness, that all was going excellently, that he would be on his feet in a few days, and that his cure would progress so much the faster as the conviction penetrated him that he had no longer anything to fear from Kérim's relatives, nor the Shah, nor anybody. These assurances, coming from a person so distinguished as Hakim-Massy, did not fail to make an impression upon the young man; and as the negress confirmed it all day long, his distempered fancy little by little recovered itself. When the patient was in a state to have a liking for diversions, he was visited by a very agreeable moullah, who congratulated him on his happy lot; by a merchant very familiar to the Bazar, who offered him a handsome turquoise ring; by a seventh cousin of the chief of the Sylsupur tribe, who invited him to come and have a falcon hunt with him as soon as he found himself entirely recovered. When he began to get around, the negress informed him that he had four servants at his call, and could order without fear whatever might please him.

"But, aunt of my soul," exclaimed Gamber-Ali at last, "who am I, then? Who are you? Maybe they have cut off my head without my noticing it? Am I already in Paradise?"

"It depends only and absolutely on thee, my son," responded the negress, "to have it so, and that without fretting thyself in any way. At all events, for the time being thou art certainly a person of rank; for see, thou art a *nazir*, thou art chief steward of the fortune and estate of her Highness Parwanah-Khanum (Madam Butterfly), who received a week ago, through the goodness of the Shah, the official title of Lazzat-ed-Daulat" (the Delights of Power).

At these words Gamber-Ali was submerged in waves of such ecstasy that he remained absolutely pulseless, breathless, and speechless.

The first time he appeared in the court of the mansion, he found the domestics ranged before him, of course according to their hierarchic grades. All saluted him with the profoundest respect, and he passed them in review, as befitted the functions of his office. He was dressed in an immense *jubba*, or sleeved mantle, of white cloth trimmed with variegated silks; below it he wore a cashmere robe, and out of his bosom he drew from time to time, without any airs, a small satin bag embroidered with pearls, from which he took a handsome watch and looked at the hour. He had trousers of red silk. In short, he was dressed to his perfect satisfaction.

When he wished to go for a promenade in the Bazar, they brought him a charming horse, caparisoned like these of the court nobles. One of the jilaudars supported him under the arms for him to get into the saddle, and four ferrashes marched in front, while his *kalyunji* carried his pipe alongside. He was recognized in the galleries, and a concert of blessings burst forth on his passage. The women above all overwhelmed him with compliments. In truth, they asked him many highly indecent questions which made him blush, and addressed recommendations and counsels to him which he thought he had no need of. But on the whole he was enchanted with his popularity. He had reason to be; which fully proves, be it said in passing, — to please the people who wish a moral import to every story, — that true merit always ends by obtaining its reward.

Everything would lead one to suppose that Gamber-Ali developed superior qualities in his office of steward, for we see him gradually pass from a state of only relative wealth to manifest opulence. A year had not slipped by when he no longer mounted any but the costliest chargers; he had on his fingers rubies, sapphires, diamonds of the first water. Did there come into the hands of the jewelers some pearl of unusual value, they hastened to apprise him of it; and it was rare that he did not become the fortunate possessor of the treasure. The affairs of the former governor of Shiraz having turned out ill, the ferrash-bashi and Assad-Oullah-Beg found themselves without employment. It was not for long: Gamber-Ali, now Gamber-Ali-Khan, took them into his service, and declared himself highly pleased with their zeal.

As soon as he saw himself in a fortunate position, he lost no time in sending for his parents to come. Unluckily his father died just as they were starting. Bibi-Janam's despair broke forth and swept away all barriers; she tore her face with such energy, and set up such piercing cries over the tomb, that as her friends avowed, there had never been known in the world a woman so faithful and so attached to her duties. Nevertheless, she rejoined her son, and was charmed to see him again, handsome and well-to-do. But she did not live in the palace, because, without any one being able to explain why, so accomplished a person did not please the princess. So she had a house to herself, and selected it in the vicinity of the great mosque, where she soon achieved the well-earned reputation of

one incomparably pious and thoroughly informed of what was going on around her. She never suffered, to her glory be it said, a neighbor's transgression to remain unknown; and in regard to the very extended publicity given to all the sayings and doings of her neighbors and neighboresses, she remained an incomparable trumpet.

At the end of a couple of years, the princess, not less pious than Bibi-Janam, felt a desire to make the holy pilgrimage to Mecca; and having taken the resolution, she announced that the upright Gamber-Ali-Khan was to be her traveling-husband. The traveling-husband is beyond dispute one of the most judicious of Persian institutions. A woman of quality, who is to make a long journey and pass from town to town, may indeed sacrifice her tranquillity and take trouble for the salvation of her soul; nevertheless, she holds to the proprieties, and cannot endure the idea of entering directly into relations with muleteers, merchants, customs officers, or the authorities of the place she has to pass through. It is from this motive that when she does not possess a husband, she takes one for the occasion. It is understood that the happy mortal represents nothing more than a major-domo with the fullest authority. Who could see anything more in it? Gamber-Ali-Khan was an important man; — in a word, he set off with the Delights of Power; and she, arrived at Bagdad, was so satisfied with his probity, and his fashion of keeping accounts, that she married him for good and all, and it is charitable to suppose that she never had any cause to repent it. That, moreover, is what Bibi-Janam affirmed.

The story ends here. It has been often told, with variations, by the admirable and profound astrologer of whom mention was made at the outset. He cited it as an unanswerable proof of the solidity of his art. Had he not predicted, on the day of Gamber-Ali's birth, that this foster-son of his would be prime minister? He is not so yet, it is true; but why should he not become so?

MODERN OTTOMAN POEMS.

(Translated in the original forms by E. J. W. Gibb.)

WĀSIF: About 1820.

I.

Terji'-Bend.

ON THE DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH IN EGYPT BY THE QAPUDAN HUSEYN PASHA.

Ey jedel-gāh-i jihānin Nirem-i jeng-averi!

O thou Nirem, battle-waging, of the world's fierce field of fight!
O thou Sām, fell dragon-visaged, of the age's plain of might!
Thou art he in whom the favors of the Lord Most High unite;
Earth and ocean thou hast conquered, waging war on left and right!
Gold, in Islām's cause, thou pouredst like to water down a height;
Legions like the Nile on Egypt's shore thou madest to alight.
With thy saber's blow right fiercely thou the foeman's head didst smite;
Giddy made thy sword the misbelievers' chieftains with affright.
Midst the earth's oak grove a valiant lion like to thee in might,
Since the days of Rustem, ne'er hath passed beneath the Heaven's sight.
"Bravo! Champion of the Epoch! rending ranks in serried fight!
O'er the 'Arsh hang now thy saber, sparkling like the Pleiads bright!"

Lion! Alexander! had he seen that battle thou didst gain,
Crown and throne to thee to offer Key-Qubad were surely fain!
O most noble! thou a Vezir to such fame thou dost attain,
That the God of Hosts did surely Lord of Fortune thee ordain!
Like to flame, the fiery blast scathed foemen's lives, it blazed amain;
Threw'st thou, cinder-like, the misbelievers' ashes o'er the plain.
"Conqueror of the Nations' mother," as thy title should be ta'en;
Since thou'st saved the Nations' mother, all the nations joy again.
Wishing long ago, 'twould seem, to sing thy splendid glory's strain,
Nef'i wrote for thee this couplet — for thy deeds a fit refrain:
"Bravo! Champion of the Epoch! rending ranks in serried fight!
O'er the 'Arsh hang now thy saber, sparkling like the Pleiads bright!"

When the misbelieving Frenchman sudden swooped on Egypt's land,
Thither was the army's leader sent by the Great King's command;

But at length o'erthrown and vanquished by the foe his luckless band,
Then thou wentest and the vile foe scatter'dst wide on every hand;
Then, when they thy lightning-flashing, life-consuming cannon scanned,
Knew the hell-doomed misbelievers vain were all things they had planned.
Hundred vezirs, joy-attended, countless foemen did withstand;
Day and night, three years the misbelievers fought they brand to brand;
Worn and wretched fell those at thy feet, and quarter did demand:
It beseems thee, howsoever high in glory thou mayst stand!
"Bravo! Champion of the Epoch! rending ranks in serried fight!
O'er the 'Arsh hang now thy saber, sparkling like the Pleiads bright!"

Through this joy beneath thy shade the world doth its desires behold;
With thy praises eloquent the tongues of all, both young and old.
Thou to Faith and Empire then didst render services untold,
Hurling down to earth the foeman's house in one assault right bold!
O Vezir! Jem-high! think not that flattery my words enfold;—
Though a poet, not with false or vaunting boasts I've thee extolled.
Midst the fight for Egypt's conquest firm in stirrup was thy hold,
Under thy Egyptian charger trod'st thou foemen like the mold.
From the handle of thy sword, like water, down the red blood rolled;
Thou the foe mad'st turn his face, mill-like, in terror uncontrolled.
"Bravo! Champion of the Epoch! rending ranks in serried fight!
O'er the 'Arsh hang now thy saber, sparkling like the Pleiads bright!"

Those who sing thy glories, like to Wāsif, wildered aye must be;
Sayeth Wāsif: "None on earth like Huseyn Pasha I shall see."
If there be who has in vision seen a peerless one like thee,
As a dream all void of meaning, let him it relate to me.
Cannon-ball like, 'gainst the foe thou threw'st thyself from terror free;
Like the winter blast thou mad'st the foeman shake in front of thee.
Claim to manliness forsaking, even as the blind was he,
Sword in hand despairing stood he, like to one who naught can see;
Quick his throat thou seizedst, like the dragon direful in his glee,
'Neath thy saber's wave thou drown'dst the misbeliever, like the sea!

"Bravo! Champion of the Epoch! rending ranks in serried fight!
O'er the 'Arsh hang now thy saber, sparkling like the Pleiads bright!"

II.

SHARQĪ.

Ey goncha'-i bāg-i merām.

O Rosebud of joy's flowery lea!
O graceful one with steps so free!
If thou wilt yield thee not to me,
On earth the glass of mirth and glee
To me's forbid, apart from thee.

Behold my breast, by guile unprest,
Is't not mid thousand treasures best?
Until thou tak'st me to thy breast,
On earth the glass of mirth and glee
To me's forbid, apart from thee.

O Rose-leaf fresh! concealed from sight
With thee till morn a livelong night
If I may not enjoy delight,
On earth the glass of mirth and glee
To me's forbid, apart from thee.

Yearning for union fills my soul,
Patience and peace have no control;
O wanton one! my longing's goal!
On earth the glass of mirth and glee
To me's forbid, apart from thee.

Seek, WĀSIF, her who hearts doth snare,
Yon maid with bosom silver-fair;
Until thou thither doth repair,
On earth the glass of mirth and glee
To me's forbid, apart from thee.

III.

SHARQĪ.

Kim gursa ol la'l-i muli.

To whom that wine-red ruby's shown
Is captive by those locks o'erthrown;

'Tis meet like nightingale I moan:
A lovely Scio Rose is blown.

Unmatched yon maid with waist so spare,
Unrivaled too her wanton air;
Her ways than e'en herself more fair:
A lovely Scio Rose is blown.

The roses like her cheeks are few;
That rose-blush-pink its darling hue;
This summer ere the roses blew,
A lovely Scio Rose is blown.

The rose — the nightingale's amaze;
The rose the nightingale dismays;
A smile of hers the world outweighs:
A lovely Scio Rose is blown.

O WĀSIF, on the rosy lea,
The nightingale thus spake to me:
"Be joyful tidings now to thee —
A lovely Scio Rose is blown."

RĀMIZ PASHA: About 1820.

Gazel.

Gunul oldusa da misdāq-i nass-i Esrefū' yā Rabb.

Although my heart the truth of *Those who wrong themselves* doth show, O Lord!
In virtue of the words *Do not despair*, Thy love bestow, O Lord!
Beside the mead of truth and calm make aye my soul to go, O Lord!
My virtue's rose to tint and scent as captive do not throw, O Lord!
From vain attachments' stain wash pure and clean my heart as snow, O Lord!
Against me place not Thou the loathsome pool of lies of foe, O Lord!
The burning pain of exile no relief can ever know, O Lord!
Enow, if Thou the camphor-slave, the dawn of hope, did show, O Lord!
Thy slave is RĀMIZ; unto none save Thee doth he bend low, O Lord!
Before Thy mercy's gate his tears from eyes and eyelids flow, O Lord!

'IZZET MOLLA: About 1836.

(From the Mihnet-Keshān.)

Gazel.

Meyl edermi kuhne sevbā qāmet-i bālā-yi 'ishq.

After old rags longing hath the figure tall and slight of Love?
Fresh and fresh renews itself aye the brocade fire-bright of Love.
'Gainst the flames from thorns and thistles ne'er a curtain can be wove,
Nor, 'neath honor's veil can hide the public shame, the blight of Love.
Through a needle's eye it sometimes vieweth far-off Hindustān —
Blind anon in its own country is the piercing sight of Love.
It will turn it to a ruin where naught save the owl may dwell,
In a home should chance beset the erring foot of plight of Love.
Will a single spark a hundred thousand homes consume at times:
One to me are both the highest and the lowest site of Love.
Never saw I one who knoweth — O most ignorant am I!
Yet doth each one vainly deem himself a learned wight in Love.
Rent and scattered — laid in ruins — all my caution's fortress vast
Have my evil Fate, my heart's black grain, the rage, the blight of Love.
In its hell alike it tortures Mussulmān and infidel,
'Izzet, is there chance of freedom from its pangs, this plight of Love?
In reality hath made aware the seeker after Truth,
Showing lessons metaphoric, He the Teacher bright, St. Love!

'ADLÎ: 1839.

(Sultan Mahmūd II.)

Gazel.

Mubtelāsi oldugu ol nev-juwān bilmezlenir.

That I'm fall'n her conquered slave, yon maiden bright feigns not to know;
Thus pretending, she who doth the soul despite feigns not to know.
Though I fail naught in her service, she doth me as alien treat;
Know not I why yonder Darling, earth's Delight, feigns not to know.
If I dare to speak my eager longing those her lips to kiss,

Friendship she declaims, in sooth with cruel slight feigns not to know.
That she whets her glance's arrow and therewith doth pierce the heart,
E'en her bowlike eyebrow, yonder Ban of might feigns not to know.
Well the loved one knows the Sphere doth keep no faithful troth; but, ah!
How she copies it, that Heart ensnarer bright feigns not to know.
There is ne'er a refuge, 'ADLI, from the grief of rivals' taunts;
I my love conceal not, still yon maiden slight feigns not to know.

LEYLĀ KHĀNIM: 1858.

I.

TĀRĪKH.

ON THE DEATH OF 'ANDELIB KHĀNIM.

Akhiretlik 'Andelib Khānim fenaden gitdi, āh!

'ANDELIB, th' adopted sister, from this transient world hath flown,
Yonder midst the flowers of Eden whilst still in her youth to stray.
No physician, neither charmer, on the earth her pain could ease;
So that youthful beauty bided not to smile on earth's mead gay.
With her two-and-twenty summers, cypress-like was she, ah me!
But the sullen blast of autumn smote her life's bright, lovely May.
For its tyranny and rancor might have blushed the vile, hard Sphere,
As the sister of earth's Monarch pined in grief without allay.
Though her kind friend never parted from her eye's sweet, gentle beam,
Still did she to God her soul yield, and the call, *Return*, obey.
Down the wayward Sphere hath stricken that bright Jewel to the earth; —
What avail though men and angels tears of blood shed in dismay?
Length of days to that great Sultan grant may He, the God of Truth!
And yon fair Pearl's tomb make rival His own Eden's bright display!
With the dotted letters, LEYLĀ, thou the year tell'st of her death —
Calm amongst delightsome bowers may 'Andelib her nest array!

II.

TAKHMIS.

ON A GAZEL OF BĀQI.

Beni ser-mest u hayrān eyleyn ol yar-i janim dir.

'Tis yonder Darling of my soul that wildering my sense o'erthrows;
My waving Cypress 'tis that freshness to the garden doth disclose;
The bird, my heart, my gardener is in Love's fair parterre of the rose:
Mine eyes' field with thy cheek's reflection as my flowery orchard shows;
For long my heart the picture of thy palm-like figure doth inclose.

The world seems in my eyes as prison that doth my dear love control;
Through love for thee my heart acquireth many a scar, and that's the whole;
From hour to hour thine absence makes my tears like rushing waters roll;
The heart bows down through grief for thee, and constant weeps the life, the soul;
The fountain of this vineyard is the stream that from my weeping flows.

As well thou know'st, through fire of love for thee how sad my plight of woe,
My smiling Rosebud, wilt thou ne'er a glance of pity toward me throw?
My sighs and wailings thou dost see, O but for once compassion show:
Through gazing on the rose and bower, my heart repose shall never know,
The ward where doth my loved one dwell alone can yield my soul repose.

O how I think upon thy box tree form in sorrow's night so drear!
My story would Mejnūn's and Ferhād's tales from mind make disappear.
My groans and sighs and wails thus high do I unto the heavens uprear,
By reason of the sparks my sighings raise that steely bowl, the Sphere,

Revolves each night, my gold-enameled beaker at the feast of woes.

From thought of yonder witching eye my heart is ne'er a moment free;
When flow thy tears recall not thou to mind, O LEYLĀ, 'Oman's Sea.
Beneath thy shade my own heart's blood is all that hath been gained by me:
My tears, an ocean vast; my lashes, coral branches, O Bāqi!
The mem'ry, 'tis of thy palm-form that as my Judas-tree bright glows.

REF'ET BEG.

SHARQĪ.

Āmālimiz efkārimiz iqbāl-i watan dir.

OUR hopes, our thoughts, are for the weal of our dear native land;
Our bodies form the rampart strong to guard our frontier strand:
We're Ottomans — a gory shroud our robe of honor grand.
"God is Most Great!" we shout in rush and charge on field of fight;
We're Ottomans! our lives we give, our gain is glory bright.

The name of Ottoman with terror doth the hearer thrill;
The glories of our valiant fathers all the wide world fill;
Think not that nature changeth — nay, this blood is yon blood still.
"God is Most Great!" we shout in rush and charge on field of fight;
We're Ottomans! our lives we give, our gain is glory bright.

A saber on a blood-red field — our banner famed behold!
Fear in our country dwelleth not, in mountain or in wold:
In every corner of our land croucheth a lion bold.
"God is Most Great!" we shout in rush and charge on field of fight;
We're Ottomans! our lives we give, our gain is glory bright.

Then let the cannon roar, and shower its flames on every side!
For those our brothers brave let Heaven ope its portals wide!
What have we found on earth that one from death should flee or hide?
"God is Most Great!" we shout in rush and charge on field of fight;
We're Ottomans! our lives we give, our gain is glory bright.

ZIYĀ BEG: 1879.

I.

GAZEL.

Alir her lahza zevqa 'umr bir mey-khāne dir 'ālem.

A TAVERN which each moment takes a life as pleasure's pay is earth;
A glass which for a thousand souls doth sell each drop of spray is earth.
The world's a magian that adores the flame of power and fortune high;
If thou should brightly shine, a moth about thy taper's ray is earth.
Anon one is, anon is not — thus ever runs the course of time;
From end to end a warning-fraught, a strange, romantic lay is earth,
'Twixt sense and frenzy 'tis indeed right hard to draw the sund'ring line,
Ah me! if understanding's wise, demented sooth alway is earth.
The desolation of the world beside its weal is truth itself;
Just as prosperity it seems, so ruin and decay is earth.
How many Khusrevs and Jemshids have come, and from its bower have past!
A theater that vieweth many and many an act and play is earth.
ZIYĀ, a thousand caravans of wise men through its realms have past;
But yet not one can tell its tale, and all unknown this day is earth.

II.

TESDIS.

ON A BEYT OF MAHMŪD NEDIM PASHA.

Gunul, gunul, ne bu huzn ve elem bu gam tā key ?

Heart! heart! how long shall last this sorrow, anguish, and dismay?
All things upon earth's ruin-cumbered waste must needs decay.
What was the splendor of Jemshid? where Khusrev and where Key?
Hold fast the goblet and the wine, let chance not fleet away!
"Our coming to this world is one; man must reflect, survey;
Care must one banish, and look out for calm and quiet aye."

Be he Khusrev, or Rustem, or Nerimān, or Jemshid,
Or be he beggar; be Islām or heathenesse his creed;

A few days in earth's inn a guest is he, then must he speed:
Something to render gay that time is surely wisdom's need.
"Our coming to this world is one; man must reflect, survey;
Care must one banish, and look out for calm and quiet aye."

When viewed with understanding's eye, the mote hath no repose;
The world must thus be imaged for exemption from its woes:
Of my coming and my going it no lasting picture shows—
That a departure surely is which no returning knows.
"Our coming to this world is one; man must reflect, survey;
Care must one banish, and look out for calm and quiet aye."

Events the workings of the Lord Most High make manifest;
Being the mirror is in which the absolute's exprest;
He who this mystery perceives in every state is blest;
The exit of each one who enters earth decreed doth rest.
"Our coming to this world is one; man must reflect, survey;
Care must one banish, and look out for calm and quiet aye."

See that thou grievest not thyself with sorrows all unwise;
'Tis need all pleasure to enjoy as far as in thee lies;
Alike is he who lives in joy and he whom trouble tries;
If thou be prudent, ne'er thine opportunities despise.
"Our coming to this world is one; man must reflect, survey;
Care must one banish, and look out for calm and quiet aye."

Since first the banquet fair, this world, was cast in form's designs,
How many rakes have passed away! how many libertines!
As counsel meet for revelers, when he perceived those signs,
Around the goblet's rim the magian priest engraved these lines:
"Our coming to this world is one; man must reflect, survey;
Care must one banish, and look out for calm and quiet aye."

At length, Ziyā, shall joy beam forth, and grief an end shall find;
But yet, O man, these ever enter Fortune's feast combined.
This hidden mystery learn thou, by Mahmūd Beg defined,
Who has the secret of the same within this verse enshrined:
"Our coming to this world is one; man must reflect, survey;
Care must one banish, and look out for calm and quiet aye."

ARMENIAN POPULAR SONGS.

(Translated by Rev. Leo M. Alishan, of the Mechitaristic Society.)

The Armenians in their Emigration from Old Ciulfa.

Woe to ye, poor Armenian people!
Without a fault and without a thought ye have been scattered;
Ye are gone into slavery to Ispahan,
Hungry and thirsty and naked and poor.

Ye have supported a hundred thousand sorrows,
And ye have never put your foot out of your sweet native country;
But now ye leave the tombs of your parents,
And abandon to others your churches and houses.

These beautiful fields, great towns,
Sweet waters, and well-built villages,
To whom have ye left them, ye who go?
How happens it that ye forget them?

I fear they will be effaced from your mind;
But while ye live do not forget them:
At least recount to your children and grandchildren,
That you have left your country so ruined.

The name of Masis, that of the Noah's Ark,
That of the plain of Ararat, of St. Etemiazin,
That of the deep Abyss, of St. Lance and Mooghni,
They will not forget till the day of judgment.

That my eyes have been blind, my neck broken,
Poor Armenia, that I might not see thee thus:
If I were dead I should be happy
Rather than live and see thee.

On One who was Shipwrecked in the Lake of Van.

We sailed in the ship from Aghtamar,
We directed our ship towards Avan,
When we arrived before Osdan
We saw the dark sun of the dark day.

Dull clouds covered the sky,
Obscuring at once stars and moon;

The winds blew fiercely
And took from my eyes land and shore.

Thundered the heaven, thundered the earth,
The waves of the blue sea arose;
On every side the heavens shot forth fire,
Black terror invaded my heart.

There is the sky, but the earth is not seen;
There is the earth, but the sun is not seen;
The waves come like mountains,
And open before me a deep abyss.

O sea, if thou lovest thy God,
Have pity on me forlorn and wretched;
Take not from me my sweet sun,
And betray me not to flinty-hearted death.

Pity, O sea, O terrible sea!
Give me not up to the cold winds;
My tears implore thee,
And the thousand sorrows of my heart. . . .

The savage sea has no pity!
It hears not the plaintive voice of my broken heart;
The blood freezes in my veins,
Black night descends upon my eyes. . . .

Go tell to my mother
To sit and weep for her darkened son;
That John was the prey of the sea,
The sun of the young man set!

THE LAMENTATION OF A BISHOP, WHO, HAVING PLANTED A VINEYARD, AND, BEFORE IT GAVE FRUIT, HIS LAST DAY COMING, HE SINGS THUS:—

Every morning and at dawn
The nightingale sitting in my vineyard
Sang sweetly to this my rose:
Rise and come from this vineyard.

Every morning and at dawn
Gabriel says to my soul:
Rise and come from this vineyard,
From this newly built vineyard.

I must not come from this vineyard,
Because there are thorns around it;
I cannot come forth from my vineyard,
From my beautiful vineyard.

I have brought stones to my valleys,
I have brought thorns to my mountains;
I have built round it a wall:
They say: Come forth from this vineyard.

I have planted young vines,
I have watered the roots of this plantation,
I have not yet eaten of their fruit:
They say: Come forth from this vineyard.

I have built a wine-press,
I have buried the wine-vat,
I have not yet tasted the wine:
They say: Come forth from this vineyard.

I have shut the entry of my vineyard,
I have not yet opened the close gate
Of my well-dressed vineyard:
They say: Come forth from this vineyard.

I have brought water to my valleys,
Cold and savoring fountains;
I have not yet drunk of their water:
They say: Come forth from this vineyard.

I have built a basin in my vineyard,
The dew of heaven into this basin,
Around it are flowers and light:
They say: Come forth from this vineyard.

I have planted roses in this vineyard,
There are red and white roses;
I have not yet smelt their fragrance:
They say: Come forth from this vineyard.

I have sown flowers in this vineyard:
They are green and yellow;
I have not yet picked these flowers:
They say: Come forth from this vineyard.

I have planted fruit trees around the walls,
Pomegranate, almond, and nut;
I have not yet tasted of the fruits:
They say: Come forth from this vineyard.

The turtledove is sitting in my vineyard,
He sings to the birds;
The spring is arrived to my vineyard:
They say: Come forth from this vineyard.

Bring me fruits from my vineyard,
Roses and flowers of many hues,
That I may imbibe the fragrance:
I will not leave this vineyard.

The nightingale sang in my vineyard
From morning to evening;
The dew falls from the clouds:
They say: Come forth from this vineyard. . . .

Gabriel came to my soul;
My tongue from fear was tied;
The light of my eyes was dimmed:
Alas! for my brief sun!

The tendrils of my vine were green,
The grapes of my vine were ripe;
He says: Come forth from this vineyard,
From my newly built vineyard.

They took my soul from my body,
And dragged me forth from my vineyard:
It is time that I leave my vineyard,
This beautiful vineyard.

My newly built vineyard was destroyed,
Every plant and flower grew dry;
The beauty of my body was faded:
They say: Come forth from this vineyard.

They drag me forth from my vineyard:
The nightingale sings in my vineyard,
The dew descends from the clouds
Every morning and at dawn.

The Pilgrim to the Crane.

Crane, whence dost thou come? I am servant of thy voice.
Crane, hast thou not news from our country?
Run not to thy flock, thou wilt arrive soon enough:
Crane, hast thou not news from our country?

I have left my possessions and vineyard, and I have come hither;
How often do I sigh, it seems that my soul is torn from me;
Crane, stay a little, thy voice is in my soul:
Crane, hast thou not news from our country?

Thou dost not carry disappointment to those who ask thee;
Thy voice is sweeter to me than the sound of the well-wheel;
Crane, thou alightest at Bagdad or Aleppo:
Crane, hast thou not news from our country?

Our heart desired it, and we arose and departed;
We have found out the miseries of this false world;
We are deprived of the sight of our table companions:
Crane, hast thou not news from our country?

The affairs of this landlord are long and tedious;
Perhaps God will hear and open the little gate;
The heart of the pilgrim is in sorrow, his eyes in tears;
Crane, hast thou not news from our country?

My God, I ask of thee grace and favor:
The heart of the pilgrim is wounded, his lungs are consumed;
The bread he eats is bitter, the water he drinks is tasteless:
Crane, hast thou not news from our country?

I know not either the holy day, nor the working day;
They have put me on the spit and placed me at the fire;
I mind not the burning, but I feel the want of you:
Crane, hast thou not news from our country?

Thou comest from Bagdad and goest to the frontiers;
I will write a little letter and give it to thee;
God will be the witness over thee:
Thou wilt carry it and give it to my dear ones.

I have put in my letter, that I am here,
I have never even for a single day opened my eyes:

O my dear ones, I am always anxious for you!
Crane, hast thou not news from our country?

The autumn is near, and thou art ready to go;
Thou hast joined a large flock:
Thou hast not answered me and thou art flown!
Crane, go from our country, and fly far away!

To the Stork.

Welcome, stork!
Thou stork, welcome!
Thou hast brought us the sign of spring,
Thou hast made our heart gay.

Descend, O stork!
Descend, O stork, upon our roof,
Make thy nest upon our ash tree,
Thou our dear one.

Stork, I lament to thee;
Yes, O stork, I lament to thee,
I will tell thee my thousand sorrows,
The sorrows of my heart, the thousand sorrows.

Stork, when thou didst go away,
When thou didst go away from our tree,
Withering winds did blow,
They dried up our smiling flowers.

The brilliant sky was obscured,
That brilliant sky was cloudy;
From above they were breaking the snow in pieces;
Winter approached, the destroyer of flowers.

Beginning from the rock of Varaca,
Beginning from that rock of Varaca,
The snow descended and covered all,
In our green meadow it was cold.

Stork, our little garden,
Our little garden was surrounded with snow,
Our green rose trees
Withered with the snow and the cold.

The Bear, the Fox, and the Wolf.

The wolf and the bear and the little fox made peace,
They were become uncles and nephews;
They have made the little fox a monk.
False monk, false hermit, false!

The little fox went into the street and found an old rag,
He made a hole and put his head in it, he took a stick,
He put on an iron shoe, he made a hole in the stone.
False monk, false hermit, false!

The fox sent the wolf to fetch the bear:
I have accepted for thee this solitary life,
And thou dost not send me rations,
My ankles are sore, my knees are sore.

In the morning at daylight they go to the chase;
They caught a sheep, a lamb, and a ram;
They made the wolf the pious economist.
Unjust judge, unjust economist, unjust!

The wolf had made a portion for the bear of the ewe,
And ordered the lamb for the poor monk:
The ram for me, says he, for I have walked much.
Unjust judge, unjust economist, unjust!

The bear had raised his paw and struck the wolf,
So hard he struck that he took away both of his eyes:
I am the first among you and you have given me the ewe.
Unjust judge, unjust economist, unjust!

The fox who saw it was much afraid;
And seeing the cheese in the trap, said to the bear:
My grand uncle, I have built a fine convent,
The place is a place of retreat, a place of prayer.

The bear had extended his paw to take the cheese;
The trap seized his neck on both sides:
Little fox, my nephew, why do you not help me?
This is not a convent, not a place of prayer.

The little fox seeing it, was much pleased;
He made a funeral service and prayed for his soul:

The misery of the wolf, which thou hast occasioned, has seized thee;
This place is a place of retreat, a place of prayer.

O Justice, thou pleasest me much!
Whatever does harm to another soon perishes;
As the bear in the trap is obliged to fast:
That place is a place of retreat, a place of prayer!

On a Little Knife Lost.

My heart trembled in my breast from fear;
From fear my heart was powerless:
What shall I answer my papa,
For I have lost my little knife?

It was strong and sounding,
With a single stroke it cut through a large cucumber;
I did not sleep out in the village of others
And I did not take it from my bosom in the houses of others.

My knife had good manners:
It remained with me all day without being tied.
They made me drunk, they deceived me
And they seized it.

My knife gave me advice,
That I should keep aloof from dry bread:
I know that it is not good for thy teeth,
And also without pity it burdens thee.

When there are soft loaves and hot bread,
Rejoice and expand thy visage:
Give advice and preach to the matrons,
To knead them with oil.

When we went to the banquet and feast,
My knife told me slyly:
When thou seest nice bits,
Without me thou shalt not put out thy hand.

With much address it sliced the ham,
It encouraged me, and exhorted me:
Fill the glass and give it to my hand,
Let us eat and drink, that my soul may be gay.

My knife had great care of me,
It gave me good counsels with affection:
Do not sit down near anybody
In order that thou mayest satisfy thyself with little care.

I pity thee that thou hast no teeth:
When thou meetest with raw meats,
Do not swallow it greedily,
That it remain not in thy throat and thou become a joke.

My knife was very affectionate with me:
When we went into the house of others,
When it saw the roasting meat,
It did not let me take the curds.

My knife was more than a doctor,
Every day it preached to my parishioners:
When the day of blessing houses arrives,
Bring to my master fried fish.

My knife said to me: Thou art my master,
Do not show me to anybody;
Here for a moment abstain from wine,
And do not let me be stolen.

This song had written Martiros;
My knife was fond of ham:
They carried me to the wedding of a bridegroom,
I had not advantage, because I lost it.

God was good and merciful,
I found my knife and it never left me more:
When I saw others eat anything
My heart trembled before them.

My knife said to me: Care not so much;
Rejoice that thou hast found me;
Till July thou must have patience,
And then I will give thee to eat cucumber with honey.

My knife was honest with affection,
It sat near the ladies;
It gave many good counsels:
Take milk with cream.

When thou meetest with lamb's meat,
With pepper ground and roasted,
Sit down on the border and exhort it,
Give a little glass also over it.

It was older than you in time,
It said always to itself:
Bring not dry bread,
Because it will not tender the hand for shame.

In reading this psalm
I bless the soul of him who gave it me;
Because the two days in which it abandoned me
Not even a single sparrow fell into my teeth.

In the world there is not a more foolish man than me:
I was desirous, although ignorant, of this song;
In order that men might smile and mock me
When they repeat it at great feasts.

ALIMEK AND THE DERVISH.

By FERDINAND KÜRNBERGER.

(Translated for this work by May Sinclair.)

[FERDINAND KÜRNBERGER, a German novelist of considerable popularity in his day, was born at Vienna in 1821, and died at Munich in 1879. His first novel, "Tired of America" (1856), is defined by its name: the emigrant is disgusted by a "material" civilization. He wrote also "The Home Despot" (1876), "Literary Heart Affairs" (1877), several volumes of short stories, a drama, "Catiline" (1855), a volume of essays, "Seal Rings" (1874), etc.]

ONE day, Alimek, an Arabian goatherd, was watching his goats, carelessly following their trail as they straggled about the pastures. Presently he came on a bit of rocky ground, and, as the goats stripped the leaves of the scanty herbage, they laid bare the way to a cave which opened through a little cleft hidden behind some withered brushwood. Curiosity moved him to creep in. The entrance was dull and gloomy, but the back of the cave was lit by a light that seemed to come from somewhere above. By this light he spied a leathern purse lying in a corner. Alimek instantly

seized on this windfall, but when he found that it was empty, he flung it away in a bad temper, and sent a shocking curse after it. The purse fell with a clash, just as if it had been full of gold coin. And so indeed it was. For as Alimek ran up in gleeful excitement, he found the ground all littered with gold pieces, and yet the purse was as full as ever.

"This is magic!" said Alimek, and hastily murmured a prayer to make up for the curse.

He greedily grabbed all the gold pieces, and as he was doing this, he came on a curious old ring that had rolled into a dusty chink. This he also picked up, meaning to examine it more closely in the light. Meanwhile, he put it on his finger.

When he had made perfectly sure that he hadn't left one gold piece behind him, he hurried out of the cave, for he felt that he could not realize his good fortune until he had got out into the broad blaze of day.

How wretched they looked now, his poor herd and the bare flat wilderness around him.

Recklessly swinging his purseful of gold, he shouted: "With this in my hand I am a rich man — a great man! I can mix in the very best society. How I wish I were in Mecca!"

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the dome of the Caaba was glittering before his eyes. All around him were houses that he had never seen before, bazaars full of stalls loaded with costly things, splendid Emirs walking about in shining armor, black slaves carrying burdens, camels, horses, asses; the tumult of many thousands of people was roaring in the ears of the once solitary goatherd.

Alimek was in Mecca.

"The purse will never be empty. The ring will transport you to any corner of the world," whispered a voice in his ear. "Use them wisely." He looked round, but saw no one. The voice was the voice of a Genius.

Alimek praised God for his lucky find. As for using it wisely, he never doubted for an instant that his good fortune had brought him wisdom, too, as a matter of course.

He was immensely pleased with his transplantation to Mecca. With the transplantation, that is to say, not with Mecca: he couldn't spare time to so much as glance at that Holy City of the Faithful, the ardent hope of so many poor and pious pilgrims, who came hundreds of miles through water-

less deserts and burning sands and stones to see it. His restlessness drove him away as soon as he had arrived. He kept on wishing himself into a different part of the world every minute. From Ceylon to Moscow, from Granada to Samarcand, he was hurried by the sweep of his whirligig fancy, in an insatiable longing for novelty and change. He flew like a butterfly, with the whole world for a flower-bed. And all the time he thought it was his noble thirst for knowledge that made him crave so perpetually for the sight of new lands and new skies, for all the wonders of nature and art, men and cities, manners and customs, when it meant nothing but that he was equally sick and tired of all of them.

At last it dawned on him that traveling had no more charms for him, and so he made up his mind to settle down. He chose for his home the city of Constantinople, as offering him the largest amount of those delights which his magic purse procured so easily; besides, the gathering together of so many nationalities would have the pleasing effect of reminding him of all he had seen in his various wanderings from east to west. And now he really began to enjoy life a little in serene idleness.

But not for long. How could he practice moderation with infinite wealth at his command? Inevitably he mistook his means of enjoyment, which were supernatural, for his power to enjoy, in which nature left him not a bit better off than any other man. Before long disgust taught him the extravagance of his desires. Not that this state of mind lasted. Weary and exhausted as a hunted dog, he found himself once more on the run, chased by his own ungovernable imagination. He had no appetite for even the most subtle and ingenious forms of enjoyment, and the more he tried to multiply them, the more he encountered satiety at every turn. His unoccupied mind was weighed down by an intolerable boredom that dogged his every footstep. At last he had an illness, when the physicians forbade him even things that a common laborer can command, when he learnt to envy the beggars drinking their cold water or gnawing their melon rind picked up in the street; and now he was convinced that all the pleasures of life are powerless to add one grain to the sum of its happiness.

Alimek's sick-room rang with the sound of trumpets and cymbals, the jubilation of the crowd, the noise of arms, of horses, and of soldiers. Some general had taken prisoner a robber, the terror of the neighborhood, and was bringing him,

together with what was left of his band, in triumph to the city.

"That is the thing!" said Alimek, sitting up in his bed, "to be a great man, to stand on an eminence, to be honored, beloved, besought, and to deserve it all by noble deeds done for the sake of the common weal. What a fool I was when I tried to find contentment in going about gaping at foreign countries and cities, in emptying flagons and kissing pretty women. All the time I was nothing but a slave among other slaves, obscure and unknown. A low herdsman is no better off. The noblest passion is ambition, and the only joy that brings positively no satiety is fame."

When Alimek was well again, he began making his way towards high offices of state. His way was simplicity itself. Those extravagant entertainments of his had brought him the acquaintance of many people, some of whom had great influence and power; for the rest, he could trust to that inexhaustible fountain of gold, the magic purse. He soon found himself in the position he desired. He had just made a name for himself, rising by steady promotion in the army, when a war with Persia broke out and raised him to the height of his ambition. He was made commander-in-chief. Intoxicated with his good fortune and with that certainty of victory which is victory itself, he went out to meet the enemy. He had every right to feel confidence in himself. Long ago, when he watched his herds, he had grown used to fighting with jackals and hyenas, so that the raw, untrained goatherd had more courage, more dash and fearlessness, than all the carpet knights of the Seraglio, the Bath, and the Chamber. Courage was all the military art he knew; but it was more than enough. He inspired his soldiers with his spirit, they loved him as one of their own, at their head he was invincible. In short, Alimek flung himself on the Shah of Persia as the herdsman flings himself on the wolf, and beat him all to nothing. The victory was decisive.

And now this brave man thought that he would be clever too. He had heard a great deal about victories not being properly followed up, and he was determined that this should not happen with him. With the recklessness of a child he burst into the enemy's country and made straight for the capital. Naturally, he was waylaid by an ambush, and beaten almost to pieces. With characteristic foolhardiness he succeeded in cutting a way out for the rest of the army and made his way home.

But when he was halfway there he was met by an emissary from Constantinople, who presented him with a bowstring, and announced that the Sultan, in his infinite clemency and mercy, permitted him to strangle himself with it.

"I kiss the dust under his feet," said Alimek, winding the bowstring round his neck. He added, "St. Sophia is a very pretty building, but for my part I prefer the neighborhood of further India." That instant he disappeared.

"Allah is great!" cried the astonished emissary, as he picked up the bowstring and went back to Constantinople.

That was the end of Alimek's military glory.

"It doesn't do to be a subordinate," Alimek observed, as he stood on the shores of the Ganges. "If that army had belonged to me I would have got it together again, put more men into it, and beaten those dastardly Persians a second time. But who can win martial glory in somebody else's service? He gets a bowstring and somebody else pockets the glory. That's what comes of being a subaltern."

While Alimek was engaged in these reflections, his attention was suddenly distracted by a remarkable spectacle. With blasts of trumpets, and flying banners, and swinging palanquins, a magnificent procession swept by.

And the herald at its head made proclamation: "A strange monster, the like of which has never been seen in any age or country, has broken loose from the Thibet mountains and is spreading death and destruction in Nepaul. Many heroes have perished in battle against him, and at last the king of the country himself. The queen of Nepaul offers her crown and hand to whomsoever puts an end to the common danger."

Alimek glowed with pleasure. The man was looking for kings in the street and putting up thrones for auction. "Well done, Alimek! You yourself, in your infinite clemency and mercy, may be dealing out bowstrings, and may command servants instead of being a servant. But first let us have a look at the queen."

So Alimek wished himself in that place where the queen happened to be. The queen was a young woman, almost a girl, beautiful as spring, with limbs slender, yet of voluptuous mold, with warm kindly eyes, over which the arches of her brown eyebrows met. She was walking in a garden full of flowers and fruits, pleasant shade and artificial fountains, and showed quite a pretty alarm when the strange man came bowing before her out of a little grove. Alimek said he was a

prince from Turkestan, and ready to offer up his blood and his life for her in the battle with the dragon. His costume shone with all the splendour of a Turkish general, and must have been very becoming to him, for the queen regarded him with anything but disapproval. She began to talk to him in the friendliest manner about his military exploits: she appeared now full of tender concern that he should brave so great a danger, and now to desire it, since it was the only way to their union. In short, Alimek perceived with rapture that the queen was as deeply in love as himself, and his enthusiasm was such that he felt he could annihilate all the dragons that ever were. He took his farewell and made his way to the monster's lair.

The dragon had a body like a Turkish galley, a head like the great tun, and wings like a ship's mainsail. He had lately dined off an elephant, and had scarcely swallowed him when, with a raging appetite, he was off again after a buffalo. Alimek's hair stood on end. Armed with his arrows, his spear, and his Damascus blade, he was like a little boy with toy armour. There was only one possible way of combat. He must first aim at the creature's eyes and blind it, before he could hope to slay it. With the sure aim of the goatherd he sent arrow after arrow into the dragon's eyes, as if he were shooting at a target, and every arrow hit the gold. But the maddened creature would have torn him in pieces long ago, if he had not the power of vanishing at the moment of danger. At last the monster ceased to rage, spread his gigantic wings, and flew away. But Alimek, through the power of the magic ring, was able to follow, and he never left off shooting till he had blinded him. And now he approached him fearlessly and found out the spot where the fierce heart of the creature beat. Leaning all his weight on the shaft of his spear, he bored into the body from above downwards. The Horror gave out a cry that rang through half the kingdom; and at the cry thousands of people gathered together to watch his blood flowing. It flowed for three days and three nights, and on the third day he died.

Alimek was made king. His triumphal progress, his wedding, his coronation, the congratulations of his people, the homage of the nation, all was one unbroken round of joyful festivities. Alimek wallowed in happiness.

And yet this was the beginning of the unhappiest time of his whole life. The great nobles of the land found it quite

intolerable that an obscure stranger should rule over them and possess their beautiful queen. They bound themselves in conspiracy against him. One insurrection broke out after another, but the insurrections were not half so dangerous as the secret plots. Alimek had no rest day or night. To be sure, he could guard himself from all outward perils, such as the assassin's knife, since through the power of his ring he could immediately change every risky quarter for a safe one. But this meant that he must keep incessantly awake. What if the murderer fell upon him in his sleep? And even kings must sleep, whether they have magic rings or not. The meanest of his subjects lived in more security than he. He dared not sleep anywhere save in the arms of his queen; the only place of safety in all his kingdom was the corner where his nuptial couch stood. And in the end even this refuge failed him.

In the circle of the malcontents a rival had appeared, who had power to seduce the queen herself by his arts. He tried to persuade her that there could be no peace for the country, and no obedience to be hoped for from the nobles, until the interloper was done away with. He was so clever that he could imitate to perfection Alimek's good points, while he excelled him in all others; and if there was any little trait that still recalled the rude unmannered goatherd he had a way of making it ridiculous or repulsive. In short, he made a complete fool of the poor woman, until she became a tool in the hands of her master; and one day he slipped the assassin's dagger into hers.

That night Alimek felt the cold prick of steel above his heart, so that he woke suddenly and in terror. He had just time to transport himself by the power of his ring, for the murderer's hand was unpracticed and it blundered. But it was the hand of his wife, — and in that hand lay his kingdom and his happiness.

And yet it is good to be a king, and revenge also is sweet. Alimek had not yet given up all for lost. After he had wandered a little while hither and thither, still bearing in his breast the scar of that horrible night, and in his heart a deeper wound, his resolution was made. He knew a corner of his country which had always been stanchly loyal to him. Thither he turned, and thence he thought to win back the whole kingdom again.

But his enemies had seduced his people as they seduced his wife. They set a price on his head, and a traitor was forth-

coming, well prepared to earn it. Alimek was delivered over to his enemies and led to the gallows on the charge of treason.

At the foot of the gallows he gave up once for all his kingdom and his revenge. It was a question of his life.

"Oh, if I were but in Arabia the Happy," he cried—and straightway he was there.

It was evening. He found himself in a lonely place at the foot of a high rocky wall. Under the wall a small threadlike stream trickled slowly, drop by drop. Lower down, where the stream had found out a little plot of earth, it had already given growth to grass and herbage, and the blades in their turn sheltered it from drought. A little farther down some trees were growing on its bank, and lower still, where its onward course reached the plain, the industrious people of that country had dug trenches for it, and the stream so carefully husbanded watered the whole valley. Down there lay a wide hamlet, its minaret sparkling in the sun, the whole shut in by pleasant orchards.

Alimek drew in a deep breath. That gallows in India, circled by the howling mob, and this quiet oasis in Arabia the Happy—the contrast did his heart good.

At the same time there came along the stream, with slow leisured footsteps, a Dervish making pilgrimage. The two men exchanged the customary "Peace be with you!" and began to talk together.

"Where are you journeying?" asked Alimek.

"I am on my third pilgrimage to Mecca. I have been resting at noon in that shady place yonder, where my youth was spent in the study of the holy Koràn. In the cool of the evening I shall continue my way onward."

"With me it must be the other way about. I shall take shelter for the night with the people of this valley. Are they a good sort of men down there?"

"They live far from the world and they have no wants, save what their light toil provides for. They who have no wants are always good."

"That is a proposition open to argument," said Alimek, gravely; "'they who have no wants are always good.'"

Alimek was just in the mood for a philosophical discussion; as for the Dervish, he was a walking mine of philosophy. They could neither of them have found a better man.

The two were soon sitting down together, up to their ears in conversation, for poor Alimek's heart was full to overflowing. He had been telling his story over and over again to the stones of the desert and the stars of heaven, and they paid not the least attention to him; small wonder then if he poured it all into the fine discriminating ear of this sympathetic listener.

When he had quite done, the Dervish remarked: "You seem to think, my son, that what has happened to you is something altogether new and remarkable; for you spoke with some warmth and excitement. But be assured nothing could be more ordinary. To anybody who knows the way of the world and the nature of things in general, as an old traveling dervish knows them, or, as the Sheikh at Yemen used to say, to whomsoever looks at the dice from seven sides (dice have only six sides, but by the seventh side he meant the inner nature of dice) — your story will tell nothing more instructive than that water flows downward and smoke goes upward, which he knew perfectly well before. What more do you want? I seem to have heard something about your magic purse and your magic ring too. On the Red Sea there used to live an old Dervish — he was a hundred years old at the very least — and he told me that his grandfather left that purse and that ring behind him in a cave in Arabia the Stony, considering them dangerous and good-for-nothing articles."

Alimek stared.

"You are surprised," said the Dervish, "and yet you have proved it yourself. So deep a root has error in the human breast. Your ring and your purse are tools, worth no more and no less than the bow and arrow that the hunter takes with him on the chase. You have brought down nothing with them, but you are weary of hunting. And weariness gives appetite for rest. There is the true magic purse that life gives us. It is not happiness that makes us happy, but rest."

"We shall have rest enough in the grave."

"But we shall not know that we have it. Enjoyment lies in the consciousness of rest, the feeling of rest. The sleeper knows and feels this rest, and therefore sleep is the most blessed ending of the day, whether it be a king or a beggar who sleeps, and whether he is to be crowned or hung when he wakes in the morning. And because sleep is the best gift of life, the wise man goes to sleep in the daytime too. His sleep is the

sleep of the passions, the sleep of the lusts, the sleep of the desires."

"Can a man sleep at will?"

"He can, if he learns how. Let us look at the thing a little closer, my son. There was once a bird who said to himself, 'I have not enough feathers, but there is a bird who has got more than I.' That very same minute the other bird was saying the very same thing; and so the two fell on each other with beak and claw, and pulled out each other's feathers till both had none. And men who go out to find happiness are in the same plight. If a man is not content with the happiness he has got in himself, who is to give it him? Other men, you will say. But when he mixes with other men he soon finds that it is not a question of giving, but of taking. So far from contributing to his happiness, they show him in a thousand little ways that they expect him to contribute to theirs; show it to him in so unfeeling, so inconsiderate, so unblushingly burglarious a manner, that his better instincts encounter disgust and pain at every turn, and instead of being happy he is unhappy. So he returns into himself again, having found out all about happiness that there is to be known. Happiness means the satisfaction of desire, and the highest happiness the perfect satisfaction of the intensest desire. But as no one will serve us unless we serve him, as no one will suffer us to be an end to ourselves, but uses us rather as a means to *his* ends, we are as far off as ever from happiness itself, having had to pay for it first in character and comfort and all the uses of life, so that happiness perpetually turns to unhappiness. In the satisfaction of our desires we are crossed by other desires as by a thousand invisible threads, and there we hang like quails caught in the net, where we struggle till we die. We are like some fool who spends all his time in the market without ever getting to know the market price. He buys something in the morning which by the afternoon will be worth only a third of what he has paid for it, and by the next day will be worth nothing at all."

"You never spoke a truer word," said Alimek. "I wanted to win military glory, and for that end I made use of the Turkish army; but the Sultan made use of me in order to beat the Shah of Persia, and when I blundered he would have strangled me with a bowstring. The kingdom of Nepaul made use of me to get rid of the dragon; but when I wanted to make use of the kingdom of Nepaul to slake my thirst for greatness, it

dragged me to the gallows. Go on, noble man, you know everything that is good and wholesome for men to hear."

So the Dervish went on fluently. "You see, then, that happiness is not a gift but a bargain, a bargain in which we are generally cheated. We are bound to be cheated, and that we deserve to be cheated every honorable person must admit, because it was our own intention to cheat. But not to paint the world blacker than it is, we will not insist on this view of the matter ; but charitably, not to say cheerfully, assume that for this war of all against all, it is not so much the evil and cruelty as the vanity, of our heart, that is responsible. When we are fighting with one another for the means of enjoyment, trying to get them for ourselves, and when we have got them to keep them and defend them, no doubt this all comes of our real selfish love of enjoyment ; but no less surely vanity plays its part, — the vanity of showing our skill, of proving to other people that we excel them in intellect and power, that we are stronger, cleverer, more capable, — in a word, that we are *more* than they. Hence also that subtle touch of absurdity that characterizes these hunters after happiness, which would be very hard to explain if it were not that vanity is always absurd. I seem to find a proof that my view is the correct one, in the fact that a man meets with the most heartfelt compassion if he loses one of the natural and genuine goods of life, his health, for instance, or his children ; while if he loses one of the imaginary goods pursued by himself, the feeling commonly excited is an unholy joy, the world laughing at him in its sleeve."

"True, true," cried Alimek, "you are a perfect carbuncle of lucidity."

"This alone," continued the Dervish, "would keep the good man from desiring the happiness of this world. He will always be uneasy in his conscience, wondering whether he does not desire it through vanity, or perhaps find pleasure in humiliating and injuring other people. And even if he knows himself to be free from these motives, he can never be sure that he is not rousing envy and covetousness in others, and harming them by his example, even when his own heart is pure and innocent. And how *can* he take any pleasure in what, for all he knows, may be making his neighbors unhappy, not to say wicked and godless? So the good man through his heart, and the thinker through his thinking, come to much the same conclusion, one knowing that happiness is an impossibility, the

other that it is not worth desiring. They both agree in this as in all other things; for every wise man is a saint and every saint a wise man."

"You are speaking of yourself," said Alimek, as he gazed at the Dervish with rapture, "you are the wise man and the saint."

"Your appreciation makes me ashamed," answered the Dervish; "for I have not yet said my last word, which is perhaps my very best."

"Say it, say it. All your words are honey and balm. I could listen to them all day long."

The Dervish went on fluently as before.

"I have not denied the existence of happiness. I only said that we should seek it in ourselves, in our own peace of mind, and not in the company of men, to other men's sorrow and despite. Let me now say that God has not made his world so poor that every one is left to his own miserable, isolated self, but even in the company of men there is happiness — the happiness of love. To give this needs no magic; for it is itself the greatest magic wherein God reveals his almightiness, such magic as the pure air we breathe, or the sweet light that lightens the world for us, or the fresh spring water that quenches our thirst, or the ripe fruit that satisfies our hunger, and gives, besides satisfaction, which is a vulgar thing, an exquisite taste, inconceivably and marvelously fine. But who wants to breathe more air than any one else? Who wants water to be fresher, light brighter, or fruit sweeter to himself than to all other men? Before the best and most beautiful gifts that God gives we are all equal, and this equality is the foundation of love — the sole real happiness known to men. From this equality you were shut out and set apart by those unblessed gifts of magic; they made you unlike all other children of the earth. No wonder that, instead of being happier, you were unhappier than they. The slave market of Constantinople provided you with the most beautiful women in the world, but you never sought their love. Your enchanted purse only bought you disenchantment and fatigue. The queen of Nepaul you indeed loved, and she you, but you had won her by enchantment, and the whole country knew neither rest nor peace till it had cast you out and restored the natural balance of things. There can be no happiness so far outside the order of Nature. Whoever looks for a better will find a

worse. This is as true to-day as it was yesterday, as it will be to-morrow and for all time. Your story teaches this — short as it was (indeed, such a round of illusion could hardly have lasted longer). A more remarkable tale, a tale indeed unlike anything yet heard of by man, was that which the hundred-year-old Dervish by the Red Sea told of his grandfather. In that tale a great part was played by a magic purse and ring, either the same that you found or very like them. The Holy Korân always excepted, there is no tale told among men which reveals so many secrets of divine Providence. I hold it my peculiar mission to tell that extraordinary tale wherever I go to all the faithful. I will tell it to you, because God has blessed you with an ear open to the wisdom of the wise. Would you like to hear it?"

With the oncoming night sleep lay heavy upon Alimek's eyes, for his spirit was weary. But the eloquent words of the holy man still rang sweetly in his ears, so that he pressed him to tell his story. He thought it would help to keep him awake, and was unaware that it was gradually sending him to sleep. For a while he listened attentively, till Nature, stronger than the Dervish, prevailed, and he dropped off like a tired child lulled to sleep by a nursery tale.

He slept the whole night through. When he woke the sun was high in heaven. He sprang suddenly to his feet. He looked round for the Dervish, but the Dervish was nowhere to be seen. He looked, and — yes — the magic ring was gone from his finger; gone, too, the magic purse he carried next his heart, the cord it hung by cut as with a sharp knife.

He stood stupefied. How, he knew not — whether he was awake or whether he had dreamed it — but — the holy man had robbed him.

For a minute his senses forsook him. Then he broke into a laugh so loud that it sent an echo from the rocky wall. Still convulsed with laughter, he cried aloud to the wilderness: —

"Thanks, thanks, noble Dervish! Your words were instructive, but still more instructive is your deed. You were perfectly right. All is vanity — even the wisdom that preaches against vanity."

And Alimek went down to the little village in the oasis, bound himself as servant to a countryman, won the love of the countryman's daughter, became her husband, and lived ever after a contented tiller of the fields.

DOÏNE; OR, NATIONAL SONGS AND LEGENDS OF ROUMANIA.

(Translated by Eustace Clare Grenville-Murray.)

THE FAWN.

"MY PRETTY Fawn! look once again upon the setting sun; it is the last time you will behold it; you are my little friend, and must die for my sake."

"Let me still live till the end of the season, dear master," replies the Fawn, "when the lily of the valley bends her head upon the stem, when the songsters of the spring cease their harmony; life is so sweet, the sun so beautiful, the heavens so wondrous. Ah, let me still live, dear master."

"Alas! it cannot be, my little Fawn. The queen wills thy death, or a divorce, and if thou lovest me, my pretty, gentle little Fawn, thou must die for me."

"Thy will be done then, master," answers the little Fawn: "I can die to make thee happy; though I am so young, so beautiful, and life is so delightful."

"Do not weep, my little friend, for thou dost break my heart," answers the king, who can do a cruel thing more easily than talk about it.

"The queen wishes for my death, because I am a prophet, and know all her secrets. But beware, O king! for to-morrow thy royal head shall fall beneath the knife of the queen and her lover."

"Not so, my little Fawn," reasons the king, "thou sayest this to be revenged against my wife."

"Heed me or not as thou will'st," answers the Fawn. "But before thy death tell the servants, who remain true to thee, to take my bones and to make thee a coffin of them. Thou must tell them to paint it with my young blood, and to bury thee in it after thy death. From this coffin shall arise a sweet-scented tree, which shall bend over thy tomb and cover it with a cool shade during the fierce heats of summer. The tree shall protect it from the winds and the storm, and singing thy misfortunes and mine, stop the passenger to weep over thy grave."

Paunasul Codrilor.

A youth and a maiden are wandering through a valley. The maiden is beautifully fair, and she is crowned with a chaplet of yellow flowers.

"Sing to me, sweet girl," says the youth, "that I may hear thy sweet voice."

"I would sing to thee, my beloved," answers the maiden, "but the caverns will echo my song, and the Paunas of the mountains, the Brave of the braves, might hear me."

"Fear not for me, my golden beauty," answers the youth, gallantly, "when I am near thee; and oh! fear not for thyself when thou art near to me."

The young maiden with the golden hair begins to sing; the Echoes carry her song to the Paunas of the mountains, and the Brave of braves appears.

"My pretty little lad! my brave little mannikin," says the Paunas, hoping to gain his point by fair words, "give me thy bride or thou must die."

"Thou shalt not have her while my head remains upon my shoulders," answers the youth, resolutely. "I have sworn by her golden hair never to abandon her!"

The struggle begins, and the combatants wrestle fiercely; at length the youth gives way; his belt falls off, and Paunasul grips him in the clasp of a giant. His eyes glare, his heart beats.

"Help, love!" cries the youth, "and gird on my belt, for I am losing strength."

"Nay, husband," answers the lady. "Let the fight be fair, and whoever is victor I will marry him."

The two braves clasp each other with all their strength and one falls.

Who carries off the fair one? It is the Paunas of the rocks. Who falls to rise again — never? Alas! it is the gallant bridegroom.

The Ferentar's Daughter.

"My beloved is gone to the wars; and since he left me I have known no joy. When he went I bridled his charger, and I gave him my heart in a kiss."

So sung Marie, the beautiful maiden, and tears sparkled upon her cheeks, like the dews of morning upon a floweret.

But as she sings she hears the dear voice of her lover. He has returned alone from the wars, and says to her: "I have left my comrades upon the battlefield, and I am come back to thee, O my beloved; for without thee I can dwell no longer in the world!"

"Unhappy knight, what ravest thou?" answers the fair maiden. "There is no one here to welcome thee, not even thy bride; but if thou canst not live without me, O my beloved, I will go with thee to the wars."

They both mount upon their coursers, and as they ride through the lovely and shady valleys these words are long heard through the silence of the night: —

"If thou canst not live without me, O my beloved, I can go with thee to the wars, and we can die together for our country, O my beloved."

Fàt Logofàt.

"Oh, stay! Fàt Logofàt of the fair wavy locks, for yonder upon the hilltop a black Balaur is awaiting thee."

"Fair maiden with the laughing mien and with the silken sash, I fear not the Balaur, for I am armed."

"Rash youth, with thy glance of fire and handsome with all beauty, the Balaur is strong and wicked; oh, stay!"

"Angel of the stars, with the dove eyes and lily cheeks, the Zméui all tremble at my name."

"Great warrior, with thy gilded arms and with thy gentle voice, the Balaur plants his footsteps on the mountain and touches the violet skies with his lofty crest."

"Bird of the mountains, with thy flower-dyed wings, when I bestride my murgo he can spring with me from sea to sea, and his feet spurn the clouds."

"O Fàt Logofàt! with the wavy hair and gentle voice, with the bright smile and fearless heart, do not leave these walls, for I love thee. Oh, stay!"

"Sweet maid with every beauty, if thou lovest me then will I try to be worthy of thy love."

So, deaf to the pleading of the maiden, he kills the Balaur, and returns to make her his bride.

The Malediction.

A youth and a maiden are ascending a steep mountain. The youth sings gayly, and caresses his courser. But the maiden walks wearily by his side, ever sighing.

"Let me mount up behind thee, young lover," she pleads gently, "for I am tired; the road is stony and I cannot walk."

"I would take thee up behind," replies the youth, "but I cannot. My charger is small and his feet are delicate. He can now hardly bear my body and its sins, my harness and my arms."

"Thy heart is pitiless," answers the girl, wildly. "Thou hast stolen me from my kindred, and now abandon me in this desert! God grant that thou thyself may fall into slavery among the Turks, that thy feet and hands may be shackled with irons, that love and remorse may haunt thee in thy saddest days, that my misery may come home to thee, that thy steed may fail thee, that thou mayst bite the dust in shame; that thou mayst be nine times wedded and have nine sons, then that thou mayst marry again, and have a daughter ere one come to bring thee water in thy prison."

But the youth still rides a-singing on his way.

Rich and Poor.

A little below the mill there is a small inn, and there sit side by side two wayfarers, a rich man and a poor one. The rich man's heart swells with pride as he gives the host a ban to bring some wine for his companion.

The poor man, however, laughs disdainfully, and calling the host, he gives him a zlot, and proposes in turn to treat his neighbor.

"Poor wretch!" cries the rich man, "wouldst thou compare thyself with me? Thou hast not even a shirt, while my flocks and herds cover the plain. Thou canst not offer wine to me: we are not equals."

"What matters?" answers the poor man. "If you have lands and wealth, are not riches like the mountain torrent, which to-day swells and roars in the sunshine, but to-morrow is dried up? Hast thou not as many cares as cattle? for wherever the flock is, there is the wolf also."

"Poor wretch!" replies the rich man; "I would have had pity on thee but for thy sneer."

"And thou, miserable, with all thy wealth," answers the

poor man. "If thou hast flocks and herds, I have banquets of fruits and flowers. Thou hast gold in thy kimir (girdle); I have a palosh in mine, to protect life and honor. Thou hast stately halls; I have the wide plain with the azure sky all spangled over with gold for roof. What it takes thee a whole summer to win, I can gain by robbery in a single day. What ho, then, mine host! Bring wine enough, and fear not for the cost. When the poor man treats his friends, he pays for the feast with his blood!"

Miho the Young.

Upon a narrow path of Mount Barlat stands Miho the Young with the air of a peacock. He beguiles the silence of the rocks with his flute. It is midnight when he mounts his little horse. The forest is gloomy, the night dark, and the road very rough. The flints flash fire under the hoofs of his steed. He passes by, and disappears in the forest. He breaks away the green wood noisily with his hands, and the rocks resound with the crash. He passes, and speaks thus to his steed: —

"Up! up! my little murgo. Do not leave the beaten track, or we shall fall into the chasm. Does the saddle gall thee, or the bridle pinch, that thou laggest so?"

"Master, the saddle does not gall, or the bridle pinch me," answers the murgo. "That which irks me is, that I know forty and five brigands lurk near here. They are feasting in yonder valley, beneath the rock on the borders of the forest. They have a stone table, split into four parts, and inscribed with golden letters like that of a book. Yanousch, the Hungarian, is sitting with them; his long beard, grown gray in crimes, falls upon his breast, and descends beneath his broad belt. He has a keen sword and a hard heart. Near him are some bold Hungarian youths, who left their parents when but children. They are brave and enterprising; they have empty purses and broad shoulders; they wear high hats and long hair which falls upon their shoulders. Woe to thee and to me if they hear us!"

"On! on! my steed! and fear not; for I am stout-hearted. Trust to my strong arm, my broad chest, and my terrible sword!"

The little horse continues his road, and Miho speaks again: —

"On! on! my little murgo! to yonder valley, where the

beautiful woods are carpeted with green grass, and the wild flowers grow."

But Yanousch, who has risen from table to toast one of his comrades, turns pale; for he hears borne upon the breeze at intervals the sound of some one singing. The song is a song sung by the braves; and then come the notes of an ivory flute of intoxicating sweetness. He rises and addresses his band: —

"Listen, lads, and belt on your swords; for I hear the sound of a flute coming through the forest. Away! and stop this minstrel beneath yon poplar trees near the bridge. If the traveler is a brave, let him go unharmed; but if he is a dastard, spoiled by luxury and wantonness, give him a box on the ear, and send him about his business."

The Hungarians go away from the feast to wait for Miho, who looks at them contemptuously, and says: —

"Brave warriors, he who sent you to waylay me desired only to get rid of you."

He speaks and draws his sword. Some are slain or wounded, and lie weltering in their blood; the rest take to flight. Miho continues his way through the trees, and approaches Yanousch, the brigand chief.

"To your lances, my braves!" cries Yanousch. "Strike him down with your lances! Forward with your carbines!"

"Away with your lances and your carbines!" answers the brave. "I am Miho the Young; and I only want to play upon my ivory flute."[1]

Miho plays upon his flute with an air so passionate, withal so soft and tender, that the mountains answer, the eagles gather round, the fir trees wave, the torrents stay their murmurs, and the stars sparkle and faint away. The Hungarians are enchanted; and Yanousch, changing his tone, invites the minstrel to supper.

"Sit down, my brave," he says, "and amuse us during the feast; afterward we will wrestle together."

[1] It might not be going too far to say, that the Wallachs owe a great part of their national poetry to the passionate love of music and exquisite sense of the beauties of nature. Indeed, I know nothing more touching than the wild simple tones of the shepherds' pipes, as they come down from the mountains with their straggling flocks and herds. Nor can I wonder that, nourished in such scenes as are to be found among their native hills, and soothed by such sounds, they delight in the mysterious and supernatural. In giving the character of the shepherd, you have almost that of the Wallachian people. — E. C. G.-M.

They sit down to table, making merry and drinking toasts; but after the repast Miho the Moldavian and Yanousch the Hungarian begin to wrestle, the Hungarians watching keenly every turn of the struggle. The combatants press their chests and knees together, and writhe, and grapple with each other like two lions. But at last Miho seizes Yanousch in his arms and throws him to the ground; then, placing him upon his knees, draws the terrible sword, and cuts the robber's head off.

The Hungarians are silent with amazement. Miho throws down his sword, and says to them : —

"Whoever among you is strong enough to lift my sword as it lies there may follow me, and I will be his chief."

The Hungarians try to raise the sword, but in vain.

Then Miho says to them contemptuously : —

"Leave the woods, my lads, and return again to the plow. You will make better husbandmen than robbers."

After which he picks up the sword, mounts his horse, and rides away, making the woods musical with his ivory flute, so tender and passionate.[1]

The Ring and the Handkerchief.

He was the son of a king, young and strong as the fir tree of the rocks. He had wedded a young maiden, a daughter of the people, loved by all who looked upon her. She was fair as the flower of the field, or as the first beams of the morning.

And when the prince was called away to the wars, he said to her, "My dear wife, take this little ring, and wear it for my sake. If it turns black, thou wilt know that I am dead."

"My dear husband," answered his bride, "take thou also this handkerchief, embroidered over with gold; if the gold wears away thou wilt know that I am dead."

He mounts upon his courser, and rides away to the war; but halts upon the way and reposes beneath the shadow of the trees. There he gazes upon the handkerchief which his wife has given him; his heart beats wildly. "Wait for me here, my dear and gallant comrades. I have forgotten my trusty sword," says the prince. He speaks and retraces his steps;

[1] I have given this ballad and the following a translation almost word for word, that the reader may see something more of the style than in the others. —E. C. G.-M.

but on the road he meets a page on horseback. "Welcome! my brave lad! what news? Whence comest thou?" asks the prince eagerly.

"My lord, the tidings I bring may be glad to others, but not to thee: thy sire has cast thy bride into the river."

At the words of the page tears come into the young prince's eyes. "Take my steed, boy, and lead it to my sire. If he asks thee what has become of me, say that I plunged into the river to seek my beloved wife."

The king causes the bed of the river to be dried up; they find his two children stretched upon the sands — his children, with their golden hair and rosy cheeks!

They are borne to the church and buried there. The young prince is buried beneath the altar, and towards the east; and his bride in the aisle, towards the west. Over the tomb of the youth there grows a yew tree which overshadows the church; and the tomb of his bride is festooned with the tender shoots of the vine which spread and mingle with the branches of the beloved yew tree.

The Tartar.

"Tartar, rein in thy steed! Hold fast thy bridle, Tartar! Tartar, try not to pass the river; or, by the cross of my father there shall remain no vestige of thee or of thy steed, Tartar!"

* * * * * * *

"Tartar! where is now thy sword, and where thy gallant steed? Where is thy pride, Tartar? I warned thee not to pass the river; and now the crow is feeding on thy bosom, Tartar!"

The Rose and the Sun.

It is early morning, and a young princess comes into her garden to bathe in the silver waves of the sea. The transparent whiteness of her complexion is seen through the slight veil which covers it, and shines through the blue waves like the morning star in an azure sky.

She springs into the sea, and mingles with the silvery rays of the sun, which sparkle on the dimples of the laughing waves.

The Sun stands still to gaze upon her; he covers her with kisses, and forgets his duty. Once, twice, thrice has the Night

advanced to take her scepter and reign over the world. Thrice has she found the Sun upon her way.

Since that day the Lord of the Universe has changed the princess into a rose; and this is why the rose always hangs her head, and blushes when the Sun gazes upon her.

The Dove and the Coucou.

The Coucou — Pretty Dove, sweet little bird, wilt thou be my love?

The Dove — I would love thee indeed for thine own sake, but I cannot because of thy mother. She is jealous. If I were to love thee she would say that I loved thee too much, and scold when I caressed thee.

The Coucou — Do not be so cruel, pretty Dove. Be, oh, be my bride!

The Dove — Nay! I will not even listen to thee. Leave me alone, for to escape thy kisses I will take the form of a reed!

The Coucou — Whatever form thou takest, yet will I not leave thee. If thou shouldst become a reed, I will turn into a shepherd, and come to look for thee near the waters of the lake. I will take thee for a flute, and thus cover thee ever with my burning kisses.

The Dove — Nay, I will not listen to thee, my little Coucou, my bird with the pretty speckled plumage. I tell thee again, I could love thee were it not for thy mother; but to escape thy kisses, I will take the form of a saint's image in some quiet church.

The Coucou — Whatever form thou takest, I will follow thee ever! I will change into a demure little man, properly bigoted and hypocritical, and I will come into thy church. There I will pray to thee, and cover thee ever with my kisses and tears; and thou shalt not escape from me, my little Dove.[1]

[1] This appears to be a fragment, though there is enough to show that lovers are as willful, and mothers-in-law as redoubtable, in Wallachia as elsewhere. — E. C. G.-M.

SERVIAN POPULAR POETRY.

(Translated by Sir John Bowring.)

The Step-Sisters.

Near each other grew two verdant larches,
And, between, a high and slender fir tree:
Not two larches were they — not two larches,
Not a high and slender fir between them —
They were brothers, children of one mother.
One was Paul; the other brother, Radul;
And between them, Jēlitza, their sister.
Cordial was the love her brothers bore her;
Many a token of affection gave her,
Many a splendid gift and many a trifle,
And at last a knife, in silver hafted,
And adorned with gold, they gave their sister.

When the youthful wife of Paul had heard it.
Jealousy swelled up within her bosom;
And she called, enraged, to Radul's lady:
"Sister mine! thou in the Lord my sister,
Dost thou know some plant of demon-virtue,
Which may bring our sister to perdition?"
Radul's wife her sister swiftly answered —
"In the name of God, what mean'st thou, sister?
Of such cursed weeds I know not. — Did I,
Never would I tell thee of them, never;
For my brothers love me; yes! they love me —
To their love full many a gift bears witness."

When Paul's youthful wife had heard her sister,
To the steed she hastened in the meadow,
Gave the steed a mortal wound, and hurried
To her husband, whom she thus accosted: —
"Evil is the love thou bear'st thy sister,
And thy gifts are worse than wasted to her:
She has stabbed thy courser in the meadow."

Paul inquired of Jēlitza, his sister,
"Why this deed, as God shall recompense thee!"
High and loudly then the maid protested,
"By my life, it was not I, my brother;
By my life, and by thy life, I swear it!"

And the brother doubted not his sister.
Which when Paul's young wife perceived, at even
To the garden secretly she hastened,
Wrung the neck of Paul's gray noble falcon, —
To her husband sped she then and told him:
"Evil is the love thou bear'st thy sister,
And thy gifts to her are worse than wasted;
Lo! she has destroyed thy favorite falcon."

Paul inquired of Jëlitza his sister,
"Tell me why, and so may God reward thee!"
But his sister swore both high and loudly,
"'Twas not I, upon my life, my brother;
On my life and thine, I did not do it!"
And the brother still believed his sister.

When the youthful bride of Paul discovered
This, she slunk at evening, — evening's mealtime,
Stole the golden knife, and with it murdered,
Murdered her poor infant in the cradle!
And when morning's dawning brought the morning,
She aroused her husband by her screaming,
Shrieking woe; she tore her cheeks, exclaiming:
"Evil is the love thou bear'st thy sister,
And thy gifts to her are worse than wasted;
She has stabb'd our infant in the cradle!
Will thine incredulity now doubt me?
Lo! the knife is in thy sister's girdle."

Up sprang Paul, like one possessed by madness;
To the upper floor he hastened wildly;
There his sister on her mats was sleeping,
And the golden knife beneath her pillow.
Swift he seized the golden knife, — and drew it —
Drew it, panting, from its silver scabbard; —
It was damp with blood — 'twas red and gory!

When the noble Paul saw this, he seized her, —
Seized her by her own white hand, and cursed her;
"Let the curse of God be on thee, sister!
Thou didst murder, too, my favorite courser;
Thou didst murder, too, my noble falcon;
But thou shouldst have spared the helpless baby."

Higher yet his sister swore, and louder —
"'Twas not I, upon my life, my brother;
On my life, and on thy life, I swear it!

But if thou wilt disregard my swearing,
Take me to the open fields — the desert;
Bind thy sister to the tails of horses;
Let four horses tear my limbs asunder."
But the brother trusted not his sister:
Furiously he seized her white hand — bore her
To the distant fields — the open desert:
To the tails of four fierce steeds he bound her,
And he drove them forth across the desert; —
But, where'er a drop of blood fell from her,
There a flower sprung up, — a fragrant flow'ret;
Where her body fell when dead and mangled,
There a church arose from out the desert.

Little time was spent, ere fatal sickness
Fell upon Paul's youthful wife; — the sickness
Nine long years lay on her, — heavy sickness!
'Midst her bones the matted dog-grass sprouted,
And amidst it nestled angry serpents,
Which, though hidden, drank her eyelight's brightness.
Then she mourned her misery — mourned despairing;
Thus she spoke unto her lord and husband:
"Oh, convey me, Paul, my lord and husband!
To thy sister's church convey me swiftly;
For that church, perchance, may heal and save me."

So, when Paul had heard his wife's petition,
To his sister's church he swiftly bore her.
Hardly had they reached the church's portal,
When a most mysterious voice addressed them:
"Come not here, young woman! come not hither!
For this church can neither heal nor save thee."
Bitter was her anguish when she heard it;
And her lord the woman thus entreated:
"In the name of God! my lord! my husband!
Never, never bear me to our dwelling.
Bind me to the wild steeds' tails, and drive them;
Drive them to the immeasurable desert;
Let them tear my wretched limbs asunder."

Paul then listened to his wife's entreaties:
To the tails of four wild steeds he bound her;
Drove them forth across the mighty desert.
Wheresoe'er a drop of blood fell from her,
There sprang up the rankest thorns and nettles.
Where her body fell, when dead, the waters

Rushed and formed a lake both still and stagnant.
O'er the lake there swam a small black courser;
By his side a golden cradle floated;
On the cradle sat a young gray falcon;
In the cradle, slumbering, lay an infant;
On its throat the white hand of its mother;
And that hand a golden knife was holding.

The Lament of Hassan Aga's Wife.

What's so white upon yon verdant forest?
Is it snow, or is it swans assembled?
Were it snow, it surely had been melted;
Were it swans, long since they had departed.
Lo! it is not swans, it is not snow there:
'Tis the tent of Aga, Hassan Aga;
He is lying there severely wounded,
And his mother seeks him, and his sister;
But for very shame his wife is absent.

When the misery of his wounds was softened,
Hassan thus his faithful wife commanded:
"In my house thou shalt abide no longer —
Thou shalt dwell no more among my kindred."
When his wife had heard this gloomy language,
Stiff she stood, and full of bitter sorrow.

When the horses, stamping, shook the portal,
Fled the faithful wife of Hassan Aga —
Fain would throw her from the castle window.
Anxious two beloved daughters followed,
Crying after her in tearful anguish —
"These are not our father Hassan's coursers;
'Tis our uncle Pintorōvich coming."

Then approached the wife of Hassan Aga —
Threw her arms, in misery, round her brother —
"See the sorrow, brother, of thy sister:
He would tear me from my helpless children."

He was silent — but from out his pocket,
Safely wrapped in silk of deepest scarlet,
Letters of divorce he drew, and bid her
Seek again her mother's ancient dwelling —
Free to win and free to wed another.

When she saw the letter of divorcement,
Kisses on her young boy's forehead, kisses
On her girl's red cheeks she pressed — the nursling —
For there was a nursling in the cradle —
Could she tear her, wretched, from her infant?
But her brother seized her hand, and led her —
Led her swiftly to the agile courser;
And he hastened with the sorrowing woman
To the ancient dwelling of her fathers.

Short the time was — not seven days had glided —
Short indeed the time — and many a noble
Had our lady — though in widow's garments —
Had our lady asked in holy marriage.

And the noblest was Imoski's Cadi;
And our lady, weeping, prayed her brother:
"I exhort thee, on thy life exhort thee,
Give me not, oh, give me not in marriage!
For the sight of my poor orphaned children
Sure would break the spirit of thy sister!"

Little cared her brother for her sorrows;
He had sworn she should espouse the Cadi.
But his sister prayed him thus unceasing:
"Send at least one letter, O my brother!
With this language to Imoski's Cadi:
'Friendly greetings speeds the youthful woman;
But entreats thee, by these words entreats thee,
When the *Suates* shall conduct thee hither,
Thou a long and flowing veil wilt bring me,
That, in passing Hassan's lonely dwelling,
I may hide me from my hapless orphans.'"

Hardly had the Cadi read the letter
Than he gather'd his Suates together,
Armed himself, and hasteu'd toward the lady,
Home to bring her as his bridal treasure.

Happily he reached the princely dwelling,
Happily were all returning homeward,
When toward Hassan's house they were approaching,
Her two daughters saw her from the window,
Her two sons rushed on her from the portal:
And they cried, "Come hither! O come hither!
Take thy night's repast with thine own children!"

Sorrowfully Hassan's consort heard them;
To the Sarisvat she thus addressed her:
"Let the Suates stay, and let the horses
Tarry here at this beloved portal,
While I make a present to the children."

As they stopped at the beloved portal,
Presents gave she unto all the children.
To the boys, boots all with gold embroidered;
To the girls, long and resplendent dresses;
And to the poor baby in the cradle,
For the time to come, a little garment.

Near them sat their father, Hassan Aga,
And he called in sorrow to his children:
"Come to me, poor children! to your father;
For your mother's breast is turned to iron,
Closed against you, hardened 'gainst all pity."

When these words were heard by Hassan's consort,
On the ground she fell, all pale and trembling,
Till her spirit burst her heavy bosom
At the glances of her orphan children.

Farewell.

Full of wine, white branches of the vine-trees
To white Buda's fortress white had clung them:
No! it was no vine-tree, white and pregnant!
No! it was a pair of faithful lovers,
From their early youth betrothed together.
Now they are compelled to part untimely.
One addressed the other at their parting:
"Go! my soul! burst out and leave my bosom!
Thou wilt find a hedge-surrounded garden,
And a red rose branch within the garden;
Pluck a rose from off the branch, and place it,
Place it on thy heart, within thy bosom;
Then behold!—ev'n as that rose is fading,
Fades my heart within thy heart, thou loved one!"
And thus answered then the other lover:
"Thou, my soul! turn back a few short paces.
There thou wilt discern a verdant forest;
In it is a fount of crystal water;
In the fount there is a block of marble;
On the marble block a golden goblet;

In the goblet thou wilt find a snowball.
Love! take out that snowball from the goblet,
Lay it on thy heart within thy bosom;
See it melt — and as it melts, my loved one!
So my heart within thy heart is melting."

Harvest Song.

Take hold of your reeds, youths and maidens! and see
Who the kissers and kissed of the reapers shall be.
Take hold of your reeds, till the secret be told,
If the old shall kiss young, and the young shall kiss old.
Take hold of your reeds, youths and maidens! and see
What fortune and chance to the drawers decree:
And if any refuse, may God smite them — may they
Be cursed by Paraskev, the saint of to-day!
Now loosen your hands — now loosen, and see
Who the kissers and kissed of the reapers shall be.

Royal Converse.

The king from the queen an answer craves;
"How shall we now employ our slaves?"
The maidens in fine embroidery,
The widows shall spin flax-yarn for me,
And the men shall dig in the fields for thee.

The king from the queen an answer craves;
"How shall we, lady, feed our slaves?"
The maidens shall have the honeycomb sweet,
The widows shall feed on the finest wheat,
And the men of maize-meal bread shall eat.

The king from the queen an answer craves;
"Where for the night shall we rest our slaves?"
The maidens shall sleep in the chambers high,
The widows on mattressed beds shall lie,
And the men on nettles under the sky.

The Maiden's Wish.

If I had, ah Laso!
All the emp'ror's treasures,
Well I know, ah Laso!
What with these I'd purchase;

I would buy, ah Laso!
Garden on the Sava;
Well I know, ah Laso!
What my hands would plant there;
I would plant, ah Laso!
Hyacinths, carnations.
If I had, ah Laso!
All the emp'ror's treasures,
Well I know, ah Laso!
What with these I'd purchase;
I would buy, ah Laso!
I would purchase Laso,
He should be, ah Laso!
Gardener in my garden.

Youth and Age.

Lo! the maid her rosy cheeks is laving.
Listen! while she bathes her snowy forehead:
"Forehead! if I thought an old man's kisses
Would be stamped upon thee, I would hasten
To the forest, and would gather wormwood:
Into boiling water press its bitters:
With it steep my forehead ev'ry morning,
That the old man's kiss might taste of wormwood.
But, if some fair youth should come to kiss me,
I would hurry to the verdant garden:
I would gather all its sweetest roses,
Would condense their fragrance,—and at morning,
Every morning, would perfume my forehead:
So the youth's sweet kiss would breathe of fragrance,
And his heart be gladdened with the odor.
Better dwell with youth upon the mountains,
Than with age in luxury's richest palace:
Better sleep with youth on naked granite,
Than with eld on silks howe'er voluptuous."

Virgin and Widow.

Over Sarejevo flies a falcon,
Looking round for cooling shade to cool him.
Then he finds a pine on Sarejevo;
Under it a well of sparkling water;
By the water, Hyacinth, the widow,
And the Rose, the young, unmarried virgin.

He looked down — the falcon — and bethought him:
"Shall I kiss grave Hyacinth, the widow;
Or the Rose, the young, unmarried virgin?"
Thinking thus — at last the bird determined —
And he whispered to himself sedately,
"Gold — though long employed, is far, far better
Than the finest silver freshly melted."
So he kissed— kissed Hyacinth, the widow.
Very wroth waxed then young Rose, the virgin:
"Sarejevo! let a ban be on thee!
Cursed be thy strange and evil customs!
For thy youth they love the bygone widows,
And thy aged men the untried virgins."

The Ring.

The streamlet ripples through the mead, beneath the maple tree;
There came a maid that stream to draw — a lovely maid was she;
From the white walls of old Belgrade that maid came smilingly.
Young Mirko saw, and offered her a golden fruit, and said:
"O take this apple, damsel fair! and be mine own sweet maid!"
She took the apple — flung it back — and said, in angry tone,
"Neither thine apple, Sir! nor thee — presumptuous boy, be gone!"

The streamlet ripples through the mead, beneath the maple trees;
There came a maid that stream to draw — a lovely maid was she;
From the white walls of old Belgrade that maid came smilingly.
Young Mirko saw, and proffered her a golden brooch, and said:
"O take this brooch, thou damsel fair! and be mine own sweet maid!"
She took the brooch, and flung it back, and said, in peevish tone,
"I'll neither have thee nor thy brooch — presumptuous boy, be gone!"

The streamlet ripples through the mead, beneath the maple tree;
There came a maid that stream to draw — the loveliest maid was she;
From the white walls of old Belgrade that maid came smilingly.
Young Mirko saw, and proffered her a golden ring, and said:
"O take this ring, my damsel fair! and be mine own sweet maid!"
She took the ring — she slipped it on — and said, in sprightliest tone,
"I'll have thee and thy golden ring, and be thy faithful one."

Counsel.

"My Misho! tell me, tell me, pray,
Where wert thou wandering yesterday?"
"I did not ramble — did not roam;
A wretched headache kept me home."

"A thousand times I've said, I think,
No widows love — no water drink!
But thou, a thoughtless unbeliever,
Wilt water drink, and get a fever;
Wilt give to widows thine affection,
And find remorse, or find rejection;
Now take my counsel, — drink of wine,
And be a virgin maiden thine!"

The Brotherless Sisters.

Two solitary sisters, who
A brother's fondness never knew,
Agreed, poor girls, with one another,
That they would make themselves a brother:
They cut them silk, as snowdrops white;
And silk, as richest rubies bright;
They carved his body from a bough
Of box tree from the mountain's brow;
Two jewels dark for eyes they gave;
For eyebrows, from the ocean's wave
They took two leeches; and for teeth
Fixed pearls above, and pearls beneath;
For food they gave him honey sweet,
And said, "Now live, and speak, and eat."

Love for a Brother.

The sun sank down behind the gold-flowered hill;
The warriors from the fight approach the shore:
There stood young George's wife, serene and still:
She counted all the heroes o'er and o'er,
And found not those she loved — though they were three: —
Her husband? George; her marriage friend, another,
Who late had led the marriage revelry;
The third, her best-beloved, her only brother.

Her husband, he was dead; she rent her hair
For him.... Her friend was gone, ... for him she tore
Her cheeks.... Her only brother was not there:
For him she plucked her eyeballs from their bed.
Her hair grew forth as lovely as before;
Upon her cheeks her former beauties spread;
But nothing could her perished sight restore:
Naught heals the heart that mourns a brother dead.

POEMS OF ALEXANDER PETÖFI.

(Translated by Sir John Bowring.)

[ALEXANDER PETÖFI, the Hungarian Burns, Byron, and Körner in one, was born at Kis-Körös on New Year's morning, 1823, of a Servian butcher and a Slovenian woman. A passionate Hungarian patriot, he finally changed his Slav name of Petrovics into Petöfi. He left school to be a wandering actor, varying it with soldier and tramp; the stage was his consuming passion next to his Fatherland, and he thought himself born for an actor. But he cultivated himself in the classic poets and dramatists, and in those of modern languages as well. At nineteen he began to write poems for the leading Hungarian magazine, the *Athenæum*, and in 1844 published a volume of them, which had immense success; and he thereupon poured out such streams of them that within the few years up to his death, in 1849, they number nearly two thousand, of such power and spontaneity that Hermann Grimm pronounces him "one of the very greatest poets of all times and tongues," and uniting the greatest variety of subjects, covering all phases of the national life, with the simplest and most unconventional style. The nation went wild over them and the author; like Burns and Byron, he had women's love in oceanic quantities, and he seems not to have been debased by it, while his fascinating personality and romantic life made him an idol of men as well. He wrote also short stories, a novel called "The Hangman's Rope," and a couple of dramas. He threw himself fierily into the current of the advancing revolution, and with his great friend Jokai was largely instrumental in drawing up the reform programme. On March 15, 1848, he published the celebrated song, "Talpra Magyar" (Up, Magyars), which has been called "The Hungarian Marseillaise," and was succeeded by many other fervent revolutionary lyrics. He also wrote newspaper articles justifying the revolution. In September he entered the army and became adjutant to Bem, but was too insubordinate and erratic to be a very comfortable underling. He fought bravely, however, and in the bloody defeat of Szegesvar, on July 31, 1849, he was doubtless slain, as he was never seen afterwards. It was long believed that he had escaped and was a wanderer in disguise, and numerous forged poems were put forth under his name.]

INTRODUCTION.

OFT my wandering thoughts, without a mark of vestige,
Ramble through the world, a mystery and a dream;
Though they seem enchained by home and country's prestige,
'Tis an idle thought — they are not — they but seem.
No, my songs are naught but rays of moonlight streaming
Through a world of mist, in melancholy's dreaming.

Better 'twere to dwell, instead of dreams, in sorrow,
That is something real, — something worth a thought;
Why perplex the soul with visions for to-morrow,
When to-day its councils and its cares has brought?
No! the songs my spirit, overwrought, is uttering,
Seem like butterflies among the flowerless fluttering.

Would a maiden wreathe for me a loving garland,
I would fling my woes into a deep abyss,
Find a beam of radiance in the starry far land,
From that maiden's heart extract a down of bliss.
And the songs I sing should be like buds which June time
Opens to the sun in nature's light and tune time.

Have I then her love? O pour the wine, O pour it!
Fill it to the brim! O fill it to the brim!
Let the sparkles dance in gay rejoicing o'er it
Gladness light the eyes and music tune the hymn!
For the song I sing shall all earth's circle brighten,
As the rainbow's beams the arch of heaven enlighten.

Oh! but while I drink I hear the chains of slavery;
Hear the plaints of slaves — and the unemptied glass
Dash upon the ground — but this is idle bravery;
These are worthless wailings — wasted words. Alas!
All the songs I sing are but the utterings clouded
Of a sorrowing soul in hopeless darkness shrouded.

So they suffer — millions! million slaves they suffer —
And they bear the chain — the intolerable chain —
Has not heaven a hope — a dream of hope to offer?
Shall they pray and plead, and pray and plead in vain, —
No! my songs shall wake, while nations shout and wonder,
Liberty and light, in storms of living thunder.

To an Unjust Judge.

Biró, biró, hisatalod.

Gibes and jests are little meet
For the solemn judgment seat!
He should speak with bated breath,
Who deals out the doom of death.

Hush! he heareth. Break the plate
Into potsherds — death his fate;
Lead the youth to meet his doom —
To the headsman — to the tomb.

At the uprising of the sun
Falls the head to earth — 'tis done.
And a purple stream of gore
Spouts upon the ensanguined floor.

Moonlight came — the victim stood
Stately in the solitude —
He, who 'neath the gallows tree
Was that morning buried — he!

And the head — his right hand there
Held by the entangled hair —
In the darkness, through the street,
Stalked, the unjust judge to meet.

"Instrument of perjury!
Guiltless thou did'st sentence me!"
So in shrieks the specter spoke,
And the unjust judge awoke.

Conscience — never felt before —
Drove him trembling to the door;
There the ghastly specter stood,
Holding up the head of blood.

All bewildered, back he fled,
Hid him in his restless bed;
But the voice he nightly hears,
And the bloody head appears.

Erlau Echoes.

Földön hó, felhö az égen.

On earth the snow, the clouds on heaven,
And what upon the ice?
What to expect when winter enters,
But what is winterwise?
I looked within — of winter's presence
I well may doubt;
But doubt not if beyond the window
I look without.

Here, warm and cozy, I am sitting,
Where laughing friends abound,
And the red wine from Erlau's mountain
Is passing gayly round;
Good wine, good friends, when met together,
Bring peace and joy,
And in the bosom's warmth enkindled
Bliss rises high.

And could that bliss its seed be bearing,
I'd sow them on the snow,
And blossoming there, a grove of roses
Amidst the ice would grow;
And if my glowing heart in transport
To heaven were hurled,
Instead of the uncertain sunshine,
'Twould warm the world.

These are the rocks where Dobó printed
His name in Moslem gore,
On pages where his courage graven
Shall perish never more.
He was a man of men; unequaled
His fame shall be,
Till in its course the Danube hurries
Back from the sea.

The early deeds of Magyar glory
Are faded, and our home
Is palsied, and the Magyar people
Weak, stupefied, and dumb.
Will then spring-dawn return awakened
Some future day;
And our dark hearths again be brightened,
Oh! who can say?

But for a day be all forgotten—
Forgotten till to-morrow—
The passing hour we will not darken
With such a dismal sorrow.
And shall our plaints reflect forever
A bootless smart?
The breaking lyre's last death-vibration
May break man's heart.

Away then all this anguish wasted!
Flung far from you and me,
Let empty glasses be the coffins
For burying memory!
Another glass, and yet another—
Another glass—
Fill—drink—refill—and drink, and empty
The earlier mass!

Well! now a dream my soul possesses,
Each glass a century be,

The present gone, the future beaming,
Beaming with liberty.
O joy! O joy! the land's redemption
Is now at hand;
I see arrayed in freedom's glory
The Fatherland.

Master Paul.

Pál mester illyformán okoskodott.

Master Paul was angry, — in his ire
Threw his hat,
Like a log, into the blazing fire, —
What of that?
Talked about his wife till he was hoarse;
"Curse her — I'll apply for a divorce!
No! I'll chase her out of doors instead" —
And he did exactly what he said.

Master Paul got cooler after that —
Very cool!
"What a fool to throw away my hat —
What a fool!
What a fool to drive her from the door,
Now I shall be poorer than before;
For she kept the house, and earned her bread," —
And it was exactly as he said.

Master Paul got angrier, angrier yet, —
Took his hat —
Flung it from him in his passionate pet —
What of that?
"Toil and trouble is man's wretched lot,
And one more misfortune matters not —
Let it go — unsheltered be my head" —
And he did exactly as he said.

Freed from all this world's anxieties —
Master Paul
Pulled his hat indignant o'er his eyes —
"All, yes! all:
All is gone, my partner and my pelf,
Naught is left me but to hang myself,
So of all my troubling cares get rid —"
And exactly as he said he did.

The Woods.

Sötétzöld sátoros.

Round the dark green circle of the woods I wander,
Looking on the flowers the high oaks blooming under;
Birds among the branches, bees among the flowers,
Music all around us bursting from the bowers;
Flowers and trees are still, yet seem alive and wary,
Listening to the hymns of nature's sanctuary,
Is all sleeping here? the forest, flowers, and furrows,
Let me stand and muse forgetful of my sorrows.

Careless, senseless rolls the river on the pebbles —
What has thought to do with these impetuous ripples!
See! the stream outruns the flying cloudy shadows,
As they darkly pass over the mirroring meadows;
O they image well my fancy's foolish doing,
When youth's giddy dreams of happiness pursuing;
Memory fades — 'tis well it fades — there's no regretting,
Wherefore came I here? 'Twas only for forgetting.

Heart-Flowers.

Búsulnak a virágok.

When the flowers are mourning
  Autumn's misty weather,
Whose cold blasts returning,
  Sweep them o'er the heather,

As the hair is riven,
  When old age is sorest;
As the leaves are driven
  From the unmantled forest:

Everywhere existence
  Seems by darkness shaded;
Clouds invade the distance —
  All by clouds invaded.

Yet my living spirit
  Has from love's own far-land
Gathered — and I wear it —
  An undying garland.

What care I for sorrow?
It shall perish never —
Careless of the morrow,
It is green forever.

Erdöd.

Elpásztuló kert ott a vár alatt.

Under that city lies a garden waste,
Over that garden mourns a widowed city;
Both by the gray mists of the autumn braced,
On both sad memory pours her plaints of pity.

And both remind me what the Fatherland
Was in old time — the beautiful, the brave;
Yet still the garden cradles beauty's band,
And still the city holds the heroes' grave.

In this old garden I have kissed my love,
Locked her within my arms — O, memory sore!
Then the proud eagle held his throne above,
Where now the bayonets flash, the cannons roar.

Yet welcome garden! tho' beneath thy trees
No lovers smile, or sweep thy sacred sward;
Welcome old city walls, whose memories
Now waken neither reverence nor regard!

One Only Thought.

Egy gondolat bánt engemet.

One thought torments me sorely — 'tis that I,
Pillowed on a soft bed of down, may die —
Fade slowly, like a flower, and pass away
Under the gentle pressure of decay.
Paling as pales a fading, flickering light
In the dark, lonesome solitude of night.
O God! let not my Magyar name
Be linked with such a death of shame;
No! rather let it be
A lightning-struck, uprooted tree —
A rock which, torn from mountain-brow,
Comes rattling, thundering down below.
Where every fettered race, tired with their chains,
Muster their ranks and seek the battle plains;

And with red flushes the red flag unfold,
The sacred signal there inscribed in gold —
"For the world's liberty!"
And, far and wide, the summons to be free
Fills east and west, — and to the glorious fight
Heroes press forward, battling for the right:
There will I die!
There, drowned in mine own heart's-blood, lie, —
Poured out so willingly; th' expiring voice
Even in its own extinction shall rejoice.
While the sword's clashing, and the trumpet's sound,
And rifles and artillery thunder round;
Then may the trampling horse
Gallop upon my corse,
When o'er the battle-field the warriors fly.
There let me rest till glorious victory
Shall crown the right — my bones upgathered be
At the sublime interment of the free!
When million voices shout their elegy
Under the unfurled banner waving high;
On the gigantic grave which covers all
The heroes, who for freedom fall,
And welcome death because they die for thee —
All holy! world-delivering liberty!

The Puszta in Winter.

Hejh, mostan puszta ám igázán a puszta.

O'er the widening Puszta's plains, in plains still widening lost,
See autumn's heralds round — a melancholy host!
The flowers that spring unfolded,
The fruits that summer molded —
All — all the thriftless autumn flings away,
And leaves to winter darkness and decay.

No longer heard from far the sheep-bells' tinkling sound,
No longer shepherds' pipes fling their sweet music round;
No more the birds are filling,
With their melodious thrilling,
Heaven's arch! Stilled is the genet's whispering,
And even the grasshopper has ceased to sing.

The outstretched wilderness is like a frozen sea,
And as a weary bird the sun sinks wearily;

Perhaps some hoary clown
May watch his going down,
And silently salute the setting sun —
But the world heeds not that his race is run.

Empty the fisher's hut — no voice, no living sign,
And from the village stalls no lowing of the kine;
And if the steeds are driven,
Before day dawns in heaven,
To the filled water-troughs — the careless steers
Look listless on, and shake their shaggy ears.

The herdsman gathers up the green tobacco leaves,
Then piles them in a heap, then binds them into sheaves;
And from his boots he takes
The pipe — the ashes shakes;
Fills it — enkindles it — and, half asleep,
Looks on the lazy oxen and the sheep.

All — all is silent — all within the Csárda door,
There the good host and hostess sleep and snore;
What tho' the cellar's key
Be careless thrown away:
Is the good wine in any danger? — No!
No man can find his way across the snow.

The north wind and the east in rage contesting blow,
This storms the heavens above, and shakes the earth below;
Scatters the snowy flakes,
As when the bellows makes
The sparks mount upward from the glowing fire —
Tempests of hail and rain rave in discordant choir.

At last they rest exhausted, — o'er the Puszta's bed,
Like a gray coverlet, a misty shroud is spread;
And like a shapeless mass
I see the Betyar pass;
And hear his hoarse dull neighing in the wind, —
The raven o'er him, and the wolf behind.

And as a monarch rules a subjugated land,
Wearing a golden crown, waving a sceptral wand;
So the uprisen sun,
A more majestic one,
Surveys his sovereignty, and then sinks down
To his night's rest, wearing the golden crown.

GALLEY SLAVERY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

By SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL.

[Sir William Stirling, historian, collector, Spanish scholar, and art virtuoso, was born in 1818 at Kenmure, Scotland, of the famous old Stirlings of Keir, who had large estates in Jamaica and very valuable properties at home. He studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, under Whewell; traveled extensively in Spain and the East, and becoming greatly interested in Spanish art, published in 1848 "Annals of the Artists of Spain," 3 vols., of great novelty then and great value still. In 1852 came out "The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.," a good work, though now somewhat eclipsed by Gachard and Mignet. He lived as a rich and cultivated country gentleman, a good landlord and progressive agriculturist, greatly interested in horse and stock breeding; was also an M.P., and a founder of the Philo-Biblion Society. In 1865 he succeeded his uncle Sir John Maxwell in the baronetcy, and added the name of Maxwell to his own. In 1870 he was elected rector of Aberdeen University by a casting vote, but declined; in 1872 was chosen Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. He died in 1878. Five years after his death appeared his masterpiece, "Don John of Austria," from which the sketch below is taken.]

The war-galley of the sixteenth century was a vessel of one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in length, with a breadth of beam from fourteen to twenty feet, and furnished sometimes with two and sometimes with three masts. On the poop and forecastle, which were elevated considerably above the deck, the guns were placed, and the musketeers plied their weapons. The prow was armed with a strong sharp-pointed peak, ten to fourteen feet long, plated with iron, a formidable instrument of attack when the career of the vessel was urged by from twenty to twenty-six pairs of long oars, each oar being pulled by from three to six pairs of vigorous arms. The rowers sat on benches firmly fixed between the ship's side and a strong central division passing from stern to prow. Along this division, on a level with the shoulders of the rowers as they sat at work, ran a gangway called the coursie (*corsia* or *cruxia*), on which the officers on duty paced to and fro from the poop to the forecastle. The slaves were partially screened from shot by high bulwarks; their benches were about four feet apart, and their oars from thirty to forty feet long, one third being within and two thirds without the vessel. The artillery consisted of a large traversing gun on the forecastle, flanked by two or four smaller pieces; and ten to twenty smaller cannon mounted, sometimes in two tiers, on the poop. The larger guns carried balls from forty to sixty pounds, the smaller pieces were usually five or ten pounders.

The galley had a single deck. Below this deck the space was divided into six compartments, each by a special name. These were (1) the cabin of the poop (*camera di poppa*), set apart for the use of the captain, the officers, called the gentlemen of the poop, and distinguished guests or passengers; (2) the second cabin (*scandolaro escandalar*), where the inmates of the poop-cabin usually dined, and where they kept their arms and effects and wine; (3) the companion (*compagna*), where the salted provisions were stored; (4) (*pagliolo*); and (5 and 6) the middle cabin of the prow (*camera di prora*), which formed one long apartment entered by two doors, one near the mast and the other near the forecastle, and occupied by sails, cordage, powder, ammunition, and other marine stores, and by the sailors, amongst whom berths were provided for the chaplain and barber-surgeon.

The *galeasse* was in form and style a three-masted galley, but of larger size and weightier construction. It was impelled by a similar number of oars; but these were heavier and longer, each requiring seven men to work it, and they were placed at greater distances apart. The poop and forecastle were proportionally loftier and stronger, and besides the central gangway there was a narrow platform round the sides of the vessel, upon which the musketeers could stand or kneel to fire through the loopholes of the bulwark. The *galeasse* carried from sixty to seventy pieces of ordnance, three of them being heavy traversing guns, throwing balls of fifty or eighty pounds' weight; the prow was armed with ten, and the poop with eight, smaller pieces; and the rest, from thirty to fifty pounders, were placed between the benches of the oarsmen.

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The galley slavery of the Mediterranean was a marked and distinctive feature of the social life of the sixteenth century. For most of the southern states of Europe that branch of the naval service was used for purposes which are now attained by prisons, public works, and penal settlements. The benches of the unhappy slaves of the oar brought into close contact men of all countries and conditions, and all varieties of moral character. The Moslem from the Bosphorus, from Tunis, or the slopes of Atlas here mingled with Greek and Latin Christians of all races and languages. Here, side by side in common misery, sat the brave soldier whom the fate of war had made a captive, and the wretch who was paying the penalty of the

most odious crimes; the gallant gentleman who had shone in the princely tilt-yard or at royal banquets, and the outcast whose home was the street or the pier; the man of thought and feeling, whose conscience refused to receive unquestioned the faith as it was in the Inquisition at Valladolid or Rome, and the ruffian who stabbed for hire in the tortuous lanes of Valencia or beneath the deep-browed palaces of Naples. Turkish officers, wont to ride in the gorgeous train which attended the Sultan to the mosques of Constantinople, were at this moment chained to the oars of Don John of Austria; and Knights of Malta were lending an unwilling impulse to the vessels which Ali Pasha was leading through the channels of the Archipelago to do battle with the fleet of the Holy League. The Turkish galleys being more exclusively rowed by foreign captives, advantage in a naval action was embittered to the Christian combatants by the knowledge that their artillery, which mowed down their turbaned foes, was also dealing agony and death amongst fettered friends and brethren who an hour before had hailed with hope and exultation the approach of the flag of their country and their creed.

There is an excellent account of sea life in 1589 in "Les Voyages du Seigneur de Villamont," who sailed from Venice to Leinisso in Cyprus in a large *nave* laden with wine. He sailed on the 19th of April, and landed at Leinisso the 12th or 13th of May. The captain was Candido di Barbari, a gentleman of Venice, who maintained great discipline on board, and allowed no one to sit down to table till he was seated with his "nocher" and "escrivain."[1] From the hold to the deck of the poop there were "plutost sept étages que six et du coste de la proue six plutost que cinq."[2] The lowest down of the poop decks seems to have been the "salle" where they dined; over that the "chambre" of the "escrivain" and that of the pilgrims, of whom Villamont was one, with a great place in front which served for the management of the sails and cordages; next the "chambre du Patron," and also a place in front where was "la boussolle[3] et le Pilote pour gouverner le nave"; and next highest the "chambre" of the Pilote, with another place in front; and over this, in case of necessity, another "chambre" could be made. The day after they sailed, the Patron mustered all hands, and standing with his "escrivain" on the poop,

[1] Pilot and secretary. [2] Rather seven decks than six, and forward rather six than seven. [3] Compass.

and the "nocher" and men below, he (the Patron) asked their names, divided them into four watches, and then made them a speech, in which he exhorted them to be quick and ready in their duty, obedient, honest, and inoffensive to all on board, and likewise to forbear from blasphemy and sodomy under pain of the "bastonnade." Any who might be found guilty of the latter vice should be attached to the "cadene," and not released until they returned to Venice, when they would be tried by law. Drink was then served out, after which the Patron addressed the passengers, and admonished them to behave with propriety. Every evening the *Ave Maria* was sung, and on Saturday the Litanies and *Salve régine*, and every morning the "Moressis du vaisseau chantoyent leur prières à haute voix, lesquelles finies donnent le bon jour au Patron."[1] The feeding on board was rough but wholesome, the wine being half watered. However, each pilgrim with any foresight carried a barrel of wine and some provisions of his own, and Villamont had a box of pine wood, five feet by two feet, to keep them in, which also served him to spread his "matélos" on. He placed it on the poop, and seems to have slept there, because, though the wind entered on all sides, he was tolerably protected from rain unless it was blowing in in front and was at a distance from "les puanteurs de la nave." He mentions particularly that a knife, fork, spoon, and glass were set down at table for each guest. The mariners bore an ill name, and were said to be very insolent to pilgrims and passengers, "jusques à les poinçonner par le derriere";[2] but Villamont never experienced any such indignity, and believes it to have been untrue that it was often offered. They were, however, infested with "poux,"[3] and stole what they could, and it was better to keep as far from them as possible. From Leinisso Villamont went to Jaffa in a Greek bark laden with sand, and commanded by a rascally master. The passage was rough, bad, and long, being five days. From Venice to Jaffa they were thirty-five days on shipboard, including four or five spent at Cyprus.

"If there be a hell in this world," said a rimer for the people in the sixteenth century, "it is in the galleys, where rest is unknown." Hard work, hard fare, hard usage, exposure to all kinds of weather and to many kinds of danger, the utter absence of any comfort or sympathy in suffering

[1] The Moors on board sang their prayers loudly, which done they saluted the Patron good-morning. [2] Even to sticking bodkins in them behind. [3] Lice.

and any protection from wrong, the perpetual presence of cruel tormentors and vile companions, tasked to the utmost man's animal instinct to cling to life. The worst prison on shore seemed preferable to the galley's roofless dungeon, where the wretched inmates were liable always to be flogged, often to be drowned, and sometimes to be shot. When the novelists of those days, therefore, wished to plunge their heroes in the lowest depths of misery, they consigned them to the galleys. The greatest of them all, Cervantes, had himself tasted of that misery; if he had not tugged a Barbary oar, it was because he was disabled by his hand maimed at Lepanto; and in his tale of the Captive he has commemorated some of his sufferings and exploits. At that time the favorite happy ending of a romantic story was the escape from bondage, with its stratagems and hair-breadth risks, and the love which contrived or protected it, the white hand signaling from the lattice, the midnight flight to the beach, the sail furtively spread to the prospering gale, and Fatima or Zara with her jewels and bags of gold carried off to Spain to the fort and the altar, and a life of orthodox connubial bliss as Carmen or Dolores.

The gang of galley-slaves was seated in close order on benches covered with coarse sacking rudely stuffed, over which were bullocks' hides. Five or six of them occupied a bench ten or eleven feet long. To a footboard beneath, each man was attached by a chain ending in an iron band, riveted round one of his ankles. The benches were so close together that as one row of men pushed forward their oar, the arms and oar of the row behind were projected over their bended backs. The size and weight of the oar was so great that, except at the end where it was tapered to a manageable size, it was necessary to work it by handles fixed to the side. The slave to whom the end was allotted was always the strongest of the oarsmen; he was captain of the oar, and directed the movements of the others. He was called the strokesman (*vogavante*); the next to him was the man of the gunwale (*posticcio posticci*); the third was called the *terzavolo*, the third man; the fourth, *quartarole;* and so on in numerical succession. Of the oars, the pair which were most difficult to work, of which the skillful working was most important to the progress of the galley, and to which the stoutest crews were attached, were the stroke oars, those which were nearest to the stern of the galley. The captains of

these stroke oars were called the *spallieri*, or men of the back benches (*spalle*). The best of the two men directed the oar on the right side of the galley. The captains of the pair of oars next the prow were also important rowers, although their benches were contemptuously called the *coniglié*, the rabbits, being occupied by the weaker men, and they themselves the *coniglieri*. The captains of the stroke oars were exempt from all labor but rowing, and their crews were employed only in serving on the poop, or in ringing the bells, or in other lighter duties. The care of the cables, anchors, and other apparatus of the forecastle devolved on the captains of the foremost oars.

The slaves were overlooked by the boatswain (*comito* or *comite*). His place was on the gangway, close to the sternmost oars, where he was at all times within hearing of the orders of the captain. Along the gangway, at regular intervals, his mate and the driver were posted, so that the conduct of each slave was under inspection. The oars were put in motion, or stopped, by the sound of a silver whistle, worn by the boatswain, who, with his mates, was armed with a heavy whip of bull's sinew, to stimulate the exertions of the slaves. When it was necessary to continue the labor for many hours without respite, they would administer, in addition to the lash, morsels of bread steeped in wine, which they put in the mouths of men as they rowed. If, in spite of these precautions, a slave sank from fatigue, he was whipped until it was evident that no further work was to be obtained from him, and then thrown either into the hold, where, amongst bilgewater and filth, he had a chance of recovering his consciousness, or, if his case appeared desperate, into the sea. The misery of this position appeared capable of no alleviation beyond that which may have been found in the interest or pride which their captain might be supposed to take in keeping the crew of his galley in good working condition. Yet this life of privation and suffering did not deter some adventurers from selling their liberty for a price, and going of their own free will to wear the chain amongst the outcasts of society.[1]

[1] Archenholtz, writing in the eighteenth century, says the Genoese have a way of filling their rowing benches which seems incredible, "for may not one well believe the life of a galley slave to be the last degree of human misery?" People are always found, he relates, to sell their liberty, usually for a year, for two sequins. The money is usually spent at once "on cebaret," and the man taken on board, stripped, and chained. There is no difference in the treatment of the greatest criminal and "un semblable drôle." During the year he is often

The gang was divided into three classes, — the convicts (*sforgati*), the slaves (*schiavi*), and the volunteers (*buonevoglie*). The convicts were not allowed to leave the galley, and were always either chained to their benches or wore their chains attached to a manacle. Their heads and beards were wholly shaved. Besides laboring at the oar, they had to make the sails and awnings and do all the hard work on board. The slaves were generally Moors, Turks, or negroes. Of these the Moors were reckoned the best and stoutest, and the negroes the worst, many of them dying of sheer melancholy. Like the convicts, the slaves were never freed from their chains; their chins were shaved, but a tuft of hair was left on the crown of each of their heads. When on board they were chiefly engaged at the oar; but on them devolved the labor of bringing wood and water and the other hard work on shore. These two classes of rowers were fed on a daily diet of thirty ounces of biscuit, with water, and on alternate days with an added ration of soup composed of three ounces of beans and a quarter of an ounce of oil for each man. At sea, however, the soup was often withheld on account of the difficulty of cooking it and because that luxury was supposed to make them heavy and dull at work. Miserable as this fare was at the best, its materials, furnished by knavish contractors, were often of the worst quality, and to this cause was attributed much of the sickness which had so weakened the force of the Venetian fleet. Four times a year, on the great festivals of the Church, the convicts and slaves had a ration of meat and wine. The third class, the volunteers, were often convicts who had served their time, and either chose to remain at the oar or were detained to work out the value of money advanced to them from the ship's chest. They were allowed to go all day about the galley with only a manacle on one wrist or an iron anklet on one leg; but at night, when the driver went his rounds, he chained them to their benches with the rest. The heads and chins of the volunteers were shaved, but they were marked by the hair left to grow on their upper lips. They received the same rations as the seamen, and the same pay, two crowns a month.

The whole gang was clothed alike, and the volunteers at their own cost. Each man had, or was supposed to have, two shirts

inclined for a debauch; a little money is again given him, a new contract is made for a further term, and the result is that the poor wretch rarely recovers his liberty at all.

and two pair of linen breeches, a woolen frock, usually red, and a red cap, a pair of socks, a long great-coat of coarse cloth, a pair of winter socks of the same material, and a pair of shoes for work on shore. Two blankets were also provided for each bench. It must be presumed that these blankets and each man's spare clothes were stowed away under the benches, for no chests or lockers or any kind of storeroom seem to have been allowed. In a company, therefore, so largely leavened with thieves, it was probable that, for many of its members, garments not actually in wear had but a brief practical existence.

Besides the privileges accorded to physical strength, which have been already noticed, there were a few rewards held out to superior skill and intelligence. Each galley had its band of trumpeters, and vessel vied with vessel in the quality of its music. These musicians, usually eight in number, received each half the daily ration of a volunteer. The long-boat was under the care of a keeper; each cabin had its waiter; the captain employed a clerk; the barber-surgeon required an assistant; some of the officers had servants, and all these petty officials were usually promoted to their slender emoluments from the gang. The middle benches near the cooking-house were generally occupied by the cooks of the various messes. Some of the rowers were also specially licensed to trade in a small way as victualers; and the privilege was so profitable that officers of the ship were sometimes tempted to share in the venture and wink at gross abuses and extortion.

The instructions issued to a galley early in the seventeenth century sufficiently indicate some of the abuses from which the crown desired to protect itself, on the one hand, and its galley-gangs on the other. The officers in immediate charge of the convicts and slaves, if any of these escaped, were to supply others at their own expense; or if that could not be, were to take their places at the oar. Care was enjoined that the gang should be provided with good and sufficient food and clothing, and that they should not be employed, in port and during the winter, in work unconnected with the naval service. Neither convicts nor volunteers were to be detained beyond the terms for which they were condemned or had engaged to serve. Gentlemen, it was said, were no longer to be punished by sentence to the galleys, on account of the inconveniences which time had shown to arise from the practice; and if such persons

were sent, they were not to be received. Adventurers serving as soldiers at their own charges were to be enrolled according to their capabilities and the necessities of the service, and those of them who were too poor to maintain themselves might receive the king's rations. Each galley was to be furnished with eleven thousand ducats annually for its expenses, and one thousand more for extraordinary charges, the money to be kept in a chest with four keys, and disbursed under strict rules and close supervision. It was rigidly forbidden to encumber the vessels with merchandise or excessive baggage. The arms were to be kept very neat and clean, and given out to the soldiers only when required for use. Extravagance was to be avoided in the wear and tear of flags and pennants, and in gilding and painting poops. The Admiral himself was not to keep more than eight servants, the number allowed to the Marquis of Santa Cruz, and these were to be able-bodied men enrolled amongst the soldiers, of whom forty served on board each galley. Officers and men were ordered to lead good and Christian lives, under the inspection of the chaplain priest who was attached to each galley, to confess them and preach on fitting occasions, he himself being subject to the chaplain of the Admiral. By this chaplain general cases of heresy were to be dealt with; but he was warned to see that men did not affect heterodoxy as a method of escaping from the oar.

The suggestion that the chances even of the Inquisition might be preferred to further endurance of the lash of the boatswain, throws some light on life in a galley, which may be better illustrated by a few incidental expressions of the elder nautical writers than by any detailed description of life on the rowing benches. Crescentio, in explaining the different call-words which the gang, composed of men of many different tongues, must learn to understand and obey, says they soon learn it, "for these wretched people are governed solely by the laws of Draco, and every mistake is paid for in life's blood." Pucci, in laying down the rule that none but officers shall beat the rowers, confirms the sketches which poets and novelists have drawn of galley life, and in which the bare backs of the slaves are constantly quivering under the hogshead's hoop, or the salt eel's tail. In urging the great advantage and positive necessity of hospital ships being provided in every fleet, Pautera writes with an earnestness which creates a strong suspicion that the provision was seldom made; and he uses as an argu-

ment the forlorn condition of the sick or wounded rower, "who, having no place of repose but the bench to which he is chained, is, by reason of the narrow space, the perpetual noise, and the scant pity bestowed on him by his fellows, in perpetual peril of death, whereby, indeed, many good rowers are often lost."

Yet the Knight of the Order of Christ, who advocated the benevolent plan of hospital ships, also held the opinion that amongst the best methods by which Princes could supply their vessels with hands to tug at the oar, was the establishing at all seaports public gaming houses, "where dexterous persons of good address should, simply and without connivance at fraud, lend money to all men who desired it," and when these gamblers lost more than they could pay, transfer them to the galleys as volunteers, "whence," he gravely adds, "people so entrapped frequently come out better than they went in."

If these old nautical writers — all of them officers of the Pope — were little scrupulous as to the means of obtaining oarsmen, they were still less inclined to allow ethical obstacles to stand in the way of humbling the common enemy of Christendom. Crescentio had an expedient of beautiful simplicity by which a repentant renegade who happens to command a Turkish fleet in presence of a Christian force can earn restoration to the bosom of the Church by becoming her benefactor. "Let him," he says, "send a secret and peremptory order, at the same time, to all the captains of his galleys, commanding each to cut off the heads of his boatswain and boatswain's mate, on the plea that they have been detected intriguing with the enemy. When this shall have been done, the fleet will be like a troop of horses, whose bridle reins have been suddenly cut; and a signal may be made to the Christians to sail in and take possession."

The Turks constructed, manned, and officered their vessels after the fashion of the Christians. Like them they had heavy ships, galleys, and the smaller craft, generally spoken of as frigates and brigantines. But of heavy ships they had not made much use, and there were none of these in this fleet. In weight of metal and in the art of gunnery the Turkish navy was still greatly inferior to the Christian. A Turkish vessel seldom carried more than three pieces of artillery, a traversing gun throwing a twenty-five or thirty pound ball being usually placed amidships, and two smaller guns, ten or fifteen pounders,

near the bow. Of her fighting men, many were still armed with the bow instead of the arquebus or musket. But the skill and celerity with which these archers, many of them Candiotes, used their simple weapon, rendered it very formidable; and not only did the Turks believe that in the time required to load and discharge a firearm the bow could send thirty arrows against the enemy, but there were Venetians who regretted its disuse in the galleys of St. Mark. The poor wretches who tugged at the oar on board of a Turkish ship of war lived a life neither more nor less miserable than the galley slaves under the sign of the cross. Hard work, hard fare, and hard knocks were the lot of both. Ashore, a Turkish or Algerine prison was, perhaps, more noisome in its filth and darkness than a prison at Naples or Barcelona; but at sea, if there were degrees in misery, the Christian in Turkish chains probably had the advantage; for in the Sultan's vessels the oar-gang was often the property of the captain, and the owner's natural tenderness for his own was sometimes supposed to interfere with the discharge of his duty.

The insecurity of life in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, owing to the incursions of the Barbary pirates, is thus described by William Lithgow (1609–1621): "It is dangerous to travel by the marine of the seacoast's creeks in the west ports [of Sicily], especially in the mornings, lest he find a Moorish frigate lodged all night under color of a fisher boat to give him a slavish breakfast; for so they steal laboring people off the fields, carrying them away captives to Barbary, notwithstanding of the strong watch-towers which are every one in sight of another round about the whole island. Their arrivals are usually in the night, and if in daytime they are soon discovered, the towers giving notice to the villages, the seacoast is quickly clad with numbers of men on foot and horseback, and oftentimes they advantageously seize on the Moors lying in obscure clifts and bays. All the Christian isles in the Mediterranean Sea, and the coast of Italy and Spain inclining to Barbary, are thus chargeably guarded with watch-towers."

John Struys was for some time a slave in a Turkish galley in 1656, having been caught at Troy stealing grapes in a vineyard, when ashore with a watering party. "I had thought myself more happy," he says, "if I had been pilling of turnips or cucumbers at Durgerdam, than plucking such sour grapes

in a Troyan vineyard." Of his life in the galley he says: "How inhuman and barbarous our usage was, no tongue can utter nor pen decipher. For the guardian of that galley was reputed the most severe of any other in the fleet, and although we plied never so sedulously, were sure to be thrashed on the naked ribs with a bull's pizzle when the fit took him; and on one man's hide must unjustly be made a piaculum for another's remissness or sloth. Nor was the Tygre cur well but when he heard John a-roaring or yelling out." . . .

In the piratical vessels of Barbary the work was, doubtless, more constant and more severe. They were seldom in port more than two months of the year; and when at sea the sails were rarely used, in order that they might the better steal unobserved upon their prey. The Christian writers have told frightful stories of the cruelties perpetrated on board Algerine cruisers; of slaves flogged without cause all day long, and by everybody else in the ship; of a whole gang ordered to be stripped to be beaten by the officers in a drunken frolic; of slaves' eyes torn out and their ears and noses bitten off by ferocious Moors; and of gangs expected to provide their own water for the voyage, and when unable to procure it, permitted to die, by dozens, of thirst. A cousin of the Pope and captain of his Guard, who had long tugged at a Barbary oar, was at this very time, indeed, walking about Rome without his ears, a living proof that the savage punishments of Christendom were sometimes, also, inflicted by Orientals. But the idea that wanton cruelties could be of frequent occurrence in vessels where the perfect efficiency of the motive power was of the first importance, could find credit only with those who were disposed to believe tales told by the same credulous monks, of Moors and Turks, who, having made their escape to their native shores, voluntarily returned to their regretted labors and happier life in the Christian galleys. That there was any great difference on the score of humanity between Christian and Mahometan taskmasters, is rendered improbable by the fact that some of the most cruel of the latter were the renegades. For example, it was Aluch Ali, a Pasha of this class, who, having amongst his slaves a Knight of Malta, used, it is said, to amuse himself by calling for "that dog of St. John," and causing him to receive, upon no pretext but his own pleasure, two or three hundred lashes in his presence.

HUMAN SACRIFICES AMONG THE ROMANS.

Correspondence between Macaulay, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Mahon (Stanhope).

(Not included in the collected works of either.)

I am induced to print a few copies of the following correspondence, partly from the just value that must ever attach to any views indicated either by Lord Macaulay or Sir Robert Peel, and partly from the great interest of the subject itself.

It may be noticed in these letters that Lord Macaulay discussed the question before him in a more general manner and with less consultation of authorities than did Sir Robert Peel. This, however, was owing solely to the difference of their positions at the time. In December 1847, Sir Robert had ceased to be a minister or even in great measure a party chief. Lord Macaulay, on the contrary, was filling an office involving very numerous details and accompanied by a seat in the Cabinet. Whenever he had sufficient time to spare from other tasks, no one loved better to explore any point of classical antiquity. No man brought to it a higher amount of critical skill. Deeply versed as he was in the literature and the language of both Greece and Rome, and possessing powers of memory far indeed beyond those of ordinary men, it was his delight at every interval of leisure to renew, and if possible to extend, the course of his early reading.

As one proof among many of this last assertion, I will allow myself the pleasure of transcribing a passage from a subsequent letter to me, of Lord Macaulay. It is dated Clifton, August 23, 1852.

"I am certainly much better, and I begin to hope that six weeks more of the Downs will completely restore me. I have been reading a great deal of execrably bad Latin, — Suetonius, Vulcatius, Spartianus, Trebellius Pollio, Julius Capitolinus, Lampridius, Vopiscus, — and I am going to try to take the taste of all the barbarisms which I have been devouring, out of my mouth with the 'Andria' and the 'Heautontimorumenos.' I have read Herodian too. His Greek is not first-rate, but is immeasurably superior to the Latin of his contemporaries. After all, there is a great deal to be learned from these writers. Hume was quite in the right when he said that Gibbon ought to have made more of the materials for the 'History of the

Empire' from the Antonines to Diocletian. Indeed, Gibbon very candidly admitted the justice of Hume's criticism."

As to the merits of the controversy on Human Sacrifices at Rome, I must confess myself to remain in a state of considerable doubt. The two passages from Livy and Suetonius, which Sir Robert Peel transmitted to me on the 26th of December, 1847, were not at all within my recollection when I wrote to him on the same day, and they seem but little in accordance with the theory which I then proposed. In the face of such a passage as that from Suetonius, it is not easy to contend that the occasional practice of human sacrifices was entirely unknown even to the contemporaries and the friends of Cicero.

Those who may desire any further to investigate this curious question will do well to consult a note (Vol. I., p. 27) in the learned and able "History of Christianity," by Dr. Milman.

STANHOPE.

March, 1860.

WERE HUMAN SACRIFICES IN USE AMONG THE ROMANS?

MONDAY, *December* 13, 1847. — Breakfast at Mr. Hallam's, where I met, amongst others, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Macaulay, Dr. Milman, and Sir Robert Peel. The party did not break up till nearly one.

In one part of our conversation, I mentioned a note in a German work which I had lately been reading, the "History of the Church," by Dr. Gieseler, Professor of Theology at Göttingen. The note, I said, alleges in substance that human sacrifices existed in the classic days of ancient Rome, and that, as Lactantius states, a man was still in his time immolated every year at the festival of Jupiter Latiaris.[1]

Mr. Macaulay had not seen Dr. Gieseler's book, but declared himself convinced that there was no real foundation for this story. A day or two afterwards, I sent him in a note the exact words of Lactantius as given by Dr. Gieseler: 'Latialis Jupiter etiam nunc sanguine colitur humano."[2]

The following correspondence ensued.

[1] Jupiter as guardian of the Latin confederacy.

[2] "Jupiter Latiaris is even now worshiped with human blood."

RIGHT HON. T. B. MACAULAY TO LORD MAHON.

"ALBANY, *December* 15, 1847.

"DEAR LORD MAHON, — I know nothing of Gieseler but the passage which you have sent me; and if I were to form my judgment of him from that passage, I must pronounce him a dunce, or something worse.

"In the first place, he misquotes Lactantius. He makes Lactantius say positively, 'Jupiter Latiaris is even now propitiated with human blood.' But Lactantius' words are these: 'Ne Latini quidem hujus immanitatis expertes fuerunt, *si quidem* Jupiter Latiaris etiam nunc sanguine colitur humano.' I should translate the sentence thus: 'Nor have even the Latins been free from this enormity, if it be true that even now Jupiter Latiaris is propitiated with human blood.' It is quite plain to me that Lactantius wished to insinuate what he dared not assert.

"Suppose that there were discovered in the British Museum a Puritan pamphlet of 1641, containing the following passage: 'Nor is even Lambeth free from the worst corruptions of Antichrist, if it be true that the Archbishop of Canterbury and his chaplains pray to an image of the Virgin;' and suppose that I were to quote the passage thus: 'The Archbishop of Canterbury and his chaplains pray to an image of the Virgin,' — what would you think of my sense or honesty?

"But this is not all: Where did Gieseler find that these human sacrifices were annual, rather than triennial, quinquennial, or decennial? Where did he find that they were performed at Rome, and not at Tibur or Præneste? Where did he find that the victim was a man and not a woman? Not in Lactantius, I am sure. Yet he quotes no other authority, and I firmly believe that he has none.

"As to the rest, I should certainly never admit the fact on Lactantius' authority, even if he had asserted it in the most positive manner. He was a rhetorician at Nicomedia, writing a party pamphlet in a time of violent excitement. I should think it as absurd to give credit to an affirmation of his, in contradiction to the whole literature and history of antiquity, as to believe Mac-Hale when he tells the Irish that the English government starved two millions of them last year. But, as I have said, Lactantius affirms nothing. He was evidently afraid to do so. Had he had the courage of Gieseler, he would have come out with a gallant barefaced lie.

"Ever yours, "T. B. MACAULAY."

SIR ROBERT PEEL TO LORD MAHON.

"DRAYTON MANOR, *December* 22, 1847.

"MY DEAR LORD MAHON, — I thank you for sending me Mr. Macaulay's letter respecting human sacrifices at Rome.

If you are interested in the vindication of Dr. Gieseler (of whom I never heard), you might perhaps find something to say in his defense, though it is rather presumptuous in me to suggest it, first, against such an authority as Mr. Macaulay; and secondly, because I have neither the passage of the worthy Doctor which Mr. Macaulay impugns, nor the work of Lactantius which the Doctor professes to quote.

I am aware of no classical authority for the assertion that human sacrifices were offered in classic times at the festival of Jupiter Latiaris. Writers, however, prior to or contemporary with Lactantius, assert the fact in direct terms.

Prudentius says (Lib. i., *Contra Symmachum*): —

"'Funditur humanus Latiari in munere sanguis
Consessusque ille spectantûm solvit ad aram
Plutonis fera vota sui.'[1]

"Minutius, who, I believe, lived before Lactantius and Prudentius, and who was probably the authority on whom each of them relied, says: —

"'Quid ipse Jupiter vester?
— cum capitolinus, tunc gerit fulmina, et cum Latiaris, cruore perfunditur;'

And in a subsequent passage, removing any doubt as to the sort of blood, he says expressly: —

"'Hodieque ab ipsis (Romanis) Latiaris Jupiter homicidio colitur, et quod Saturni filio dignum est, mali et noxii hominis sanguine saginatur.'[2]

"I have no copy of Lactantius, but in the notes of Victor Giselinus on the passage quoted from Prudentius, there is a quo-

[1] "At the Latial function human blood is spilled,
And that concourse of spectators fulfills on the altar
Of Pluto its barbarous vows."

[2] "What is your Jupiter himself? When he is of the Capitol, then he wields thunderbolts; and when of the Latins, he is deluged with blood." . . . "And at present the Latial Jupiter is worshiped by them (Romans) with homicide, and what is worthy the son of Saturn, is fattened by the blood of depraved and noxious man."

tation from the passage from Lactantius, and it varies from the quotation in Mr. Macaulay's letter in a point not unimportant.

As quoted by Giselinus, the passage runs thus: —

"'Galli Hesum et Teutatem humano cruore placabant. Nec Latini quidem hujus immanitatis expertes fuerunt. Si quidem Latialis Jupiter sanguine colitur humano, quid ab his boni precantur qui sic sacrificant?'[1]

"If the above is a correct quotation, there is perhaps enough of direct assertion on the part of Lactantius to justify the German Doctor in supposing that he meant to assert that the Romans were guilty of human sacrifices.

"But the quotation probably is not a correct one, at least as to punctuation. The words of the original text are, I take for granted, as quoted by Mr. Macaulay: 'Nec Latini quidem hujus immanitatis expertes fuerunt, si quidem Jupiter Latialis etiam nunc sanguine colitur humano.'

"Is it quite clear that 'si quidem' must mean *if indeed?* May it not mean *inasmuch as?* I will give you two passages in which I apprehend it bears the latter construction: 'Si quidem e castris egredi non liceret,'[2] is in a passage in Cæsar (*De Bello Gallico*), of which I think the context will show that *since* or *inasmuch as* is the meaning, and not *if indeed.*

"Ovid, speaking of the illustrious descent and marriage of Peleus, has these lines: —

"'Nam conjuge Peleus
Clarus erat Divâ; nec avi magis ille superbit
Nomine, quam soceri; *si quidem* Jovis esse nepoti
Contigit haud uni: conjux Dea contigit uni.'[3]

"Even, however, should my very disinterested plea for the German Doctor avail anything, I do not mean to imply that I agree to the conclusion at which I suppose he has arrived — namely, that there were human sacrifices throughout the classic times of Rome. I cannot reconcile such a conclusion with the silence of the highest classical authorities.

[1] "The Gauls placate Hesus and Teutates with human blood. Nor are even the Latins free from this enormity. If the very Jupiter Latiaris is worshiped with human blood, what righteous thing are those praying them for who sacrifice in such a way?"

[2] "Since leaving the camps was not permitted."

[3] "For Peleus by a goddess
Wife was made glorious; nor prouder of his grandsire's
Name than his father-in-law's; since to be Jove's grandson
Not alone it befell: to be spouse of a goddess alone it befell."

"Such writers as Prudentius, Minutius, and Lactantius were prejudiced against Pagan usages, and readily gave credit to unfavorable reports of them.

"Surely if it had been the annual usage in Rome, in classic times, to offer human victims to Jupiter, Cicero could never have uttered these words: 'Quidquam Gallis sanctum ac religiosum videri potest? Qui etiam si quando aliquo metu adducti, Deos placandos arbitrantur, humanis hostiis eorum aras funestant ut ne religionem quidem colere possint, nisi eam ipsam scelere violarint. Quis enim ignorat eos usque ad hunc diem retinere illam immanem ac barbaram consuetudinem hominum immolandorum?'[1]

"Now I will release you, being quite ready to offer up Lactantius, Prudentius, and Dr. Gieseler himself as sacrifices to Cicero.

"I deserve no credit for my parade of learning. One book suggests reference to another, and commentators supply quotations to those who have patience to read them.

"Believe me,

"Very faithfully yours,

"ROBERT PEEL."

On December 26, 1847, I replied at some length to Sir Robert Peel, sending him a literal translation of Dr. Gieseler's note. (Inclosure A.)

Of the first authority cited in that note, I went on to say: —

"Porphyry was known to me by name as one of the later Pagan philosophers, — the pupil of Longinus and the master of Iamblichus. But I was wholly ignorant of his works, and contented to remain so. However, my diligence being, as it should be, quickened by Mr. Macaulay's and yours, I have been to a dusty collection, not my own, to look at the original passage, and ascertain the critical character which Porphyry bears; and I now beg you to accept the result of my research. (Inclosure B.)

[1] "What can seem holy and religious to the Gauls? who, even if sometimes, led by a certain fear, they think the gods may be placated, defile their altars with human victims, and cannot even practice religion without violating it by crime. For who is ignorant that up to this day they retain that monstrous and barbarous usage of immolating men?" [Oration for Fonteius, § 13. The later texts differ in some points from the above, but not materially.]

"The testimony he gives seems the strongest of all; and it comes, you will observe, from one who, ever since the time he became an author, showed himself a bitter enemy of the Christian Faith, so that in him the testimony is an admission instead of an accusation.

"I think you have fully established your position as to the meaning of *si quidem*.

"But I confess that I should not quite concur in the cruel immolations which you without pity propose — 'to offer up Lactantius, Prudentius, and Dr. Gieseler himself as sacrifices to Cicero!' It seems to me that the authority of all these writers may be well reconciled, by assuming that a human victim may have been among the *Peregrina Sacra* — the *externæ cærimoniæ* — which we know crept in to a large extent after the time of Hadrian. They had begun even under Tiberius, though probably not extending to such enormities, as we learn from Tacitus (*Annal.*, lib. ii., c. 85) and Suetonius (*Vita Tib.*, c. 38). In some reigns, as under Heliogabalus, the foreign appear to have even predominated over the old national rites.

"I must own, however, that on my supposition the shrine of Jupiter Latialis is probably the very last where one might expect to meet with these *Peregrina Sacra*.

"There is another objection to my own theory which occurs to me, and which (though I retain the theory) I will frankly state. Last winter, when reading through the series of the 'Christian Apologies' (Tertullian, Minutius Felix, etc.), I observed that all of them, from the earliest to the latest, felt it necessary to notice and to rebut the accusation that the Christians in their nightly conclaves used to immolate a child. Absurd as we know this accusation to be, we can easily explain its existence from the heathen misapprehension of the terms in which they heard of the Holy Eucharist. But would this accusation have been so fiercely and repeatedly urged if the Pagans themselves had been conscious of human sacrifices at their yearly festivals?

"It is curious that the classical controversy now before us should have a direct bearing on the history of America; for it has been often debated, in reference to the accounts of early Mexico, how far the practice of human sacrifices can possibly coexist with any high degree of civilization and refinement."

INCLOSURE (A) IN LORD MAHON'S LETTER OF DECEMBER 26, 1847.

Translation from the German of Dr. Gieseler's note as it stands in the first editions of his "Kirchen-Geschichte" (Vol. i., p. 26): —

"According to Porphyry (*De Abstinentiâ Carnis*, ii., c. 36) human sacrifices among the divers nations ceased in the time of Hadrian; but even in Porphyry's own time (about 280 after Christ) a human being was immolated every year in Rome to Jupiter Latiaris. Lactantius (about 300 after Christ) in his 'Divin. Inst.,' i., c. 21, has these words: 'Latiaris Jupiter etiam nunc sanguine colitur humano.'"

INCLOSURE (B) IN LORD MAHON'S LETTER OF DECEMBER 26, 1847.

The following passage occurs in Porphyry (libri iv., *De Abstinentiâ Carnis*, *περὶ ἀποχῆς ἐμψυχῶν*), ed. De Fogerolles, Lugdun., 1620. See in that work, lib. ii., p. 225.

"*Καταλυθῆναι δὲ τὰς ἀνθρωποθυσίας σχεδὸν τάς παρα πᾶσί φησι Πάλλας (ὁ ἄριστα τὰ περὶ τῶν τοῦ Μίθρα συναγαγὼν μυστηρίων) ἐφ' Ἀδριανοῦ τοῦ αὐτοκράτορος. Ἐθύετο γὰρ καὶ ἐν Λαοδικείᾳ τῇ κατὰ Συρίαν τῇ Ἀθηνᾷ κατ' ἔτος παρθένος, νῦν δὲ ἔλαφος κ.τ.λ.*

"*Αλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν τις ἀγνοεῖ κατὰ τὴν μεγάλην πόλιν τῇ τοῦ Λατναρίου Διὸς ἑορτῇ σφαζόμενον ἄνθρωπον*":[1] —

The following (and much besides) respecting the life and character of Porphyry is told by Fabricius (*Bibliotheca Græca*, Vol. iv., p. 181, ed. 1711): —

"Porphyrus Tyrius fuit, patrio nomine Malchus Syrorum linguâ appellatus, discipulus Longini primum Athenis eruditissimi usque quaque viri. . . . Natus est anno Christi 233, obiit Romæ postremis annis Diocletiani Imperatoris. . . . Licet quoque fuisset primitus Christianus ut Socrates (*Hist. Eccles.*, lib. iii., c. 23) testatur et Augustinus (*De Civitate Dei*, lib. x., cap. 28) innuit, acerbus tamen postea ac vehemens Sacræ Religionis nostræ evasit hostis et insectator."[2]

[1] "Pallas, the best collector of the mysteries relating to Mithras, says that human sacrifices were pretty much abolished among all [peoples] under the Emperor Hadrian. For in Laodicea, too, a virgin was sacrificed every year to the Syrian Athena; now a deer," etc.

"But yet, even now who does not know that in the great city, a man is sacrificed at the festival of the Latiarian Jupiter?"

[2] "Porphyrius was from Tyre, his patronymic being Malchus in the Syrian

In a letter to me upon another subject, dated the same day as mine (December 26, 1847), Sir Robert Peel adds, upon the question of human sacrifices: —

SIR ROBERT PEEL TO LORD MAHON.

"*December* 26, 1847.

"What say you to the following passages in Livy and Suetonius?

"Livy, lib. xxii., cap. 57 [after the battle of Cannæ]: —

"'Interim ex fatalibus libris sacrificia aliquot extraordinaria facta; inter quæ Gallus et Galla, Græcus et Græca, in foro boario sub terrâ vivi demissi sunt in locum saxo conseptum, jam ante hostiis humanis, minime Romano sacro, imbutum.'[1]

"Suetonius, Octavius [15]: —

"'Scribunt quidam trecentos ex dedit illis electos utriusque ordinis ad aram Divo Julii extructam Idibus Martiis hostiarum more mactatos.'[2]

"I do not know what was the precise assertion of Dr. Gieseler, or to what periods of Roman history he refers."

RIGHT HON. T. B. MACAULAY TO LORD MAHON.

"ALBANY, *December* 27, 1847.

"DEAR LORD MAHON, — I return the extract from Porphyry. It is very strong. But I am not convinced. I have spent half an hour in looking into my books, and I feel quite satisfied that there is no foundation for this Eastern story about the Italian worship.

tongue; a disciple of Longinus, who was in the first rank among the Athenians as a most learned man, up to no matter who. . . . He was born in the year of Christ 233, and died at Rome in the last years of the Emperor Diocletian. . . . He may also have been a Christian at first, as Socrates (*l.c.*) testifies and Augustine (*l.c.*) assents to; but he afterwards turned out a bitter enemy and persecutor of our holy religion."

[1] "Meanwhile, from the books of the fates, certain extraordinary sacrifices were performed; among which, a male and female Gaul and a male and female Greek were put underground alive in the cattle market, in a place walled with stone, already before imbrued with human victims, — a rite not at all Roman."

[2] "Some write that three hundred of the captives, selected from each order, were slain as sacrificial victims on the Ides of March, before an altar raised to Holy Julius."

"The best account of the origin of the feast of Jupiter Latiaris — otherwise called the Feriæ Latinæ — which I have found is in Dionysius. The object of the institution seems to have been political. The solemnity was common to all the cities of Latium, and was meant to bind them together in close alliance. The rites, says Dionysius, were celebrated in the Alban Mount. Every member of the confederation furnished a contingent towards the expenses. Now observe: —

"'Ταύτας τὰς ἑορτάς τε καὶ τὰς θυσίας μέχρι τῶν καθ' ἡμᾶς χρόνων τελοῦσι Ρωμαῖοι, Λατίνας καλοῦντες· καὶ φέρουσιν εἰς ταύτας αἱ μετέχουσαι τῶν ἱερῶν πόλεις, αἱ μὲν, ἄρνας· αἱ δέ, τυροὺς· αἱ δὲ, γάλακτός τι μέτρον· αἱ δὲ ὅμοιόν τι τούτοις πελάνου γένος· ἑνὸς δὲ ταύρου κοινῶς ὑπὸ πασῶν δυομένου, μέρος ἑκάστη τὸ τεταγμένον λαμβάνει.'[1]

"Now can anybody believe that Dionysius, who had been at Rome, would have written thus if a human sacrifice had been part of the rite?

"You mentioned Cicero's strong expressions about the aversion of the Romans to human sacrifices. But observe that Cicero himself had officiated as Consul at the feast of Jupiter Lactinius. He described the solemnity incidentally in his poem on his own Consulship. You will find the passage in the first book 'De Divinatione.' He introduces Urania speaking to him: —

"'Tu quoque cum tumulos Albano in monte nivales
Lustrasti, et læto mactasti lacte Latinas.'[2]

"This mention of the milk exactly agrees with Dionysius's account. But can you believe that on this occasion Cicero sacrificed a man, and thus described the ceremony as one performed læto lacte? In short, do you believe that Cicero ever sacrificed a man?

"I must stop. I have to preside at the Chelsea Board to-day.

"Ever yours,

"T. B. MACAULAY."

[1] "These sacrifices and these festivals the Romans celebrate even to our days, calling them *Latinæ;* and the people participating in the rites carry to them, some lambs, some cheeses, some a certain quantity of milk, others something else of that sort of food; but when a bull is immolated in common by the whole, each [community?] takes an assigned share."

[2] "Thou too when the snowy mounds in the Alban mount
Thou hast purified, and made the Latin sacrifices with the glad milk."

SIR ROBERT PEEL TO LORD MAHON.

"DRAYTON MANOR, *January* 4, 1848.

"MY DEAR LORD MAHON, — I return to you the inclosed letter from Mr. Macaulay.

"I doubt whether there is to be found among unprejudiced contemporary writers any evidence on which you could convict the Romans of offering human sacrifices during the classical times of Roman history.

"I think, if the practice had prevailed, there would have been such evidence. The *Peregrina Sacra* were in later times solemnized in Rome, but the Romans appear to have been adverse to their solemnization. I can find no evidence that human victims were offered at these *Peregrina Sacra;* and had they been offered, it is still more probable that conclusive evidence of the fact would have been left on record.

"I must, at the same time, observe that there are among classical writers many vague allusions to expiatory or propitiatory human sacrifices.

"In the cases of some offenses — punishable by death — there appears to have been, in the earlier times of Rome, a tendency to offer up the victim of the law as a sacrifice to some god; at least to confound the notions of legal punishment with expiatory sacrifice. Mention is somewhere made of a person convicted of *proditio* — and punishable with death — being offered up as a sacrifice to Pluto. In Livy (lib. viii., cap. 1) is the following passage: —

"'Illud adjiciendum videtur licere Consuli, Dictatorique et Prætori cum legiones hostium devoveat non utique se, sed quem velit ex legione Romanâ scriptâ civem devovere,'[1] etc., etc.

"I add a curious passage from Dion Cassius.

"The two men to whom he refers were probably mutinous soldiers and punished capitally for mutiny. I only refer to it for the purpose of establishing my position, that there are passages in classical writers which would warrant the impression that in early periods of Roman history, human sacrifices, for the purpose of propitiation, were deemed to be efficacious.

"I doubt whether there is any conclusive evidence to the

[1] "It seems proper to add that a consul, dictator, or prætor, when he makes a devotion against the enemy's legions, has a right to devote not himself alone, but whatever citizen he chooses from an enrolled Roman legion."

fact of human sacrifices in contemporary classical authorities speaking of their own knowledge.

"Believe me, my dear Lord Mahon,

"Very faithfully yours,

"ROBERT PEEL."

There is a passage in Florus, I think, in which he speaks of *humanæ hostiæ* offered by the Samnites, but it is a mere general charge.

INCLOSURE IN SIR ROBERT PEEL'S LETTER OF JANUARY 4, 1848.

Dion Cassius, lib. xliii. (Jul. Caesar, c. 24): —

"Ἄλλοι δὲ δύο ἄνδρες ἐν τρόπῳ τινι ἱερουργίας ἐσφαγήσαν. Καὶ τὸ μὲν αἴτιον οὐκ ἔχω εἰπεῖν (οὔτε γὰρ ἡ Σιβυλλα ἔχρησεν, οὔτ' ἄλλοτι τοιοῦτον λόγιον ἐγένετο), ἐν δ' οὖν τῷ Ἀρείῳ πεδίῳ πρός τε τῶν ποντιφίκων καὶ πρὸς τοῦ ἱερέως τοῦ Ἄρεος ἐτύθησαν, καὶ γε αἱ κεφαλαὶ αὐτῶν πρὸς τὸ βασίλειον ἀνετεθήσαν." [1]

Mr. Hallam, in a letter to me dated Wilton Crescent, January 18, 1848, mentions his recent visit to Drayton Manor, and goes on to say: —

"The party consisted of Lord Aberdeen, and his youngest son, Goulburn, the Bishop of Oxford, Buckland, and Eastlake, with Lord and Lady Villiers. Sir Robert mentioned the sacrificial correspondence, but without giving any more decisive opinion than he had done. He showed me the passage in Dion Cassius, which certainly mentions a human sacrifice by Cæsar, though with some surprise; but perhaps his surprise is more on account of no sufficient reason being known for it than from its being absolutely unheard of. The Bishop of Oxford observed that Porphyry's expression, *τὶς ἀγνοεῖ ;* is often used when men assert what is not true, without giving an instance. And certainly it is not uncommon now to hear 'everybody knows' about that of which most people know nothing."

[1] "Two men, besides, were slaughtered in the way of a sacrifice. The cause indeed I cannot tell (for the Sibyl had made no declaration, nor had any other like oracle been given forth), but they were immolated in Mars' field by the pontiffs and the priest of Mars, and their heads dedicated in the Temple." [This was in Cæsar's third dictatorship.]

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

THE ENIGMA SOLVED BY DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE.

By FRANTZ FUNCK-BRENTANO.

[FRANTZ FUNCK-BRENTANO is a French *littérateur* of about forty, who has won high reputation for exact research in historical matters, added to excellent literary skill. He is sub-librarian of the Arsenal Library in Paris, general secretary of the Société des Études Historiques, deputy professor of history at the College of France, and a lecturer in Belgium, Alsace, and Paris. His father, Théophile Funck-Brentano, born in Luxembourg, is a critic and philosophical writer of eminence; his uncle, Lujo Brentano, is known for a standard work on "English Trade Guilds." He took a three years' course in the École des Chartres, the great school for training men in historical investigation; was then appointed to complete the classification of the archives of the Bastille in the Arsenal Library, which occupied him for thirteen years. He studied also at the Sorbonne and at Nancy, and wrote for his doctor's degree in letters a Latin treatise, "On the Equipments of Armies in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries After Christ." He has also written "The Origins of the Hundred Years' War" (1897), which won him the highest French prize for erudition, the Grand Prix Gobert, — to be completed by two other volumes; "Legends and Archives of the Bastille" (1900), from which this essay is taken; "The Drama of Prisons" (1900); "Annals of Ghent" (1896); "Chronicles of Artois," and "Chronicles of Tournay" (1899).]

FOR two centuries no question has excited public opinion more than that of the Man in the Iron Mask. The books written on the subject would fill a library. People despaired of ever lifting the veil. "The story of the Iron Mask," says Michelet, "will probably remain forever obscure," and Henri Martin adds: "History has no right to pronounce judgment on what will never leave the domain of conjecture." To-day, the doubt no longer exists. The problem is solved. Before disclosing the solution which criticism has unanimously declared correct, we propose to transcribe the scanty authentic documents that we possess on the masked man and then to state the principal solutions which have been proposed, before arriving at the true solution.

I. THE DOCUMENTS.

The Register of the Bastille. — To begin with, let us quote the text which is the origin and foundation of all the works published on the question of the Iron Mask.

Etienne du Junca, king's lieutenant at the Bastille, in a journal which he began to keep on October 2, 1690, when he

entered upon his office, — a sort of register in which he recorded day by day the details concerning the arrival of the prisoners, — writes, under date September 18, 1698, these lines, which the popular legend has rendered memorable : —

"Thursday, September 18 [1698], at three o'clock in the afternoon, M. de Saint-Mars, governor of the château of the Bastille, made his first appearance, coming from his governorship of the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite-Honorat, bringing with him, in his conveyance, a prisoner he had formerly at Pignerol, whom he caused to be always masked, whose name is not mentioned; directly he got out of the Bazinière tower, waiting till night for me to take him, at nine o'clock, and put him with M. de Rosarges, one of the sergeants brought by the governor, alone in the third room of the Bertaudière tower, which I had had furnished with all necessaries some days before his arrival, having received orders to that effect from M. de Saint-Mars: the which prisoner will be looked after and waited on by M. de Rosarges, and maintained by the governor."

In a second register, supplementary to the first, in which Du Junca records details of the liberation or the death of the prisoners, we read, under date November 19, 1703 : —

"On the same day, November 19, 1703, the unknown prisoner, always masked with a mask of black velvet, whom M. de Saint-Mars, the governor, brought with him on coming from the Isles de Sainte-Marguerite, whom he had kept for a long time, the which happening to be a little ill yesterday on coming from mass, he died to-day, about ten o'clock at night, without having had a serious illness; it could not have been slighter. M. Giraut, our chaplain, confessed him yesterday, is surprised at his death. He did not receive the sacrament, and our chaplain exhorted him a moment before he died. And this unknown prisoner, kept here for so long, was buried on Tuesday at four o'clock P.M., November 20, in the graveyard of St. Paul, our parish; on the register of burial he was given a name also unknown. M. de Rosarges, major, and Arreil, surgeon, signed the register."

And in the margin : —

"I have since learnt that they called him M. de Marchiel on the register, and that forty livres was the cost of the funeral."

The registers of Du Junca were preserved among the ancient archives of the Bastille, whence they passed to the

Arsenal library, where they are now kept. They are drawn up in the clumsy handwriting of a soldier, with little skill in penmanship. The spelling is bad. But the facts are stated with precision, and have always proved accurate when checked.

The extract from the second register shows that the mysterious prisoner wore a mask, not of iron, but of black velvet.

Further, the entry on the register of St. Paul's church has been discovered. It reads : —

"On the 19th, Marchioly, aged 45 years or thereabouts, died in the Bastille, whose body was buried in the churchyard of St. Paul, his parish, the 20th of the present month, in the presence of M. Rosage [*sic*], major of the Bastille, and of M. Reglhe [*sic*], surgeon major of the Bastille, who signed. — [Signed] ROSARGES, REILHE." [1]

Such are the fundamental documents for the story of the Iron Mask; we shall see by and by that they are sufficient to establish the truth.

The Letter of the Governor of Sainte-Marguerite. — We have just seen, from the register of Du Junca, that the masked man had been at the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite under the charge of Saint-Mars, who, on being appointed governor of the Bastille, had brought the prisoner with him. In the correspondence exchanged between Saint-Mars and the minister Barbezieux occurs the following letter, dated January 6, 1696, in which Saint-Mars describes his method of dealing with the prisoners, and the masked man is referred to under the appellation "my ancient prisoner" : —

"MY LORD, — You command me to tell you what is the practice, when I am absent or ill, as to the visits made and precautions taken daily in regard to the prisoners committed to my charge. My two lieutenants serve the meals at the regular hours, just as they have seen me do, and as I still do very often when I am well. The first of my lieutenants, who takes the keys of the prison of *my ancient prisoner*, with whom we commence, opens the three doors and enters the chamber of the prisoner, who politely hands him the plates and dishes, put one on top of another, to give them into the hands of the lieutenant, who has only to go through two doors to hand them to one of my sergeants, who takes them and places them on a table two

[1] This document was preserved in the archives of the city of Paris; it was destroyed in the fire of 1871; the facsimile had fortunately been reproduced in the English translation by Vizetelly (London, 1870), and in the fifth French edition (Paris, 1878) of V. Marius Topin's book, "The Man in the Iron Mask."

steps away, where is the second lieutenant, who examines everything that enters and leaves the prison, and sees that there is nothing written on the plate; and after they have given him the utensil, they examine his bed inside and out, and then the gratings and windows of his room, and very often the man himself: after having asked him very politely if he wants anything else, they lock the doors and proceed to similar business with the other prisoners."

The Letter of M. de Palteau. — On June 19, 1768, M. de Formanoir de Palteau addressed from the château of Palteau, near Villeneuve-le-Roi, to the celebrated Fréron, editor of the *Année Littéraire*, a letter which was inserted in the number for June 30, 1768. The author of this letter was the grand-nephew of Saint-Mars. At the time when the latter was appointed governor of the Bastille, the château of Palteau belonged to him, and he halted there with his prisoner on the way from the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite to Paris.

"In 1698," writes M. de Palteau, "M. de Saint-Mars passed from the governorship of the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite to that of the Bastille. On his way to take up his duties he stayed with his prisoner on his estate at Palteau. The masked man arrived in a conveyance which preceded that of M. de Saint-Mars; they were accompanied by several horsemen. The peasants went to meet their lord; M. de Saint-Mars ate with his prisoner, who had his back turned to the windows of the dining-hall looking into the courtyard. The peasants whom I have questioned could not see whether he ate with his mask on; but they observed very well that M. de Saint-Mars, who sat opposite him at table, had two pistols beside his plate. They had only one footman to wait on them, and he fetched the dishes from an anteroom where they were brought him, carefully shutting the door of the dining-hall behind him. When the prisoner crossed the courtyard, he always had his black mask over his face; the peasants noticed that his lips and teeth were not covered, that he was tall and had white hair. M. de Saint-Mars slept in a bed that was put up for him near that of the masked man."

This account is marked throughout with the stamp of truth. M. de Palteau, the writer, makes no attempt to draw inferences from it. He declares for none of the hypotheses then under discussion in regard to the identity of the mysterious unknown. He is content to report the testimony of those of his peasants who saw the masked man when he passed through their lord's estates. The only detail in the story which we are able to check — a characteristic detail, it is true — is that of the black mask

of which M. de Palteau speaks; it corresponds exactly to the mask of black velvet mentioned in Du Junca's register.

The château of Palteau is still in existence. In his work on Superintendent Fouquet, M. Jules Lair gives a description of it: "The château of Palteau, situated on an eminence among woods and vines, presented at that time, as it does to-day, the aspect of a great lordly mansion in the style of Henri IV. and Louis XIII. First there is a wide courtyard, then two wings; within, the principal building and the chapel. The lower story is supported on arches, and its lofty windows go right up into the roof, and light the place from floor to attic." Since the eighteenth century, however, the château has undergone some modifications. The room in which Saint-Mars dined with his prisoner is now used as a kitchen.

The Notes of Major Chevalier. — In addition to the entries in Du Junca's journal which we have transcribed, scholars are accustomed to invoke, as equally of credence though later in date, the testimony of Father Griffet, chaplain of the Bastille, and that of Major Chevalier.

The extracts from Du Junca quoted above were published for the first time in 1769 by Father Griffet, who added the following comments: —

"The memory of the masked prisoner was still preserved among the officers, soldiers, and servants of the Bastille, when M. de Launey, who has long been the governor, came to occupy a place on the staff of the garrison. Those who had seen him with his mask, when he crossed the courtyard on his way to attend mass, said that after his death the order was given to burn everything he had used, such as linen, clothes, cushions, counterpanes, etc.; that the very walls of the room he had occupied had to be scraped and whitewashed again, and that all the tiles of the flooring were taken up and replaced by others, because they were so afraid that he had found the means to conceal some notes or some mark, the discovery of which would have revealed his name."

The testimony of Father Griffet happens to be confirmed by some notes from the pen of a major of the Bastille named Chevalier. The major was not a personage of the highest rank in the administration of the Bastille, since above him were the governor and the king's lieutenant; but he was the most important personage. The whole internal administration, so far

as the prisoners were concerned, was intrusted to him. Chevalier fulfilled these duties for nearly thirty-eight years, from 1749 to 1787. M. Fernand Bournon's estimate of him is as follows: "Chevalier is a type of the devoted, hard-working official who has no ambition to rise above a rather subordinate rank. It would be impossible to say how much the administration of the Bastille owed to his zeal and to his perfect familiarity with a service of extraordinary difficulty."

Among notes put together with a view to the history of the Bastille, Chevalier gives in condensed form the information furnished by Du Junca's register, and adds: —

"This is the famous masked man whom no one has ever known. He was treated with great distinction by the governor, and was seen only by M. de Rosarges, major of the said château, who had sole charge of him; he was not ill except for a few hours, and died rather suddenly: interred at St. Paul's, on Tuesday, November 20, 1703, at 4 o'clock P.M., under the name of Marchiergues. He was buried in a new white shroud, given by the governor, and practically everything in his room was burnt, such as his bed, chairs, tables, and other bits of furniture, or else melted down, and the whole was thrown into the privies."

These notes of Father Griffet and Major Chevalier have derived great force, in the eyes of historians, from their exact agreement; but a close examination shows that the testimony of Chevalier was the source of Father Griffet's information; in fact, Chevalier was major of the Bastille when the Jesuit compiled his work, and it is doubtless upon his authority that the latter depended.

Documents recently published in the *Revue Bleue* upset these assertions, which appeared to be based on the firmest foundations.

In the Journal of Du Junca, which we have already mentioned, we read under date April 30, 1701: —

"Sunday, April 30, about 9 o'clock in the evening, M. Aumont the younger came, bringing and handing over to us a prisoner named M. Maranville, alias Ricarville, who was an officer in the army, a malcontent, too free with his tongue, a worthless fellow; whom I received in obedience to the king's orders sent through the Count of Pontchartrain; whom I have had put along with the man Tirmon, in the second room of the Bertaudière tower, with the *ancient prisoner*, both being well locked in."

The "ancient prisoner" here referred to is no other than the masked man. When he entered the Bastille, as we have seen, on September 18, 1698, he was placed in the third room of the Bertaudière tower. In 1701 the Bastille happened to be crowded with prisoners, and they had to put several together in one and the same room; so the man in the mask was placed with two companions. One of them, Jean Alexandre de Ricarville, also called Maranville, had been denounced as a "retailer of ill speech against the State, finding fault with the policy of France, and lauding that of foreigners, especially that of the Dutch." The police reports depict him as a beggarly fellow, poorly dressed, and about sixty years old. He had formerly been, as Du Junca says, an officer in the royal troops. Maranville left the Bastille on October 19, 1708. He was transferred to Charenton, where he died in February, 1709. It must be pointed out that Charenton was then an "open" prison, where the prisoners associated with one another and had numerous relations with the outside world.[1]

The second of the fellow-prisoners of the man in the mask, Dominique François Tirmont, was a servant. When he was placed in the Bastille, on July 30, 1700, he was nineteen years old. He was accused of sorcery and of debauching young girls. He was put in the second room of the Bertaudière tower, where he was joined by Maranville and the man in the mask. On December 14, 1701, he was transferred to Bicêtre. He lost his reason in 1703, and died in 1708.

The man in the mask was taken out of the third room of the Bertaudière tower, in which he had been placed on his entrance to the Bastille, on March 6, 1701, in order to make room for a woman named Anne Randon, a "witch and fortune-teller," who was shut up alone in it. The masked prisoner was then placed in the "second Bertaudière" with Tirmont, who had been there, as we have just seen, since July 30, 1700. Maranville joined them on April 30, 1701. Not long after, the masked man was transferred to another room, with or without Maranville. Tirmont had been taken to Bicêtre in 1701. We find that on February 26, 1703, the Abbé Gonzel, a priest

[1] "The king sends to the Bastille the S. Blache, who had been sent to the Charity Convent at Charenton; and this change is made because the Charenton establishment is an open house, where he received visits and wrote without its being possible to prevent him." — Letter of Pontchartrain to Bernaville, dated February 10, 1710.

of Franche-Comte, accused of being a spy, was shut up alone in the "second Bertaudière."

These facts are of undeniable authenticity, and one sees at a glance the consequences springing from them. At the time when the masked prisoner shared the same room with fellow-captives, other prisoners at the Bastille were kept rigorously isolated, in spite of the crowded state of the prison, so much more important did the reasons for their incarceration seem! The man in the mask was associated with persons of the lowest class, who were soon afterwards to leave and take their places with the ruck of prisoners at Charenton and Bicêtre. We read in a report of D'Argenson that there was even some talk of enlisting one of them, Tirmont, in the army. Such, then, was this strange personage, the repository of a terrible secret of which Madame Palatine[1] was already speaking in mysterious terms, the man who puzzled kings, — Louis XV., Louis XVI., — who puzzled the very officers of the Bastille, and caused them to write stories as remote as possible from the reality!

II. The Legend.

If the very officers of the Bastille indulged such wild freaks of imagination, what flight into dreamland might not the thoughts of the public be expected to take? The movement is a very curious one to follow. To begin with, we have the light Venetian mask transforming itself into an iron mask with steel articulations, which the prisoner was never without. The consideration — imaginary, as we have seen — with which the prisoner is supposed to have been treated, and which is referred to in the notes of Major Chevalier, becomes transformed into marks of a boundless deference shown by the

[1] Step-sister to Louis XIV. The following extracts from her correspondence show how, even in circles that might have been expected to be well informed, the legend had already seized on people's imagination: —

"Marly, October 10, 1711. A man remained long years in the Bastille, and has died there, masked. At his side he had two musketeers ready to kill him if he took off his mask. He ate and slept masked. No doubt there was some reason for this, for otherwise he was well treated and lodged, and given everything he wished for. He went to communion masked. He was very devout, and read continually. No one has ever been able to learn who he was."

"Versailles, October 22, 1711. I have just learnt who the masked man was, who died in the Bastille. His wearing a mask was not due to cruelty. He was an English lord who had been mixed up in the affair of the Duke of Berwick [natural son of James II.] against King William. He died there so that the king might never know what became of him."

jailers towards their captive. The story was that Saint-Mars, the governor, a knight of St. Louis, never spoke to the prisoner except standing, with bared head, that he served him at table with his own hands and on silver plate, and that he supplied him with the most luxurious raiment his fancy could devise. Chevalier says that after his death his room at the Bastille was done up like new, to prevent his successor from discovering any tell-tale evidence in some corner.

Speaking of the time when the masked man was at the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite, Voltaire relates: —

"One day the prisoner wrote with a knife on a silver dish, and threw the dish out of the window towards a boat moored on the shore, almost at the foot of the tower. A fisherman, to whom the boat belonged, picked up the dish and carried it to the governor. Astonished, he asked the fisherman, 'Have you read what is written on this dish, and has any one seen it in your hands?' 'I cannot read,' replied the fisher, 'I have only just found it, and no one has seen it.' The poor man was detained until the governor was assured he could not read and that no one had seen the dish. 'Go,' he said, 'it is lucky for you that you can't read.'"

In Father Papon's "History of Provence," linen takes the place of the dish. The upshot is more tragic: —

"I found in the citadel an officer of the Free Company, aged seventy-nine years. He told me several times that a barber of that company saw one day, under the prisoner's window, something white floating on the water; he went and picked it up and carried it to M. de Saint-Mars. It was a shirt, of fine linen, folded with no apparent care, and covered with the prisoner's writing. M. de Saint-Mars, after unfolding it and reading a few lines, asked the barber, with an air of great embarrassment, if he had not had the curiosity to read what was on it. The barber protested over and over again that he had read nothing; but two days later he was found dead in his bed."

And the fact that Saint-Mars had had the body of the prisoner buried in a white cloth struck the imagination, and was developed in its turn into an extraordinary taste for linen of the finest quality and for costly lace — all which was taken to prove that the masked man was a son of Anne of Austria, who had a very special love, it was declared, for valuable lace and fine linen.

A Brother of Louis XIV. — We are able to fix with precision, we believe, the origin of the legend which made the Iron

Mask a brother of Louis XIV. Moreover, it was due to this suggestion, which was hinted at from the first, that the story of the prisoner made so great a noise. The glory of it belongs to the most famous writer of the eighteenth century. With a boldness of imagination for which to-day he would be envied by the cleverest journalist inventor of sensational paragraphs, Voltaire started this monstrous hoax on its vigorous flight.

In 1745 there had just appeared a sort of romance entitled "Notes towards the History of Persia," which was attributed, not without some reason, to Madame de Vieux-Maisons. The book contained a story within a story, in which the mysterious prisoner, who was beginning to be talked about everywhere, was identified with the Duke de Vermandois, and to this fact was due the sensation which the book caused. Voltaire immediately saw how he could turn the circumstance to account. He had himself at one time been confined in the Bastille, which was one reason for speaking of it; but he did not dare put in circulation suddenly, without some preparation, the terrible story he had just conceived, and with a very delicate sensitiveness to public opinion he contented himself with printing the following paragraph in the first edition of his "Age of Louis XIV.:—

"A few months after the death of Mazarin there occurred an event which is unexampled in history, and, what is not less strange, has been passed over in silence by all the historians. There was sent with the utmost secrecy to the château of the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, in the Sea of Provence, an unknown prisoner, of more than ordinary height, young, and with features of rare nobility and beauty. On the way this prisoner wore a mask, the chin-piece of which was fitted with springs of steel, which allowed him to eat freely with the mask covering his face. The order had been given to kill him if he uncovered. He remained in the island until an officer in whom great confidence was placed, named Saint-Mars, governor of Pignerol, having been made governor of the Bastille, came to the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite to fetch him, and conducted him to the Bastille, always masked. The Marquis de Louvois saw him in the island before his removal, and remained standing while he spoke to him, with a consideration savoring of respect."

Voltaire, however, does not say who this extraordinary prisoner was. He observed the impression produced on the public by his story. Then he ventured more boldly, and in the first edition of his "Questions on the Encyclopædia" insinuated

that the motive for covering the prisoner's face with a mask was fear lest some too striking likeness should be recognized.

He still refrained from giving his name, but already every one was on tiptoe with the expectation of startling news. At last, in the second edition of "Questions on the Encyclopædia," Voltaire intrepidly added that the man in the mask was a uterine brother of Louis XIV., a son of Mazarin and Anne of Austria, and older than the king.

We know what incomparable agitators of public opinion the Encyclopædists were. Once hatched, the story was not long in producing a numerous progeny, which grew in their turn and became a monstrous brood.

We read in the "Memoirs" of the Duke de Richelieu, compiled by his secretary the Abbé Soulavie, that Mlle. de Valois, the Regent's daughter and at this date the mistress of Richelieu, consented, at the instigation of the latter, to prostitute herself to her father — tradition has it that the Regent was enamored of his daughter — in order to get sight of an account of the Iron Mask drawn up by Saint-Mars. According to this story, which the author of the "Memoirs" prints in its entirety, Louis XIV. was born at noon, and at half-past in the evening, while the king was at supper, the queen was brought to bed of a second son, who was put out of sight so as to avoid subsequent dissensions in the state.

The Baron de Gleichen goes still further. He is at the pains to prove that it was the true heir to the throne who was put out of sight, to the profit of a child of the queen and the cardinal. Having become masters of the situation at the death of the king, they substituted their son for the Dauphin, the substitution being facilitated by a strong likeness between the children. One sees at a glance the consequences of this theory, which nullifies the legitimacy of the last Bourbons.

But the career of imagination was not yet to be checked. The legend came into full bloom under the first empire. Pamphlets then appeared in which the version of Baron de Gleichen was revived. Louis XIV. had been only a bastard, the son of foreigners; the lawful heir had been imprisoned at the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite, where he had married the daughter of one of his keepers. Of this marriage was born a child who, as soon as he was weaned, was sent to Corsica and intrusted to a reliable person, as a child coming of "good stock," in Italian,

Buona-parte. Of that child the emperor was the direct descendant. The right of Napoleon I. to the throne of France established by the Iron Mask! — there is a discovery which the great Dumas missed. But, incredible as it seems, there were men who actually took these fables seriously. In a Vendean manifesto circulated among the Chouans [royalist insurgents in Brittany], in Nivose of the year 9 [December 21, 1800, to January 19, 1801], we read: "It is not wise for the Royalist party to rely on the assurances given by some emissaries of Napoleon, that he seized the throne only to restore the Bourbons: everything proves that he only awaits the general pacification to declare himself, and that he means to base his right on the birth of the children of the Iron Mask!"

We shall not stay to refute the hypothesis which makes the Iron Mask a brother of Louis XIV. Marius Topin has already done so in the clearest possible manner. The notion, moreover, has long been abandoned. The last writers who adhered to it date from the revolutionary period.

The Successive Incarnations of the Iron Mask. — "Never has an Indian deity," says Paul de Saint-Victor, speaking of the Iron Mask, "undergone so many metempsychoses and so many avatars." It would take too long merely to enumerate all the individuals with whom it has been attempted to identify the Iron Mask: even women have not escaped. We shall cite rapidly the theories which have found most credence amongst the public, or those which have been defended in the most serious words, in order to arrive finally at the identification — as will be seen, it is one of those proposed long ago — which is beyond doubt the true one.

The hypothesis which, after that of a brother of Louis XIV., has most powerfully excited public opinion, is that which made the mysterious unknown to be Louis, Comte de Vermandois, admiral of France, and son of the charming Louise de la Vallière. This was indeed the belief of Father Griffet, chaplain of the Bastille, and even of the officers of the staff. But the conjecture is disproved in a single line: "The Comte de Vermandois died at Courtrai, on November 18, 1683." A precisely similar fact refutes the theory identifying the Iron Mask with the Duke of Monmouth, the natural son of Charles II. and Lucy Walters. Monmouth perished on the scaffold in 1683.

Lagrange-Chancel throws much ardor and talent into a defense of the theory which made the Iron Mask Francis of Vendôme, Duke de Beaufort, who, under the Fronde, was called "King of the Markets." The Duke de Beaufort died at the siege of Candia, June 25, 1669.

To Lagrange-Chancel succeeds the Chevalier de Taulès. "I have discovered the Man in the Mask," he cries, "and it is my duty to impart my discovery to Europe and posterity!" This discovery brings forward one Avedick, an Armenian patriarch of Constantinople and Jerusalem, kidnapped in the East at the instigation of the Jesuits, and transported to France. Vergennes, on entering the ministry for foreign affairs, set investigations on foot. They confirmed the statement that Avedick had actually been arrested in the circumstances indicated, but after 1706; and so he could not be identified with the Iron Mask.[1]

Such were the theories of the eighteenth century. We come now to those of our own time. Since mystery and sinister machinations were involved, the Jesuits could not be long left out of the business. We have just seen them at their tricks with the Armenian patriarch. People dreamt of an innocent youth thrown into a dungeon at their instigation for having written a couple of verses against them. But even this fancy was completely cast into the shade in a work published in 1885 under the pseudonym of "Ubalde," the author of which was unquestionably M. Anatole Loquin. This is his conclusion: "The more I reflect, the more I believe I recognize in the Man in the Iron Mask, without any elaborate theory, without prejudice on my part, no other than J. B. Poquelin de Molière." The Jesuits have got their revenge for *Tartufe!*

Let us come now to the conjectures which have almost hit the truth and have been defended by genuine scholars.

Superintendent Fouquet is the solution of the bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix). M. Lair has shown that Fouquet died

[1] Register 12475 of the Archives of the Bastille, preserved in the Arsenal Library, contains a number of documents relative to the detention of Avedick, designated in these texts under the expressions, "an important prisoner," "the Armenian," "the Armenian Patriarch." These documents of 1709–1710 confirm the observation above. Avedick was committed to the Bastille by order of December 18, 1709; he had been transferred there from the abbey of Mont St. Michel.

at Pignerol, of a sort of apoplexy, on March 23, 1680, at the very moment when there was an idea at court of sending him to the waters at Bourbon, as a first step towards his final liberation.

François Ravaisson, the learned and charming keeper of the Arsenal library, whose work in classifying the archives of the Bastille we have had the honor to continue, believed for a moment that the celebrated prisoner might have been the young Count de Kéroualze, who had fought at Candia under the orders of Admiral de Beaufort. Ravaisson put forth his theory with much hesitation; and as in the sequel he was himself led to abandon it, we need not dwell any longer upon it.

M. Loiseleur, in the course of his brilliant controversy with Marius Topin, suggested "an obscure spy arrested by Catinat in 1681," and his opponent refuted him in the most piquant manner by discovering Catinat in the very prisoner he was said to have arrested!

General Jung published a large volume in support of the claims of a certain Oldendorf, a native of Lorraine, a spy and poisoner, arrested on March 29, 1673, in a trap laid for him at one of the passages of the Somme. The theory was refuted by M. Loiseleur. As M. Lair pointed out, General Jung did not even succeed in proving that his nominee entered Pignerol, an essential condition to his being the Man in the Mask.

Baron Carutti urged the claims of a mad Jacobin, a prisoner at Pignerol whose name remains unknown; but this Jacobin died at Pignerol towards the close of 1693.

The recent work of Émile Burgaud, written in collaboration with Commandant Brazeries, made a great sensation. He fixes on General Vivien Labbé de Bulonde, whom Louvois arrested for having shown dereliction of a general's duty before Coni. M. Geoffroy de Grandmaison published in the *Univers* of January 9, 1895, two receipts, signed by General de Bulonde: one in 1699, when the masked man was in rigorous isolation at the Bastille; the other in 1705, when he had been dead for two years.

We come at last to the hypothesis which is the most probable of all — after the true hypothesis, of course. Eustache Dauger, whom M. Lair identifies with the masked prisoner, was a valet, who had been put into jail at Pignerol on July 28, 1669. But it must be noted that the masked prisoner was

kept guarded in rigorous secrecy in the early days of his detention, as long as he was at Pignerol and the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite. Now, when Dauger went to Pignerol, his case seemed of such slight importance that Saint-Mars thought of making him into a servant for the other prisoners; and, in fact, in 1675, Louvois gave him as a valet to Fouquet, who for some time past had seen the rigor of his confinement sensibly mitigated, — receiving visits, walking freely in the courts and purlieus of the fortress, Dauger accompanying him. Further, we know that the masked man was transferred direct from Pignerol to the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite, whilst Dauger was transferred in 1681 to Exiles, whence he only went to the Isles in 1687.

We now come to the correct solution.

3. Mattioli.

To Baron Heiss, once captain in the Alsace regiment, and one of the most distinguished bibliophiles of his time, belongs the honor of being the first, in a letter dated from Phalsbourg, June 28, 1770, and published by the *Journal Encyclopédique*, to identify the masked prisoner with Count Mattioli, secretary of state to the Duke of Mantua. After him, Dutens, in 1783, in his *Intercepted Correspondence;* Baron de Chambrier, in 1795, in a Memoir presented to the Academy of Berlin; Roux-Fazillac, member of the Legislative Assembly and the Convention, in a remarkable work printed in 1801; then, successively, Reth, Delort, Ellis, Carlo Botta, Armand Baschet, Marius Topin, Paul de Saint-Victor, and M. Gallien, in a series of publications more or less important, endeavored to prove that the Man in the Mask was the Duke of Mantua's secretary of state. The scholars most intimate with the history of Louis XIV.'s government — Depping, Chéruel, Camille Rousset — have not hesitated to pronounce in favor of the same view; while against them, single-handed like his D'Artagnan, Alexandre Dumas resisted the efforts of twenty scholars, and the *Vicomte de Bragelonne* — giving a new lease of life to the legend about the brother of Louis XIV., put in circulation by Voltaire, and reënforced by the Revolution — drove back into their dust among the archives the documents which students had exhumed.

We have no longer to deal with so formidable an adversary,

and we hope that the following pages will not leave the shadow of a doubt.

We know how, under the influence of Louvois, the able and insinuating policy, directed first by Mazarin, then by Lionne, gave way to a military diplomacy, blunt and aggressive. Louis XIV. was master of Pignerol, acquired in 1632. He was induced by Louvois to cast covetous glances at Casal. In possession of these two places, the French armies could not but dominate Upper Italy, and hold the court of Turin directly at their mercy. The throne of Mantua was then occupied by a young duke, Charles IV. of Gonzaga, frivolous, happy-go-lucky, dissipating his wealth at Venice in fêtes and pleasures. In 1677 he had pledged to the Jews the crown revenues for several years. Charles IV. was also Marquis of Montferrat, of which Casal was the capital. Noting with watchful eye the frivolity and financial straits of the young prince, the court of Versailles conceived the bold scheme of buying Casal for hard cash.

At this date one of the principal personages in Mantua was Count Hercules Antony Mattioli. He was born at Bologna on December 1, 1640, of a distinguished family. A brilliant student, he had barely passed his twentieth year when he was elected a professor at the University of Bologna. Afterwards he established himself at Mantua, where Charles III., whose confidence he had won, made him his secretary of state. Charles IV., continuing the favor of his father, not only maintained Mattioli in his office as a minister of state, but appointed him an honorary senator, a dignity which was enhanced by the title of Count.

Louis XIV. was employing at the capital of the Venetian republic a keen-witted and enterprising ambassador, the Abbé d'Estrades. He saw through the ambitious and intriguing nature of Mattioli, and toward the end of 1677 succeeded in winning over his support for the designs of the French court on Casal.

On January 12, 1678, Louis XIV., with his own hand, wrote expressing his thanks to Mattioli, who by and by came to Paris. On December 8 the contract was signed, the Duke of Mantua receiving in exchange for Casal one hundred thousand crowns. In a private audience Louis XIV. presented Mattioli with a costly diamond, and paid him a hundred double louis.

Scarcely two months after Mattioli's journey to France, the courts of Vienna, Madrid, Turin, and the Venetian Republic were simultaneously informed of all that had taken place. In order to reap a double harvest of gold, Mattioli had cynically betrayed both his master Charles IV. and the king of France. Like a thunderbolt came to Versailles the news of the arrest of Baron d'Asfeld, the envoy appointed by Louis XIV. to exchange ratifications with Mattioli. The governor of Milan had caused him to be seized and handed over to the Spaniards. The rage of Louis XIV. and of Louvois — who had urged the opening of negotiations, taken an active part in them, and begun preparations for the occupation of Casal — may well be imagined. The Abbé d'Estrades, not less irritated, conceived a scheme of the most daring kind, proposing to Versailles nothing less than the abduction of the Mantuan minister. But Louis XIV. was determined to have no scandal. Catinat was charged with carrying out the scheme in person. The Abbé d'Estrades, in his dealings with Mattioli, feigned ignorance of the double game the Count was playing. He led him to believe, on the contrary, that the balance of the sums promised at Versailles was about to be paid. A meeting was fixed for May 2, 1679. On that day D'Estrades and Mattioli got into a carriage, the passing of which was awaited by Catinat accompanied by some dozen men. At two o'clock in the afternoon Mattioli was in the fortress of Pignerol, in the hands of jailer Saint-Mars. When we remember the rank held by the Italian minister, we are confronted with one of the most audacious violations of international law of which history has preserved a record.

Early in the year 1694 Mattioli was transferred to the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite; we have seen that he entered the Bastille on September 18, 1698, and died there on November 19, 1703.

The details that we possess of the imprisonment of Mattioli at Pignerol, and afterwards at the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite, show that he was at the outset treated with the consideration due to his rank and to the position he occupied at the time of his arrest. Eventually the respect which the prisoner had at first inspired gradually diminished; as years went on, the attentions shown him grew less and less, until the day when, at the Bastille, he was given a room in common with persons

of the basest class. On the other hand, the rigor of his confinement, so far as the secrecy in which he was kept was concerned, was more and more relaxed: what it was material to conceal was the circumstances under which Mattioli had been arrested, and with the lapse of time this secret continually diminished in importance. As to the mask of black velvet which Mattioli had among his possessions when he was arrested, and which he put on, without a doubt, only for the occasion, this in reality constituted a relief to his captivity, for it permitted the prisoner to leave his room, while the other state prisoners were rigorously mewed up in theirs.

It remains to prove that the masked prisoner was really Mattioli.

1. In the dispatch sent by Louis XIV. to the Abbé d'Estrades five days before the arrest, the king approves the scheme of his ambassador and authorizes him to secure Mattioli, "since you believe you can get him carried off without the affair giving rise to any scandal." The prisoner is to be conducted to Pignerol, where "instructions are being sent to receive him and keep him there without anybody having knowledge of it." The king's orders close with these words: "You must see to it that no one knows what becomes of this man." The capture effected, Catinat wrote on his part to Louvois: "It came off without any violence, and no one knows the name of the knave, not even the officers who helped to arrest him." Finally, we have a very curious pamphlet entitled "La Prudenza Trionfante di Casale," written in 1682, that is, little more than two years after the event, and — this slight detail is of capital importance — thirty years before there was any talk of the Man in the Mask. In this we read: "The secretary [Mattioli] was surrounded by ten or twelve horsemen, who seized him, disguised him, masked him, and conducted him to Pignerol," a fact, moreover, confirmed by a tradition which in the eighteenth century was still rife in the district where scholars succeeded in culling it.

Is there any need to insist on the strength of the proofs afforded by these three documents, taken in connection one with another?

2. We know, from Du Junca's register, that the masked man was shut up at Pignerol under the charge of Saint-Mars. In 1681 Saint-Mars gave up the governorship of Pignerol for

that of Exiles. We can determine with absolute precision the number of prisoners Saint-Mars had then in his keeping. It was exactly five. A dispatch from Louvois, dated June 9, is very clear. In the first paragraph he orders "the two prisoners in the lower tower" to be removed; in the second, he adds: "The rest of the prisoners in your charge." Here there is a clear indication of the "rest"; what follows settles the number: "The Sieur du Chamoy has orders to pay two crowns a day for the board of these *three* prisoners." This account, as clear as arithmetic can make it, is further confirmed by the letter addressed by Saint-Mars to the Abbé d'Estrades on June 25, 1681, when he was setting out for Exiles: "I received yesterday the warrant appointing me governor of Exiles; I am to keep charge of two jail-birds I have here, who have no other name than 'the gentlemen of the lower tower'; Mattioli will remain here with two other prisoners."

The prisoners, then, were five in number, and the masked man is to be found, of necessity, among them. Now we know who these five were: (1) a certain La Rivière, who died at the end of December, 1686; (2) a Jacobin, out of his mind, who died at the end of 1693; (3) a certain Dubreuil, who died at the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite about 1697. There remain Dauger and Mattioli: the Man in the Mask is, without possible dispute, the one or the other. We have explained above the reasons which lead us to discard Dauger: the mysterious prisoner, then, was Mattioli. The proof is mathematically exact.

3. Opposite this page will be found a facsimile reproduction of the death certificate of the masked prisoner, as inscribed on the registers of the church of St. Paul. It is the very name of the Duke of Mantua's former secretary that is traced there, "Marchioly." It must be remembered that "Marchioly" would be pronounced in Italian "Markioly," and that Saint-Mars, governor of the Bastille, who furnished the information on which the certificate was drawn up, almost always wrote in his correspondence — a characteristic detail — not "Mattioli," but "Martioly"; that is the very name on the register, less distorted than the name of the major of the Bastille, who was named "Rosarges," and not "Rosage," as given on the register, and the name of the surgeon, who was called "Reilhe," and not "Reglhe."

It has been shown above how, as time went on, the rigorous seclusion to which the masked prisoner had been condemned

was relaxed. What it had been thought necessary to conceal was the manner in which Mattioli had been captured, and with time that secret itself had lost its importance. As the Duke of Mantua had declared himself very well pleased with the arrest of the minister by whom he, no less than Louis XIV., had been deceived, there was nothing to prevent the name from being inscribed on a register of death, where, moreover, no one would ever have thought of looking for it.

Let us add that, in consequence of error or carelessness on the part of the officer who supplied the information for the register, or perhaps on the part of the parson or beadle who wrote it, the age is stated incorrectly, "forty-five years or thereabouts," while Mattioli was sixty-three when he died. However, the register was filled up without the least care, as a formality of no importance.

4. The Duke de Choiseul pressed Louis XV. to reveal to him the clew to the enigma. The king escaped with an evasion. One day, however, he said to him: "If you knew all about it, you would see that it has very little interest;" and some time after, when Mme. de Pompadour, at De Choiseul's instigation, pressed the king on the subject, he told her that the prisoner was "the minister of an Italian prince."

In the "Memoirs of the Private Life of Marie Antoinette," by her principal lady in waiting, Mme. de Campan, we read that the queen tormented Louis XVI., who did not know the secret, to have a search made among the papers of the various ministers. "I was with the queen," says Mme. de Campan, "when the king, having finished his researches, told her that he had found nothing in the secret papers which had any bearing on the existence of this prisoner; that he had spoken on the subject to M. de Maurepas, whose age brought him nearer the time when the whole story must have been known to the ministries (Maurepas had been minister of the king's household as a very young man, in the early years of the eighteenth century, having the department of the *lettres de cachet*), and that M. de Maurepas had assured him that the prisoner was simply a man of a very dangerous character through his intriguing spirit, and a subject of the Duke of Mantua. He was lured to the frontier, arrested, and kept a prisoner, at first at Pignerol, then at the Bastille."

These two pieces of evidence are of such weight that they alone would be sufficient to fix the truth. When they were

written, there was no talk of Mattioli, of whose very name Mme. de Campan was ignorant. Supposing that Mme. de Campan had amused herself by inventing a fable, — an absurd and improbable supposition, for what reason could she have had for so doing? — it is impossible to admit that her imagination could have hit upon fancies so absolutely in accord with facts.[1]

And so the problem is solved. The legend, which had reared itself even as high as the throne of France, topples down. The satisfaction of the historian springs from his reflection, that all serious historical works for more than a century, resting on far-reaching researches and eschewing all preoccupations foreign to science, — such, for example, as the desire of attaining a result different from the solutions proposed by one's predecessors, — have arrived at the same conclusion, which proves to be the correct solution. Heiss, Baron de Chambrier, Reth, Roux-Fazillac, Delort, Carlo Botta, Armand Baschet, Marius Topin, Paul de Saint-Victor, Camille Rousset, Chéruel, Depping, have not hesitated to place under the famous mask of black velvet the features of Mattioli. But at each new effort made by science, legend throws itself once more into the fray, gaining new activity from the passions produced by the Revolution.

The truth, in history, sometimes suggests to our mind's eye those white or yellow flowers which float on the water among broad flat leaves; a breeze springs up, a wave rises and submerges them, they disappear, but only for a moment, then they come to the surface again.

[1] Since M. Funck-Brentano's book was published, his conclusions have been corroborated by Vicomte Maurice Boutry in a study published in the *Revue des Études Historiques* (1899, p. 172). The Vicomte furnishes an additional proof. He says that the Duchess de Créquy, in the third book of her "Souvenirs," gives a *résumé* of a conversation on the Iron Mask between Marshal de Noailles, the Duchess de Luynes, and others, and adds: "The most considerable and best informed persons of my time always thought that the famous story had no other foundation than the capture and captivity of the Piedmontese Mattioli." —MAIDMENT.

THE HISTORY OF DR. AKAKIA AND THE NATIVE OF ST. MALO.

By VOLTAIRE.

(Translated for this work.)

[François Marie Arouet, whose assumed name of "Voltaire" is most plausibly explained as an anagram of "Arouet l. i." (*le jeune*, junior), was the son of a rich notary, and born at Châtenay, February 20, 1694. The most brilliant pupil of the College Louis-le-Grand, managed by the Jesuits, he was a Parisian celebrity as wit and poet while still very young. His wit was often exercised at the expense of those who could repay it with hired bravoes and the Bastille, and before 1726 he had been there twice and banished from Paris twice; in that year he went to England and remained till 1729. He had already become famous as a dramatist, his first play, "Œdipus" (1718), and his fourth, "The Henriad" (1723), being especially noted. Returning to France; he published in the next five years a succession of brilliant works, the most striking of which were the "History of Charles XII." (1730) and the play "Zaïre" (1732). "La Pucelle," a disgraceful libel on Joan of Arc, appeared in 1726. In 1734 he became the companion of "the divine Emily" (Marquise du Châtelet), at her château of Cirey in Champagne, which was his home or retreat till her death in 1749. He was a courtier at this time, royal historiographer, gentleman of the bedchamber, and making a fortune by lending money to the farmers-general; he also courted the Catholic powers, — as he did fitfully all his life, for prudence, — and dedicated his tragedy "Mahomet" (1741) to Pope Benedict XIV. Invited to Prussia by Frederick the Great, he went there in 1750; but in 1753 the friendship, always fragile, came to a violent end, the *coup de grâce* being given by the affair noted below. The French government would not allow him to return to Paris, and he finally settled in Geneva; in 1758 he bought the estate of Ferney a few miles off, and lived there the rest of his life. It was from thence that he sent out the petitions and publications which restored to the ruined family the property of the murdered Calas, and gained or sought justice for Sirven, Espinasse, Lally, and others. A visit to Paris in 1778 fatigued him so that he died there, May 30. While in Prussia he had written the "Age of Louis XIV." (1751). Of his enormous throng of later works, the most conspicuous are "Candide" (1758), "History of Russia under Peter I." (1759), "Tales" (1763), "Age of Louis XV." (probably 1766). Many of the dates are dubious, as he wrote and published much anonymously and often in secret.]

[Note. — While the rights and wrongs of the undignified squabble between Maupertuis and his critics were always as trivial, and for ages have been as dead, as anything in literary history, the place of this skit in Voltaire's relations with Frederick the Great, added to its own pungent wit, gives it enduring interest. Maupertuis, born at St. Malo in 1698, had been a cavalry lieutenant, but applied himself to mathematics and astronomy with such zeal that his publications after leaving the service gained him membership in the chief learned societies of Europe, including the French Academy; headed in 1736 an expedition to Lapland to measure a degree within the Polar Circle and settle the question of the earth's oblate form; invited to Berlin by Frederick in 1740, and fighting for him in the Silesian War, he married a noble German lady, and in 1746 was appointed president of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Frederick's

pet creation. Unluckily he indulged in much quasi-scientific speculation and wrote on subjects he had no authority in, and he had a very thin skin and great self-importance; the latter gained him enemies and the former supplied them with weapons. In 1748 came out his "Essay on Cosmology," in which he stated what he called "the principle of the minimum of action," as a basis for the widest deductions in physics. Samuel Koenig, professor at The Hague, and associate member of the Berlin Academy, while on a visit to Berlin showed Maupertuis some civil criticisms he had written on this position, and later published them; saying moreover that, right or wrong, it had been anticipated by Leibnitz in a letter he, Koenig, had seen. The Academy, under Maupertuis' direction, summoned Koenig to produce the letter, and on his evading the demand struck his name off their lists. The great Euler, then professor of mathematics there, took Maupertuis' side and wrote several valuable treatises in defense of the principle; but on the other side Voltaire — who was utterly ignorant of the questions at issue, but hated Maupertuis as a rival in Frederick's good graces — wrote and showed to Frederick, and then against his promise and Frederick's injunction published, to the uproarious merriment of all Europe, the "Diatribe" (the article below as far as to the end of the "Review of the Letters"), which so incensed Frederick that he had it publicly burned by the hangman. The next year Voltaire wrote and published from time to time the rest of the pieces here included; and in finally collecting them, added the prefatory paragraphs and the N.B.'s. Maupertuis' conduct was foolishly ill-judged, as the Leibnitz letter, even if genuine, had been unknown to him and so did not discredit his claim to originality, and Euler's name far outweighed Koenig's; and he was too vulnerable to afford a general contest. It is fair to say, however, that some of Voltaire's mocking quotations from him are fabricated, or so distorted as to amount to that; and in one or two cases Maupertuis was right and Voltaire wrong. Maupertuis died in 1759.]

THE native of St. Malo having been long since attacked by a chronic malady, called in Greek *philotimy* [greed of applause], and by some *philocracy* [greed of power], it went so violently to his head, and he had such intense attacks, that he wrote against physicians and against the proofs of the existence of God; now he imagined that he was piercing the earth to the center; now that he was building a Latin city; sometimes he even gained revelations on the knowledge of the soul from dissecting monkeys; finally he came at one time to the point of believing himself larger than a giant of the past century named Leibnitz, though he was not quite five feet high. One of his old comrades, a Swiss by birth,[1] a professor at The Hague, touched by his sad condition, went to see him and show him his correct measurement. The native of St. Malo, instead of recognizing the important service of the Swiss, declared him a fabricator and a disturber of the *Morotimie* [dignity of fools].

The physician Akakia, seeing that the native of St. Malo had arrived at his last stage, composed for his cure the little

[1] Incorrect: Koenig was born near Frankfort.

anodyne remedy following, which he had presented to him *secundum artem*, with all the discretion imaginable, so as not to give a shock to the peccant humors.

A Diatribe of Dr. Akakia,[1] Physician to the Pope.

Nothing is commoner to-day than young and ignorant authors, who issue under well-known names works hardly worthy of existence. There are quacks of every species. One of these has assumed the name of the president of a most illustrious academy, in order to vend some very singular drugs. It is certain that the respectable president is not the author of the books ascribed to him; for that admirable philosopher, who has discovered that nature always acts by the simplest laws, and who adds so sagely that she is always sparing in action, would surely have spared the few readers able to read it the trouble of reading the same thing twice, once in the book entitled his Works, and then in that called his Letters. One third, at least, of the latter volume is copied literally from the former. This great man, so far removed from imposture, would never have published letters which were written to nobody, and far less would he have fallen into certain small blunders excusable only in a youth.

I am fully convinced that it is no regard to the interest of my profession that now induces me to speak; yet I may be pardoned, I hope, for being somewhat annoyed that this author treats physicians as he does his booksellers. He proposes to starve us to death; he advises that doctors be not paid when the patient unhappily does not recover. "We do not pay," says he, "a painter who has produced a bad picture." O young man! how hard-hearted and unjust you are! Did not the duke of Orleans, regent of France, pay munificently for the daubs with which Caypel adorned the gallery of the Palais Royal? Does a client deprive his lawyer of his just fee because he has lost his cause? A physician promises his assistance, and not a cure. He does his best, and is paid accordingly. What! are you going to be jealous even of physicians?

What, I ask, would a man say who had, for instance, twelve hundred ducats pension for talking of mathematics and metaphysics, for dissecting a couple of toads, and having himself painted in a fur cap — what would he say should the treasurer

[1] Martin Sans-Malice, physician to Francis I., wrote under the name Akakia, — a translation into Greek of his own name (*a*, without, and *kakos*, evil).

accost him in this strain? — "Sir, we must deduct one hundred ducats for your having written that there are stars in the shape of mill-stones; and another hundred for saying that a comet will come and *rob* us of our moon, and even 'carry its effects as far as the sun' itself; a hundred ducats for having fancied that comets, 'entirely of gold and diamond,' will fall upon the earth; and you are fined three hundred ducats for having affirmed that the fœtus is formed in the mother's womb by attraction, that the left eye attracts the right leg, etc. We cannot fine you less than four hundred ducats for having imagined that we can discover the nature of the soul by means of opium, and by dissecting the heads of giants, etc., etc." It is evident that, at this rate, the poor philosopher would lose the whole of his pension. Would he be content after this that we physicians should laugh at him, and affirm that rewards ought to be given to those only who write useful things, and not to such as are known in the world only for ambition to make themselves known?

This inconsiderate youth reproaches my brother physicians with not being daring enough. He says we are indebted to chance and to barbarous nations for the only specifics known, and that physicians have never discovered one of them. We must apprise him that this is the only experience which can teach men the remedies available in plants. Hippocrates, Boerhaave, Chirac, and Senac could certainly never have guessed on seeing the cinchona tree that it might cure a fever; nor on seeing the rhubarb that it could purge; nor on seeing poppies that they were soporifics. It is chance alone that can lead us to a discovery of the virtues of plants; and physicians can do no more than prescribe these medicines according to the occasions. They have discovered many by the aid of chemistry. They do not make boast of always curing; they do boast of doing all in their power to relieve suffering.

Has this witty youth, who treats them so ill, ever rendered as important services to mankind as he who, against all seeming, brought back Marshal Saxe from the gates of death after the victory of Fontenoy?

Our young philosopher would have physicians reduce themselves to mere empirics, and advises them to banish theory. What would you think of a man who would not have you employ architects to build houses any longer, but only masons to cut stones at random?

He likewise gives us the wholesome advice to neglect anatomy. In this case we shall have the surgeons on our side. We are only surprised that the author, who lies under some small obligations to the surgeons of Montpellier, in cases which require an intimate knowledge of the interior of the head, and of some other branches of anatomy, should have so little gratitude.

The same author, — seemingly little versed in history, — in speaking of making the punishments of criminals useful, and of trying experiments on their bodies, says that this scheme has never been carried into execution. He is ignorant of what all the world knows, that in the reign of Louis XI., the experiment of cutting for the stone was made for the first time in France on a man condemned to death; that the late queen of England had the inoculation of the smallpox tried on four criminals; and that other like instances exist.

But if our author is ignorant, it must be owned that he makes amends by a very singular imagination. He advises us, in his quality of physician, to employ centrifugal force to cure apoplexy, and make the patient gyrate like a whirligig. The notion, indeed, is none of his; but he gives it an air of novelty.

He advises us to cover the patient's body with rosin, or to pierce his skin with needles. If ever he practices medicine, and proposes such remedies, there is great likelihood that his patients will follow the advice he gives them of not paying their physician.

But the singular thing is, that this cruel enemy of the medical art, who would cut off our wages so unmercifully, proposes, by way of mollifying us, to ruin the patients. He ordains (for he is despotic) that every physician should treat one disease only, so that, if a man has gout, fever, diarrhœa, sore eyes, and earache, he must pay five doctors instead of one. But perhaps his meaning is, that each of us should have only a fifth part of the usual fee; I see his malice clearly in this. By and by, devotees will be advised to have directors for each vice: one for serious concern about trifles, one for jealousy masked by a severe and imperious air, one for the itch of forming endless cabals about nothing, and others for other sins. Let us not wander, however, but return to our brethren.

"The best physician," he says, "is he that reasons least."[1]

[1] "*And observes most*," was what Maupertuis actually said.

He seems to have been as loyal to this maxim in philosophy as Father Canaye in theology ; and yet, in spite of his hatred for reasoning, it is evident that he has made profound reflections on the art of prolonging life.

First, he agrees with all men of sense (and we congratulate him on that) that our forefathers lived eight or nine hundred years. Next, having discovered all by himself, and independent of Leibnitz, that "maturity is not the age of strength, the virile age, but it is death," he proposes to ward off this point of maturity, "just as we preserve eggs by hindering them from hatching." This is a charming secret, and we advise him to secure to himself the honor of the discovery in some hen-house, or by a criminal sentence of some academy.

From the account we have here given, it plainly appears that if these imaginary letters were those of a president, it could only have been a president of Bedlam ; and that they are incontestably, as we have already said, those of a young man who wanted to strut under the name of a sage respected, as is well known, over all Europe, and who has consented to be proclaimed a "Great Man." We have sometimes seen, at a carnival in Italy, Harlequin disguised as an archbishop ; but we soon detected Harlequin by his manner of pronouncing the benediction. Sooner or later, truth will prevail ; it recalls a fable of La Fontaine : —

> "A little ear-tip unluckily escaping
> Exposes the trick and the blunder."

— Here we see the ears entire.

All things considered, we refer to the Holy Inquisition the book ascribed to the president; and we submit ourselves to the infallible illumination of that learned tribunal, in which physicians are well known to have so much faith.

Decree of the Inquisition of Rome.

We, father Pancratius, etc., inquisitor for the faith, have read the diatribe of Monsignor Akakia, physician in ordinary to the Pope, without understanding what "diatribe" means, or finding anything in it contrary to the faith or the Decretals. It is not the same with the Works and Letters of the young anonymous author, disguised under the name of a president.

After invoking the Holy Spirit, we have found in the said works — that is, in the anonymous author's quarto — many

propositions rash, offensive, heretical, and tending to heresy. We condemn them collectively, separately, and respectively.

We especially and particularly anathematize the Essay on Cosmology, in which the unknown, blinded by the principles of the children of Belial, and accustomed to find fault with everything, insinuates, contrary to the words of Scripture, that it is a fault in Providence that spiders catch flies; and in which Cosmology the author then gives us to understand that there is no other proof of the existence of God than in Z equal to $B\ C$, divided by A plus B. Now these characters being drawn from Grimoire [conjurer's book], and plainly diabolical, we declare them to be in contradiction to the authority of the Holy See.

And as, according to custom, we know nothing of the matters called physics, mathematics, dynamics, metaphysics, etc., we have enjoined the reverend professors of philosophy of the College of Wisdom to examine the Works and Letters of the anonymous youth and to give us a faithful abstract of it. So help them God.

JUDGMENT OF PROFESSORS OF THE COLLEGE OF WISDOM.

1. We declare that the laws relating to the shock of perfectly hard bodies are childish and imaginary, inasmuch as no perfectly hard body is known, though there are hard minds upon which we have in vain endeavored to make an impression.

2. The assertion, that "the product of space multiplied by velocity is always a *minimum*," seems to us false; for this product is sometimes a *maximum*, as Leibnitz thought and proved. It would appear that the young author took only half of Leibnitz' idea; and we therefore acquit him of having ever grasped an idea of Leibnitz whole.

3. We likewise adhere to the censure which Monsignor Akakia, physician to the Pope, and so many others have passed on the works of this pseudonymous youth, and especially on the "Venus Physique." We advise the young author, when he proceeds with his wife (if he has one) to the work of generation, not to think that the fœtus is formed in the womb by means of attraction; and we exhort him, if he commits the sin of the flesh, not to envy the lot of snails in the act of love, nor that of toads, and to imitate the style of Fontenelle less when riper years shall have formed his own.

We now come to the examination of the Letters, which in our opinion contain, by a vicious double use, almost all there is in the Works ; and we exhort him to no longer sell the same goods twice under different names, because that is not being an honest dealer as he should be.

Review of the Letters of a Young Author disguised under the Name of a President.

1. The young author should first be informed that foresight in man is not called Foreknowledge ; that the word "Foreknowledge" is consecrated solely to the process by which God looks into futurity. It is but right that he should be acquainted with the force of words before he sets about writing. He ought to know that the soul does not *perceive* itself: it sees objects, but cannot see itself ; such is its present condition. The young writer may easily correct these trifling errors.

2. It is false that "memory causes us more loss than gain." The novice should learn that *memory* is the faculty of retaining ideas ; and that without this faculty one could not even compose a bad book, could hardly know anything even, could not guide himself in anything, and would be absolutely imbecile : this young man should cultivate his memory.

3. We are obliged to declare the following notion ridiculous : that "the soul is like a body which recovers its former state after having been put in motion; and that in the same manner the soul returns to its state of tranquillity or uneasiness, whichever be its natural state." The candidate has expressed himself ill. He apparently means that every one returns to his natural character; that a man, for instance, after having exerted himself to act the philosopher, returns to his ordinary trivialities, etc. But such unimportant truths as these do not deserve repetition : it is a youthful error to think that common things can receive a character of novelty by being obscurely expressed.

4. The candidate is mistaken in saying that extension is only a perception. If he ever studies philosophy, he will find that extension is not like sounds and colors, which exist only in our sensations, as every schoolboy knows.

5. With regard to the German nation, whom he belittles and as good as calls dunces, he appears to us ungrateful and unjust ; it is not everything to avoid mistakes, one should have

good manners. This candidate may have thought he could discover something after Leibnitz; but we will tell this young man that he is not the one who discovered gunpowder.

6. We fear lest the author may inspire his fellows with some slight temptations to search for the philosopher's stone; for he says that "in whatever light we view it, we cannot prove its impossibility." He owns, it is true, that it would be folly for any one to squander his property in the search; but as, in talking of the "sum of happiness," he says that we cannot demonstrate the truth of the Christian religion which nevertheless many people follow, it may happen *a fortiori* that some men may ruin themselves in searching for the great secret, since according to him it may be possible to find it.

7. We pass over several things that would tire the reader's patience and the Inquisitor's intelligence; but we believe he will be greatly surprised to hear that this young student is absolutely for dissecting the brains of giants twelve feet high, and of hairy men with tails, to sound the nature of the human mind; that he modifies the soul with opium and dreams; and that he generates *large* eels from other eels with dough, and fishes with grains of wheat. We take this opportunity of amusing the Inquisitor.

8. But the Inquisitor will laugh no longer when he learns that every one may become a prophet; for the author finds no more difficulty in seeing the future than the past. He avers that the arguments in favor of judicial astrology are as strong as those against it. He then assures us that the perceptions of past, present, and future differ only in the greater or less activity of the soul. He hopes that a little more heat and "exaltation" in the fancy may serve to show the future, as memory shows the past.

We are unanimously of opinion that his brain is exalted to a very high degree, and that he will soon begin to prophesy. We do not know as yet whether he will be one of the greater or lesser prophets, but we are much afraid that he will prove a prophet of evil, since even in his treatise on *happiness* he talks of nothing but affliction; he says particularly that all lunatics are unhappy. We extend our condolences to people of this stripe; but if his exalted soul has looked into futurity, did it not perceive something a trifle ridiculous there?

9. He seems to us somewhat desirous of going to the Southern Hemisphere, though on reading his book one would be

tempted to think he had just returned from thence; yet he seems to be ignorant that it is a long time since the discovery of Frederic Henry Land, situated beyond the fortieth degree of south latitude. But we forewarn him that if, instead of going to the Austral regions, he resolves (see his book) to sail straight to the North Pole, nobody will embark with him.

10. We must further assure him that it will be difficult to make, as he proposes, a hole that shall reach to the center of the earth (where he probably means to hide himself from the shame of having put forth such notions). That hole would compel the excavation of at least three or four hundred leagues of country, which might disorder the system of the balance of Europe.

To conclude, we entreat Dr. Akakia to prescribe cooling medicines for him, and we exhort him to study in some university, and be modest there.

Should ever a company of physicists be sent to Finland, to verify, if possible, by certain measurements, what Newton discovered by his sublime theory of gravitation and centrifugal force, and he is appointed one of that expedition, let him not incessantly endeavor to raise himself above his companions; nor have himself painted leveling the earth alone, as Atlas is represented supporting the heavens, as if he had changed the face of the universe, because he had diverted himself in a town where there was a Swedish garrison; and that he shall not drag in the Polar Circle on every occasion.

Should any fellow-student propound to him, in a friendly manner, an opinion different from his; should he confide to him that he is supported by the authority of Leibnitz and several other philosophers; and particularly show him a letter of Leibnitz' which flatly refutes our novice, let not the said novice rashly imagine, and cry out everywhere, that his antagonist has forged a letter of Leibnitz to rob him of the glory of originality.

Let him not take an error into which he has fallen upon a point of dynamics, absolutely of no use in practice, for an admirable discovery.

Should this companion, after having frequently shown him his work, in which he contests his views with the wariest politeness and with compliments, publish it with his consent, let him take care not to represent this work of his adversary as a crime of academical treason.

Should this companion repeatedly assure him that he had this letter of Leibnitz, as well as several others, from a man some years dead, let not the novice take crafty advantage of this, nor use almost the same artifices employed by a certain person against the Mairans, the Cassinis, and other true philosophers; let him not demand, in such a frivolous dispute, that the dead should rise from the grave to make a useless report on a letter of Leibnitz', but reserve this miracle for the time of his prophesying; let him not embroil people in a quarrel over nothing, which vanity would fain render important; nor let him presume to engage the gods in a war of frogs and mice. Let him not write letter upon letter to a great princess [of Orange] in order to force silence upon his antagonist [Koenig was her librarian], and to tie his hands in order to assassinate him at leisure.

Let him not, in a paltry dispute on dynamics, summon, by an academical writ, a professor to appear within a month; nor let him have the said professor condemned of contumacy, as an assailant of his glory, a forger, and a falsifier of letters; more especially as it is evident that Leibnitz' letters are Leibnitz', and it has been proved that the letters under the name of a president were no more received by his correspondents than read by the public.

Let him not endeavor to interdict any one from the liberty of a just defense; let him reflect that one who is in the wrong, and tries to dishonor one who is in the right, dishonors himself.

Let him believe that all men of letters are equal, and that he will gain by that equality.

Let him have the sense never to insist that nothing shall be printed without his order.

Finally, we exhort him to be teachable, and to apply himself to serious studies, not to vain cabals; for what a scholar gains in intrigues he loses in genius, just as, in mechanics, what is gained in speed is lost in power. We have but too often seen young authors, who have begun by raising high expectations and publishing excellent works, end at last by writing nothing but nonsense, because they have tried to be skillful courtiers instead of able writers, because they have substituted vanity for study, and the dissipation that weakens the mind in place of the meditation that strengthens it; they have been commended, and have ceased to be commendable; they have been

rewarded, and have ceased to deserve rewards; they have tried to seem, and have ceased to be — for when in an author a *sum* of errors is equal to a *sum* of absurdities, "his existence is equal to zero."[1]

(N.B. — This mild remedy had an effect contrary to what all the faculties hoped, as very often happens. The bile of the native of St. Malo was exalted even higher than his soul; he had the doctor's prescription ruthlessly burned, and the disease grew worse; he persisted in the design of making experiments, and for that purpose held the memorable session, of which we shall now give a faithful report.)

Memorable Session.

On the first day of the calends of October, 1751, the sages held an extraordinary session, under the direction of the very sage president.

Every one having taken his place, the president delivered the eulogy of a member of the group "matured" (see the president's Letters), because he had not taken the precaution of stopping up his pores and preserving himself like a fresh egg, after the new method; he proved that the member's physician had killed him by also neglecting to treat him according to the laws of centrifugal force, and he concluded that the physician should be reprimanded and not paid. He ended by slipping in, according to his modest usage, a few words about himself; then he proceeded with great pomp to the verification of experiments propounded by him to all the astonished savants of Europe.

In the first place, two doctors produced each a patient covered with rosin, and two surgeons pierced their thighs and arms with long needles. The patients, who had hardly been able to move hitherto, soon began to run and scream with all their might; and the secretary noted it on the register.

The apothecary came forward with a great pot of opium, placed it on a volume of the president's works to double its strength, and made a vigorous young man take a dose of it. And lo, to the great astonishment of everybody, he went to sleep; and in his sleep he had a happy dream which fright-

[1] Maupertuis said that if a man experienced as much pain as pleasure, his existence equaled zero.

ened the ladies gathered at the function, and the nature of the soul was perfectly made known, as the president had correctly guessed.

Then all the workmen of the city presented themselves to rapidly dig a hole that should reach to the center of the earth, according to the precise orders of the president. His design contemplated nothing short of that; but as the operation was a rather long one, it was remitted to another time, and the president gave the workmen an appointment with the masons of the Tower of Babel.

Soon after, the president ordered a vessel chartered to dissect giants and hairy long-tailed men in the southern regions; he declared that he would be one of the expedition himself, and that he wanted to go and breathe his natal air, at which all the assembly clapped their hands.

They then proceeded, by his order and according to his principles, to mate a turkey-cock and a mule in the academy courtyard; and while the poet of the body composed their epithalamium, the president, a man of fine breeding, had the ladies served with a superb collation composed of pies, the eels all inside each other, and generated from dough at the moment. There were great platters of fish born on the spot from grains of sprouted wheat, in which the ladies took a singular pleasure. The president having drunk a glass of rum, demonstrated to the assembly that it was as easy to see the future as the past; and then he licked his lips with his tongue, wagged his head a long time, exalted his imagination, and prophesied. We shall not here give his prophecy, which will be found entire in the academy's almanac.

The session was closed with a very eloquent discourse pronounced by the perpetual secretary of the academy.[1] "It is only an Erasmus," he said, "who could compose your panegyric." Then he elevated the president's monad[2] to the clouds, or at least to the fogs. He boldly placed him beside Cyrano de Bergerac. They erected for him a throne of bladders, and he departed the next day for the moon, where Astolphe found again, he says, what the president lost.[3]

[1] Formey, later called the "Eternal Secretary."

[2] On Leibnitz' theory, every animate being had its own monad.

[3] *I.e.*, his wits. Astolfo was a knight of Charlemagne in the stories, who, in the "Orlando Furioso," goes to the moon and finds there all the trifles lost on earth, including Orlando's lost senses.

(N.B. — The native of St. Malo did not set out for the moon, as he supposed, but contented himself with barking at it. The good Dr. Akakia, seeing that the distemper was increasing, imagined, with some of his brethren, that he could soften the acridity of the humors, by reconciling the president with the Swiss doctor who had displeased him so much by showing him his measure. The physician, believing that the antipathy was a disease that could be cured, then proposed the following treaty of peace : —)

Treaty of Peace concluded between the President and the Professor, January 1, 1753.

All Europe having been alarmed at a dangerous quarrel over an algebraic formula, etc., the two parties principally interested in this war, wishing to prevent an effusion of ink insupportable in the long run to all readers, have at last agreed on a philosophic peace in the manner following, to wit : —

The president has been transported to the place of his presidency, and has declared before his peers : —

1. Having had time to realize our mistake, we beg the professor to forget the past. We are very sorry to have made so much noise over a trifle, and to have charged with fabrications a grave professor who has never fabricated even an idea but as to monads and preëstablished harmony.

2. We have signed letters patent, sealed with our great seal, by which we concede liberty to the republic of letters; and we declare that we will henceforth permit any one to write contrary to our sentiments, without being reputed a dishonest man.

3. We ask pardon of God for having claimed that there are no proofs of his existence except in A plus B divided by Z, etc. And if, against all probability, an argument of this sort has led away any of our readers, we give him good advice by inviting him to employ himself more usefully, and to recede from those ideas he has taken up on this matter we know nothing about. The Inquisitors, who understand no more about it than we do, would do well in that respect not to judge us too harshly.

4. We permit henceforth all patients to pay their physicians, and physicians to treat several diseases; so that if a person

attacked with a colic sent for the urinary-calculus doctor, it should be all right for the latter to cut his man instead of giving him an injection : thus things will remain as they were.

5. We declare that when we proposed to establish a Latin city, we really foresaw quite well that the cooks, the laundresses, and the paviors would have to understand Latin as a preliminary, and that therefore it would be necessary these persons should learn grammar, in place of cooking food and laundering shirts, which might cause some dangerous cabals ; but we also considered that pupils and teachers alike might dispense with shirts like the ancient Romans, and even with cooks, and this is something we shall examine more at leisure when we have learned Latin thoroughly.

6. If we ever treat of copulation and fœtuses, we promise to study anatomy beforehand, no more to recommend ignorance to physicians, no longer to envy the lot of snails, and no more to say these caressing words to them : " Innocent snails, receive and return a thousand times the blows of the darts with which nature has armed you. Those she has reserved for us are cares and glances," — inasmuch as that is a very bad phrase, and a reserved care is not a dart, and those expressions are not academic.

7. We will bear toads no further envy, and we will speak no more in the style of the pastoral, seeing that Fontenelle, whom we supposed ourselves imitating, has not sung of toads in his eclogues.

8. We leave to God the task of creating human beings as seems good to him, without ever meddling with it ourselves ; and every one shall be free not to believe that in the uterus, the left big toe attracts the right big toe, nor that the hand is put at the end of the arm by attraction.

9. If we go to the Austral regions, we promise the academy to bring it four giants a dozen feet high, and four hairy human beings with long tails ; we will have them vivisected, without claiming on that account to know the nature of the soul better than we know it to-day ; but it is always good for the progress of the sciences to have great men to dissect.

10. If we go straight by sea to the North Pole, we will force nobody to make one of the expedition, except M. de ——, who has already followed us into countries unknown to him.[1]

[1] J. B. Merian, professor of metaphysics and philosophy, who took up arms for Maupertuis on this point of mathematics, an "unknown country to him."

11. In regard to the hole we wished to pierce to the core of the earth, we formally desist from that enterprise; for though truth may be at the bottom of a well, the well may be very difficult to dig. The workmen of the Tower of Babel are dead. No sovereign is willing to take the responsibility of our hole, because the opening would be rather too large, and it would be necessary to dig up at least all Germany, which would strikingly prejudice the balance of Europe. So we will leave the face of the world as it is; we will distrust ourselves every time we wish to go deep into anything, and we will constantly hold ourselves back at the surface of things.

12. We acknowledge that it is a little more difficult to predict the future than it is to learn to read Titus Livius or Thucydides. We will rule our soul, and exalt it no more; we admit that we have not yet the gift of prophecy, although we have a great tendency that way, if perspicacity could serve to make predictions; and when we said that it is the same thing to know the future and the past, we only meant to be understood that we know neither the one nor the other.

13. We still think it well that people should live eight or nine hundred years, by stopping up the pores and conduits of respiration; but we will not perform this experiment on any one, for fear the patient might arrive all at once at the age of maturity, which is death.

14. We engage not to write sadly about happiness any more, leaving moreover to each the liberty we have already accorded, of killing himself, or being a Christian, etc.

15. We will no longer depreciate the Germans so much, and we will admit that a Copernicus, a Kepler, a Leibnitz, a Wolf, a Haller, a Gottsched, are something, and that we have studied under the Bernouillis, and will study again; and finally that Professor Euler, who has been willing to serve us as lieutenant, is a very great geometer, who has sustained our principle by formulæ we have not been able to understand, but which those who do understand them assure us are full of genius, like all the other works of the said professor, our lieutenant.

16. And as we have it at heart to make a stable and perpetual peace, we solemnly promise to do our best to no more violate, whether in our arguments or in our actions, the three great principles of German philosophy, — to know the principles of contradiction, of sufficient reason, and of continuity; in

consequence of this engagement, we will permit ourselves no more contradictions in our writings, and we will try to put reason and coherence into our conduct.

17. As to what pertains to M. Wolf, our great rival, as his works are voluminous and we never read anything, we cannot resolve to examine their contents to authorize us to be able to decide. We, therefore, still reserve to ourselves the prerogative which we think due to a president of an academy, of being able to dogmatize freely on the merits of scientific books without giving ourselves the trouble of studying them.

18. Nevertheless, to give a mark of our condescension even in this, we exhort the young people who depend on us to read M. Wolf's books well before despising them ; and to set them a good example, we will ourselves undertake to study the little Logic of that German — all the more that in the French regiment in which we served in our youth, we never had occasion to hear those things spoken of.

19. Finally, to give the greatest possible proof of our sincere desire to confer repose on literary Europe, we consent that our chief enemy, M. de Voltaire, shall be comprised in the present treaty of peace, notwithstanding the powerful reasons we might advance for excepting him. Provided, then, he engages to put us no more into either his prose or his verses, we promise not to cabal against him any further ; to employ ourselves no more as the executioner of high justice to revenge ourselves for his sarcasms ; to threaten him no more with our fist instead of our wit ; to pretend no longer that he is trembling as if he had a fever ; and finally, to abandon La Beaumelle to his justice.

[These items were extended by Voltaire the next year to include a laborious attack on Euler; but he was so wholly out of his depth, and the assault is so devoid even of wit, that its inclusion here would be useless.]

This fine and sage discourse ended, the perpetual secretary read in a loud voice the declaration of Professor Koenig, which comprised in substance : —

1. That having labored all his life to submit his imagination to the empire of reason, he conceived himself incapable of conceiving ideas as brilliant as were those which the genius of the president had given birth to in his letters ; that he yielded him the palm, and should always acknowledge himself the inferior in this regard.

2. But that to spare the president henceforth from disagreeable suspicions, he would be more circumspect in his citations; that he would advance no fact relative to the sciences without being able to prove it by the signature of a notary public and four witnesses, people of good repute; that in dissertations on the minimum of action, he would cite no more passages from letters without having the originals in his hand; that furthermore, to facilitate the present accommodation, he would yield to the president the principle that "a writing of which one cannot produce the original is a forged writing," without suspecting him on that ground of lacking faith in the books of our holy religion.

3. That for the sake of peace, and as an equivalent for the honor of belonging to the academy of Berlin (which this professor has seen himself obliged to forego), he would accept a professorship of philosophy in the Latin city which the president intends to found, as soon as he found that they had begun to preach, to plead, and to play comedy there in Latin; and that in that case he would apply himself with all his might to speak and write in the style of the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum,"[1] in order to establish there as soon as possible a Latinity which the president can understand.

4. That meanwhile, he would put a monad or simple being beside every giant the president brought to the academy, and that both should be dissected, to see whether it is in the former or the latter that the nature of the soul can be most easily discovered.

5. That furthermore, he would cheerfully consent that all the rest should be declared a dead letter; that the combatants on both sides, without exception, should confess in good faith that each has been too immoderate, and that they ought to have begun where the public left off, — namely, by laughing.

The academy having listened with admiration to the foregoing treaty, applauded all the articles and guaranteed their execution; and in order that the fruits of this fortunate reconciliation might be tasted by all Europe, it wished the stipulation made that all the literary guild should thenceforth live as brothers, beginning from the day when all the women with pretensions to beauty should be without jealousy.

[1] Erasmus' famous satire.

The whole having been formally ratified, a Te Deum was to be sung, set to music by a Frenchman, and executed by Italians; and a grand mass celebrated, where a Jesuit should officiate, having a Calvinist for his deacon, and a Jansenist for his under-deacon: and peace would have been general throughout Christendom.

Who would have believed that so reasonable a project of peace would not be accepted by the president? But when on the point of signing and fulfilling the articles, his melancholy and his philocracy redoubled with violent symptoms, he flew into a passion with his good physician Akakia, who was himself sick just then in the city of Leipsic in Germany, and wrote him a fulminating letter, in which he threatened to come and kill him.

LETTER OF THE PRESIDENT TO HIS PHYSICIAN AKAKIA.

"I declare to you that my health is good enough to come and find you wherever you may be, to execute the fullest vengeance on you. Give thanks to the respect and obedience which have until now withheld my hand.

(Signed) "MAUPERTUIS."

Since the late M. Pourceaugnac [Molière's], who wanted to see his doctor sword in hand, so vicious a patient has not been found. Dr. Akakia, much frightened, had recourse to the University of Leipsic, and preferred to it the following request: —

"Dr. Akakia, having taken refuge in the University of Leipsic, where he has sought an asylum against the assaults of a Laplander, a native of St. Malo, who actually intends to come and murder him in the arms of the said university, urgently prays the teachers and scholars to arm themselves against this barbarian with their inkstands and penknives. He particularly addresses himself to his fellow-physicians; he trusts they will purge the said savage as soon as he appears, that they will evacuate all his peccant humors, and that they will conserve, by their art, what remains of the reason of this cruel Laplander, and of the life of their brother, the good Akakia, who recommends himself to their cares. He begs the apothecaries not to be absent-minded on this occasion."

In virtue of this request, the university issued a decree by which the native of St. Malo was to be stopped at the gates of

the city, when he should come to execute his parricidal design against the good Akakia, who had acted as a father to him.

Here are the exact orders of the university, just as they are found in the "Acta Eruditorum."

Extract from the Leipsic Newspaper entitled "Der Hofmeister."

"A certain person having written a letter to an inhabitant of Leipsic, in which he threatens the said inhabitant with assassination, and assassination being obviously contrary to the privileges of the Fair, all and every are desired to give notice of the said certain person when he shall present himself at the gates of Leipsic. He is a philosopher who walks in a ratio compounded of a distraught air and an air of precipitancy, round small eye, wig the same, flat nose, ill-favored countenance, with a full face and a mind full of mischief, always carrying a scalpel in his pocket to dissect long-tailed giants. Those who shall give information concerning him will receive a reward of a thousand ducats, assigned on the revenues of the Latin city which the said certain person is having built, or on the first comet of gold and diamonds which is to fall incessantly on the earth, according to the predictions of the said certain philosopher and assassin."

Nevertheless, Dr. Akakia lost no time in making answer to his patient, and still tried to restore his mental faculties by this friendly letter.

Letter of Dr. Akakia to the Native of St. Malo.

"Mr. President, — I have received the letter with which you honor me. You inform me that you are well, and that your strength is entirely recovered; and you threaten to come and murder me if I publish La Beaumelle's letter. What ingratitude to your poor physician Akakia! You are not content with ordaining that a physician shall not be paid, you want him killed! This procedure is neither that of a president of an academy nor of a good Christian, such as you are. I congratulate you on your good health; but I am not as strong as you. I have been in bed for a fortnight, and I beg you to defer the little experiment in physics you wish to perform. Perhaps you mean to dissect me; but remember that I am not a giant from the Southern Hemisphere, and that my brain is so small that the discovery of its fibers would give you no new conception of the soul. Furthermore, if you kill me, remember that M. de La Beaumelle has promised me to 'follow me to hell'; he will not fail to go there to find me; and although the hole which

is to be dug by your orders to the center of the earth, and which must lead straight to hell, may not be even begun, there are other means of going there, and it will be found that I am ill used in the other world as you have persecuted me in this.

"Would you wish, my dear sir, to push your animosity so far? Be good enough still to pay some attention to me; however little you may exalt your soul to see the future clearly, you will see that if you come and assassinate me at Leipsic, where you are no better loved than elsewhere, and your letter is put in evidence, you run some risk of being hanged, which will advance the moment of your maturity too greatly, and be very unsuitable to a president of an academy. I advise you first to have La Beaumelle's letter declared forged and an attack on your glory in one of your assemblies; after which it will be more freely permitted you, perhaps, to kill me as a disturber of your self-complacency.

"Moreover, I am still very weak; you would find me in bed, and I could do nothing but throw my syringe and my chamber vessel at your head: but as soon as I have regained a little strength, I will have my pistols charged *cum pulvere pyrio;* and by multiplying the mass by the square of the velocity until the action and yourself are reduced to zero, I shall put lead into your brain — it seems to need it.

"It will be sad for you that the Germans, whom you have so belittled, invented gunpowder, as you are to be commiserated that they invented printing.

"Adieu, my dear president.

"AKAKIA.

"POST SCRIPTUM.

"As there are fifty or sixty persons here who have taken the liberty of laughing prodigiously at you, they ask what day you intend to assassinate them."

It was hoped that this last cordial might really operate on the cross-grained disposition of the native of St. Malo; that he would desist from his cruel experiments; that he would no longer persecute the Swiss nor Akakia; that he would leave the Germans in peace; and that he might even one day, when he should be perfectly reëstablished, laugh at the symptoms of his malady.

But the physician Akakia, as a prudent man, wished still to spare the delicacy of the native of St. Malo; and addressing himself humbly to the eternal secretary of the Academy of the said Maloite, he wrote to him as follows: —

"To the Honorable Eternal Secretary:—

"I send you the sentence of death which the president has passed against me, with my appeal to the public, and the testimonials of protection given me by all the physicians and all the apothecaries of Leipsic. You see that the president does not limit himself to the experiments he projects in the Southern Hemisphere, and that he actually means in the Northern to separate my soul from my body. It is the first time that a president has wished to kill one of his advisers. Is this "the principle of the least action"? What a terrible man is this president! he charges forgery to the right, he assassinates to the left, and he proves God by A plus B divided by Z: frankly, nothing like it has ever been seen. I have had, sir, a little idea; it is, that when the president has killed, dissected, and buried me, my eulogy must be pronounced before the academy, according to the laudable custom. If it is he who is charged with it, he will be not a little embarrassed. We know how it was with the late Marshal Schmettau, to whom he had given some pain during his life. If it is you, sir, who compose my funeral oration, you will be as much hampered in it as any one else. You are a priest, and I am a layman; you are a Calvinist, and I am a Papist; you are an author, and so am I; you are well, and I am a doctor. Therefore, sir, to elude the funeral oration and put everybody at ease, let me die by the cruel hand of the president, and erase me from the list of your members. You will perceive, moreover, that being condemned to death by his writ, I must as a preliminary be degraded. Cut me off then, sir, from your list; class me with the fabricator Koenig, who has had the misfortune to be in the right. I will wait death patiently with that culprit.

". . . Pariterque jacentes,
Ignovere diis." — *Pharsalia*, ii., 92.
[And lying there together,
Submit to the Gods.]

"I am metaphysically, sir,
"Your very humble and very obedient servant,
"Akakia."

TWO PSEUDO-GOTHIC CELEBRITIES.

[Of the sham mediæval novel, which sought to do what Scott in large measure succeeded in doing, — combine the mystery, the romance, the picturesqueness, and the awe-inspiring quality of the sterner and the darker sides of mediæval life, and still more of mediæval legend, with the familiar dialogue and realism of the modern novel, — the originator was Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," very accessible in cheap editions; the most familiar is Mrs. Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho," still on most public-library shelves, and popular with a certain class of readers: neither of these need reproduction here. But one with a literary celebrity equal to either is totally inaccessible, — "The Monk," of Matthew Gregory Lewis, which was suppressed by the English government as a "libidinous and impious novel," and exists only in one or two libraries in England and America, and perhaps a very few private collections. If it had no other qualities than prurience, it might well be, and would be, forgotten; but it had strong emotional power, which has kept its name alive. A less known one somewhat later, "The Five Nights of St. Albans," by William Mudford, deserves remembrance for its gloomy force, despite its melodramatic supernaturalism; and still more for being the prototype of a much greater work, Sue's "Mysteries of Paris," in its revival of the classical unities in modern novel-writing, packing the whole development of a long romance into little more time than one would ordinarily spend in reading it.

Matthew Gregory Lewis was born at London in 1775. Educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and trained for a diplomatic career, he was made attaché to the British embassy at The Hague in 1794; while there he wrote "Ambrosio, or the Monk," which was published the next year. The year after that an injunction stopped its sale; Lewis expunged the worst passages and reprinted it, but perhaps did more damage to its interest than good to its morality. Considering the other novels the eighteenth century endured, the grounds of the uproar are not very obvious: it is certain that the middle-class alone created it, and the suppression seems to have been mainly in fear of middle-class voters, for Lewis was received in the best society and elected to Parliament. He never made a speech there, and devoted himself to literature instead of politics or diplomacy. In 1796 appeared "The Castle Spectre," a musical drama long popular; "The Minister," translated from Schiller, and "Rolla," translated from Kotzebue; and various other dramas. "The Bravo of Venice" (1804), a translation from the German, was long popular and is hardly yet forgotten. Inheriting estates in the West Indies, he visited Jamaica twice, and died of fever on the second visit, in 1818, undertaken chiefly to improve the condition of the slaves. "The Journal of a West Indian Proprietor" was published posthumously. Lewis, in spite of youthful heat and indiscretion, was an unusually high-minded and generous man.

William Mudford was born at London in 1782. In 1800 he became assistant secretary to the Duke of Kent, accompanying him to Gibraltar in 1802; then resigned to study for a journalist, and after a term as parliamentary reporter, and then writer on the *Courier*, became editor of that paper, but left it on its changing its politics. Losing his money in speculation, he took the editorship of, and finally bought, the *Kentish Observer* at Canterbury; and was long a voluminous contributor to *Blackwood's*, where one of his stories, "The Iron Shroud," was the model for Poe's "The Pit and the Pendulum." His

contributions as "The Silent Member" were very popular. In 1841 he succeeded Theodore Hook as editor of *John Bull*. He died in 1848. He wrote many books of fiction, history, etc.]

THE MONK.

BY MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

I.

TO DISSIPATE the unpleasant ideas which this scene had excited in him, upon quitting the chapel he descended into the abbey-garden. In all Madrid there was no spot more beautiful or better regulated. It was laid out with the most exquisite taste; the choicest flowers adorned it in the height of luxuriance, and, though artfully arranged, seemed only planted by the hand of Nature. Fountains, springing from basins of white marble, cooled the air with perpetual showers; and the walls were entirely covered by jessamine, vines, and honeysuckles. The hour now added to the beauty of the scene. The full moon, ranging through a blue and cloudless sky, shed upon the trees a trembling luster, and the waters of the fountain sparkled in the silver beam; a gentle breeze breathed the fragrance of orange-blossoms along the alleys, and the nightingale poured forth her melodious murmur from the shelter of an artificial wilderness. Thither the abbot bent his steps.

In the bosom of this little grove stood a rustic grotto, formed in imitation of an hermitage. The walls were constructed of roots of trees, and the interstices filled up with moss and ivy. Seats of turf were placed on either side, and a natural cascade fell from the rock above. Buried in himself, the monk approached the spot. The universal calm had communicated itself to his bosom, and a voluptuous tranquillity spread languor through his soul.

He reached the hermitage and was entering to repose himself, when he stopped, on perceiving it to be already occupied. Extended upon one of the banks lay a man in a melancholy posture. His head was supported upon his arm, and he seemed lost in meditation. The monk drew nearer, and recognized Rosario; he watched him in silence, and entered not the hermitage. After some minutes the youth raised his eyes and fixed them mournfully upon the opposite wall.

"Yes," said he, with a deep and plaintive sigh, "I feel all

the happiness of thy situation, all the misery of my own. Happy were I could I think like thee! could I look like thee with disgust upon mankind, could bury myself forever in some impenetrable solitude, and forget that the world holds beings deserving to be loved! O God, what a blessing would misanthropy be to me!"

"That is a singular thought, Rosario," said the abbot, entering the grotto.

"You here, reverend father?" cried the novice.

At the same time starting from his place in confusion, he drew his cowl hastily over his face. Ambrosio seated himself upon the bank, and obliged the youth to place himself by him.

"You must not indulge this disposition to melancholy," said he: "what can possibly have made you view in so desirable a light misanthropy, of all sentiments the most hateful?"

"The perusal of these verses, father, which till now had escaped my observation. The brightness of the moonbeams permitted my reading them; and oh, how I envy the feelings of the writer!"

As he said this, he pointed to a marble tablet fixed against the opposite wall; on it were engraved the following lines: —

INSCRIPTION IN AN HERMITAGE.

Whoe'er thou art these lines now reading,
Think not, though from the world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear,
That with remorse a conscience bleeding
Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours;
Free-willed I fled from courtly bowers;
For well I saw in halls and towers
That Lust and Pride,
The Arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
In state preside.

I saw mankind with vice incrusted;
I saw that Honor's sword was rusted;
That few for aught but folly lusted;
That he was still deceived who trusted
In love or friend;
And hither came, with men disgusted,
My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
Alike a foe to noisy folly
And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,
I wear away
My life, and in my office holy
Consume the day.

This rock my shield when storms are blowing;
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing
Supplying drink; the earth bestowing
My simple food;
But few enjoy the calm I know in
This desert rude.

Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot than e'er I felt before in
A palace; and with thoughts still soaring
To God on high,
Each night and morn with voice imploring,
This wish I sigh:

"Let me, O Lord, from life retire,
Unknown each guilty, worldly fire,
Remorseful throb, or loose desire;
And when I die,
Let me in this belief expire,
To God I fly!"

Stranger, if, full of youth and riot,
As yet no grief has marred thy quiet,
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
The Hermit's prayer;
But if thou hast a cause to sigh at
Thy fault or care;

If thou hast known false love's vexation,
Or hast been exiled from thy nation,
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
And makes thee pine;
Oh! how must thou lament thy station,
And envy mine!

"Were it possible," said the friar, "for man to be so totally wrapped up in himself as to live in absolute seclusion from human nature, and could yet feel the contented tranquillity

which these lines express, I allow that the situation would be more desirable than to live in a world so pregnant with every vice and every folly. But this never can be the case. This inscription was merely placed here for the ornament of the grotto, and the sentiments and the hermit are equally imaginary. Man was born for society. However little he may be attached to the world, he never can wholly forget it, or bear to be wholly forgotten by it. Disgusted at the guilt or absurdity of mankind, the misanthrope flies from it; he resolves to become an hermit, and buries himself in the cavern of some gloomy rock. While hate inflames his bosom, possibly he may feel contented with his situation; but when his passions begin to cool, when Time has mellowed his furrows, and healed those wounds which he bore with him to his solitude, think you that Content becomes his companion? Ah! no, Rosario. No longer sustained by the violence of his passions, he feels all the monotony of his way of living, and his heart becomes the prey of ennui and weariness. He looks round, and finds himself alone in the Universe; the love of society revives in his bosom, and he pants to return to that world which he has abandoned. Nature loses all her charms in his eyes; no one is near him to point out her beauties, or share in his admiration of her excellence and variety. Propped upon the fragment of some rock, he gazes upon the tumbling waterfall with a vacant eye; he views without emotion the glory of the setting sun. Slowly he returns to his cell at evening, for no one there is anxious for his arrival; he has no comfort in his solitary, unsavory meal; he throws himself upon his couch of moss despondent and dissatisfied, and wakes only to pass a day as joyless, as monotonous as the former."

"You amaze me, father! Suppose that circumstances condemned you to solitude, would not the duties of religion and the consciousness of a life well spent communicate to your heart that calm which —"

"I should deceive myself did I fancy that you could. I am convinced of the contrary, and that all my solitude would not prevent me from yielding to melancholy and disgust. After consuming the day in study, if you knew my pleasure at meeting my brethren in the evening! After passing many a long hour in solitude, if I could express to you the joy which I feel at once more beholding a fellow-creature! 'Tis in this particular that I place the principal merit of a monastic institution.

It secludes man from the temptations of Vice; it procures that leisure necessary for the proper service of the Supreme; it spares him the mortification of witnessing the crimes of the worldly, and yet permits him to enjoy the blessings of society. And do you, Rosario, do you envy an hermit's life? Can you be thus blind to the happiness of your situation? Reflect upon it for a moment. This abbey is become your asylum; your regularity, your gentleness, your talents have rendered you the object of universal esteem: you are secluded from the world which you propose to hate; yet you remain in possession of the benefits of society, and that a society composed of the most estimable of mankind."

"Father! father! 'tis that which causes my torment. Happy had it been for me had my life been passed among the vicious and abandoned; had I never heard pronounced the name of virtue. 'Tis my unbounded adoration of religion; 'tis my soul's exquisite sensibility of the fair and good, that loads me with shame, that hurries me to perdition. Oh! that I had never seen these abbey-walls!"

"How, Rosario? When we last conversed, you spoke in a different tone. Is my friendship then become of such little consequence? Had you never seen these abbey-walls, you never had seen me. Can that really be your wish?"

"Had never seen you?" repeated the novice, starting from the bank, and grasping the friar's hand with a frantic air — "you! you! Would to God that lightning had blasted them before you ever met my eyes! Would to God that I were never to see you more, and could forget that I had ever seen you!"

With these words he flew hastily from the grotto. Ambrosio remained in his former attitude, reflecting on the youth's unaccountable behavior. He was inclined to suspect the derangement of his senses; yet the general tenor of his conduct, the connection of his ideas, and calmness of his demeanor, till the moment of his quitting the grotto, seemed to discountenance this conjecture. After a few minutes Rosario returned. He again seated himself upon the bank; he reclined his cheek upon one hand, and with the other wiped away the tears which trickled from his eyes at intervals.

The monk looked upon him with compassion, and forbore to interrupt his meditations. Both observed for some time a profound silence. The nightingale had now taken her station

upon an orange tree fronting the hermitage, and poured forth a strain the most melancholy and melodious. Rosario raised his head, and listened to her with attention.

"It was thus," said he, with a deep-drawn sigh, "it was thus that, during the last month of her unhappy life, my sister used to sit listening to the nightingale. Poor Matilda! she sleeps in the grave, and her broken heart throbs no more with passion."

"You had a sister?"

"You say right that I *had*. Alas! I have one no longer. She sunk beneath the weight of her sorrows in the very spring of life."

"What were those sorrows?"

"They will not excite *your* pity. *You* know not the power of those irresistible, those fatal sentiments to which her heart was a prey. Father, she loved unfortunately. A passion for one endowed with every virtue, for a man — oh! rather let me say for a divinity — proved the bane of her existence. His noble form, his spotless character, his various talents, his wisdom, solid, wonderful, and glorious, might have warmed the bosom of the most insensible. My sister saw him, and dared to love, though she never dared to hope."

"If her love was so well bestowed, what forbade her to hope the obtaining of its object?"

"Father, before he knew her, Julian had already plighted his vows to a bride most fair, most heavenly! Yet still my sister loved, and for the husband's sake she doted upon the wife. One morning she found means to escape from our father's house; arrayed in humble weeds she offered herself as a domestic to the consort of her beloved, and was accepted. She was now continually in his presence; she strove to ingratiate herself into his favor; she succeeded. Her attentions attracted Julian's notice; the virtuous are ever grateful, and he distinguished Matilda above the rest of her companions."

"And did not your parents seek for her? Did they submit tamely to their loss, nor attempt to recover their wandering daughter?"

"Ere they could find her, she discovered herself. Her love grew too violent for concealment; yet she wished not for Julian's person, she ambitioned but a share of his heart. In an unguarded moment she confessed her affection. What was the return? Doting upon his wife, and believing that a look

of pity bestowed upon another was a theft from what he owed to her, he drove Matilda from his presence; he forbade her ever again appearing before him. His severity broke her heart; she returned to her father's, and in a few months after was carried to her grave."

"Unhappy girl! Surely her fate was too severe, and Julian was too cruel."

"Do you think so, father?" cried the novice with vivacity. "Do you think that he was cruel?"

"Doubtless I do, and pity her most sincerely."

"You pity her? you pity her? O father! father! then pity me—"

The friar started; when, after a moment's pause, Rosario added with a faltering voice, "for my sufferings are still greater. My sister had a friend, a real friend, who pitied the acuteness of her feelings, nor reproached her with her inability to repress them. I—! I have no friend! The whole wide world cannot furnish a heart that is willing to participate in the sorrows of mine."

As he uttered these words, he sobbed audibly. The friar was affected. He took Rosario's hand, and pressed it with tenderness.

"You have no friend, say you? What, then, am I? Why will you not confide in me, and what can you fear? My severity? Have I ever used it with you? The dignity of my habit? Rosario, I lay aside the monk, and bid you consider me as no other than your friend, your father. Well may I assume that title, for never did parent watch over a child more fondly than I have watched over you. From the moment in which I first beheld you, I perceived sensations in my bosom till then unknown to me; I found a delight in your society which no one's else could afford; and when I witnessed the extent of your genius and information, I rejoiced as does a father in the perfections of his son. Then lay aside your fears; speak to me with openness; speak to me, Rosario, and say that you will confide in me. If my aid or my pity can alleviate your distress—"

"Yours can; yours only can. Ah! father, how willingly would I unveil to you my heart! how willingly would I declare the secret which bows me down with its weight! But oh! I fear—

"What, my son?"

"That you should abhor me for my weakness; that the reward of my confidence should be the loss of your esteem."

"How shall I reassure you? Reflect upon the whole of my past conduct, upon the paternal tenderness which I have ever shown you. Abhor you, Rosario? It is no longer in my power. To give up your society would be to deprive myself of the greatest pleasure of my life. Then reveal to me what afflicts you, and believe me while I solemnly swear —"

"Hold!" interrupted the novice. "Swear that, whatever be my secret, you will not oblige me to quit the monastery till my noviciate shall expire."

"I promise faithfully; and as I keep my vows to you, may Christ keep his to mankind! Now, then, explain this mystery, and rely upon my indulgence."

"I obey you. Know then — oh! how I tremble to name the word! Listen to me with pity, revered Ambrosio! Call up every latent spark of human weakness that may teach you compassion for mine! Father!" continued he, throwing himself at the friar's feet, and pressing his hand to his lips with eagerness, while agitation for a moment choked his voice; "father!" continued he in faltering accents, "I am a woman!"

II.

While she sung, Ambrosio listened with delight: never had he heard a voice more harmonious; and he wondered how such heavenly sounds could be produced by any but angels. But though he indulged the sense of hearing, a single look convinced him that he must not trust to that of sight. The songstress sat a little distance from his bed. The attitude in which she bent over her harp was easy and graceful; her cowl had fallen backwarder than usual; two coral lips were visible, ripe, fresh, and melting; and a chin, in whose dimples seemed to lurk a thousand cupids. Her habit's long sleeve would have swept along the cords of the instrument: to prevent this inconvenience she had drawn it above her elbow, and by this means an arm was discovered, formed in the most perfect symmetry, the delicacy of whose skin might have contended with snow in whiteness. Ambrosio dared to look on her but once: that glance sufficed to convince him how dangerous was the presence of this seducing object. He closed his eyes, but

strove in vain to banish her from his thoughts. There she still moved before him, adorned with all those charms which his heated imagination could supply. Every beauty which he had seen appeared embellished; and those still concealed, fancy represented to him in glowing colors. Still, however, his vows, and the necessity of keeping to them, were present to his memory. He struggled with desire, and shuddered when he beheld how deep was the precipice before him.

Matilda ceased to sing. Dreading the influence of her charms, Ambrosio remained with his eyes closed, and offered up his prayers to St. Francis to assist him in this dangerous trial! Matilda believed that he was sleeping; she rose from her feet, approached the bed softly, and for some minutes gazed upon him attentively.

"He sleeps," said she at length in a low voice, but whose accents the abbot distinguished perfectly; "now, then, I may gaze upon him without offense; I may mix my breath with his; I may dote upon his features, and he cannot suspect me of impurity and deceit. He fears my seducing him to the violation of his vows. Oh! the unjust! Were it my wish to excite desire, should I conceal my features from him so carefully? . . . those features, of which I daily hear him . . ."

She stopped, and was lost in her reflections.

"It was but yesterday," she continued; "but a few short hours have passed since I was dear to him; he esteemed me, and my heart was satisfied: now, oh! now, how cruelly is my situation changed! He looks on me with suspicion; he bids me leave him, leave him forever. Oh! you, my saint, my idol! You! holding the next place to God in my breast, yet two days, and my heart will be unveiled to you. Could you know my feelings, when I beheld your agony! Could you know how much your sufferings have endeared you to me! But the time will come when you will be convinced that my passion is pure and disinterested. Then you will pity me, and feel the whole weight of these sorrows."

As she said this, her voice was choked by weeping. While she bent over Ambrosio, a tear fell upon his cheek.

"Ah! I have disturbed him," cried Matilda, and retreated hastily.

Her alarm was ungrounded. None sleep so profoundly as those who are determined not to wake. The friar was in this predicament: he still seemed buried in a repose, which every

succeeding minute rendered him less capable of enjoying. The burning tear had communicated its warmth to his heart.

"What affection! What purity!" said he, internally. "Ah! since my bosom is thus sensible of pity, what would it be if agitated by love?"

Matilda again quitted her seat, and retired to some distance from the bed. Ambrosio ventured to open his eyes, and to cast them upon her fearfully. Her face was turned from him. She rested her head in a melancholy posture upon her harp, and gazed on the picture which hung opposite to the bed.

"Happy, happy image!" Thus did she address the beautiful Madonna; "'tis to you that he offers his prayers; 'tis on you that he gazes with admiration. I thought you would have lightened my sorrows; you have only served to increase their weight; you have made me feel that, had I known him ere his vows were pronounced, Ambrosio and happiness might have been mine. With what pleasure he views this picture! With what fervor he addresses his prayers to the insensible image! Ah! may not his sentiments be inspired by some kind and secret genius, friend to my affection? May it not be man's natural instinct which informs him — ? Be silent, idle hopes! let me not encourage an idea which takes from the brilliance of Ambrosio's virtue. 'Tis religion, not beauty, which attracts his admiration; 'tis not the woman, but the divinity, that kneels. Would he but address to me the least tender expression which he pours forth to this Madonna! Would he but say that, were he not already affianced to the church, he would not have despised Matilda! Oh! let me nourish that fond idea. Perhaps he may yet acknowledge that he feels for me more than pity, and that affection like mine might well have deserved a return. Perhaps he may own thus much when I lie on my death-bed. He then need not fear to infringe his vows, and the confession of his regard will soften the pangs of dying. Would I were sure of this! Oh! how earnestly should I sigh for the moment of dissolution!"

Of this discourse the abbot lost not a syllable; and the tone in which she pronounced these last words pierced to his heart. Involuntarily he raised himself from his pillow.

"Matilda!" he said in a troubled voice; "oh! my Matilda!"

She started at the sound and turned towards him hastily. The suddenness of the movement made her cowl fall back

from her head; her features became visible to the monk's inquiring eye. What was his amazement at beholding the exact resemblance of his admired Madonna? The same exquisite proportion of features, the same profusion of golden hair, the same rosy lips, heavenly eyes, and majesty of countenance adorned Matilda! Uttering an exclamation of surprise, Ambrosio sunk back upon his pillows, and doubted whether the object before him was mortal or divine.

Matilda seemed penetrated with confusion. She remained motionless in her place, and supported herself upon her instrument. Her eyes were bent upon the earth, and her fair cheeks overspread with blushes. On recovering herself, her first action was to conceal her features. She then, in an unsteady and troubled voice, ventured to address these words to the friar: —

"Accident has made you master of a secret which I never would have revealed but on the bed of death. Yes, Ambrosio, in Matilda de Villanegas you see the original of your beloved Madonna. Soon after I conceived my unfortunate passion, I formed the project of conveying to you my picture. Crowds of admirers had persuaded me that I possessed some beauty, and I was anxious to know what effect it would produce upon you. I caused my portrait to be drawn by Martin Galuppi, a celebrated Venetian at that time resident in Madrid. The resemblance was striking; I sent it to the Capuchin abbey as if for sale, and the Jew from whom you bought it was one of my emissaries. You purchased it. Judge of my rapture when informed that you had gazed upon it with delight, or rather with adoration; that you had suspended it in your cell, and that you addressed your supplications to no other saint! Will this discovery make me still more regarded as an object of suspicion? Rather should it convince how pure is my affection, and engage you to suffer me in your society and esteem. I heard you daily extol the praises of my portrait. I was an eye-witness of the transports which its beauty excited in you; yet I forbore to use against your virtue those arms with which yourself had furnished me. I concealed those features from your sight, which you loved unconsciously. I strove not to excite desire by displaying my charms, or to make myself mistress of your heart through the medium of your senses. To attract your notice by studiously attending to religious duties, to endear myself to you by convincing you that my mind was virtuous and my attachment sincere — such was my only aim.

I succeeded; I became your companion and your friend. I concealed my sex from your knowledge; and had you not pressed me to reveal my secret, had I not been tormented by the fear of a discovery, never had you known me for any other than Rosario. And still are you resolved to drive me from you? The few hours of life which yet remain for me, may I not pass them in your presence? Oh! speak, Ambrosio, and tell me that I may stay."

This speech gave the abbot an opportunity of recollecting himself. He was conscious that, in the present disposition of his mind, avoiding her society was his only refuge from the power of this enchanting woman.

"Your declaration has so much astonished me," said he, "that I am at present incapable of answering you. Do not insist upon a reply, Matilda; leave me to myself. I have need to be alone."

"I obey you; but, before I go, promise not to insist upon my quitting the abbey immediately."

"Matilda, reflect upon your situation; reflect upon the consequences of your stay; our separation is indispensable, and we must part."

"But not to-day, father! Oh! in pity not to-day!"

"You press me too hard; but I cannot resist that tone of supplication. Since you insist upon it, I yield to your prayer; I consent to your remaining here a sufficient time to prepare, in some measure, the brethren for your departure: stay yet two days; but on the third"—(he sighed involuntarily)—"remember, that on the third we must part forever!"

She caught his hand eagerly, and pressed it to her lips.

"On the third!" she exclaimed with an air of wild solemnity; "you are right, father, you are right! On the third we must part forever."

There was a dreadful expression in her eye as she uttered these words, which penetrated the friar's soul with horror. Again she kissed his hand, and then fled with rapidity from the chamber.

Anxious to authorize the presence of his dangerous guest, yet conscious that her stay was infringing the laws of his order, Ambrosio's bosom became the theater of a thousand contending passions. At length his attachment to the feigned Rosario, aided by the natural warmth of his temperament, seemed likely to obtain the victory: the success was assured, when that

presumption which formed the groundwork of his character came to Matilda's assistance. The monk reflected, that to vanquish temptation was an infinitely greater merit than to avoid it; he thought that he ought rather to rejoice in the opportunity given him of proving the firmness of his virtue. St. Anthony had withstood all seductions to lust, then why should not he! Besides, St. Anthony was tempted by the devil, who put every art into practice to excite his passions; whereas Ambrosio's danger proceeded from a mere mortal woman, fearful and modest, whose apprehensions of his yielding were not less violent than his own.

"Yes," said he, "the unfortunate shall stay; I have nothing to fear from her presence: even should my own prove too weak to resist the temptation, I am secured from danger by the innocence of Matilda."

Ambrosio was yet to learn, that, to an heart unacquainted with her, vice is ever most dangerous when lurking behind the mask of virtue.

He found himself so perfectly recovered, that when Father Pablos visited him again at night, he entreated permission to quit his chamber on the day following. His request was granted. Matilda appeared no more that evening, except in company with the monks when they came in a body to inquire after the abbot's health. She seemed fearful of conversing with him in private, and stayed but a few minutes in his room. The friar slept well; but the dreams of the former night were repeated, and his sensations of voluptuousness were yet more keen and exquisite; the same lust-exciting visions floated before his eyes; Matilda, in all the pomp of beauty, warm, tender, and luxurious, clasped him to her bosom, and lavished upon him the most ardent caresses. He returned them as eagerly; and already was on the point of satisfying his desires when the faithless form disappeared, and left him to all the horrors of shame and disappointment.

The morning dawned. Fatigued, harassed, and exhausted by his provoking dreams, he was not disposed to quit his bed; he excused himself from appearing at matins; it was the first morning in his life that he had ever missed them. He rose late: during the whole of the day he had no opportunity of speaking to Matilda without witnesses; his cell was thronged by the monks, anxious to express their concern at his illness; and he was still occupied in receiving their compliments on

his recovery, when the bell summoned them to the refectory.

After dinner the monks separated, and dispersed themselves in various parts of the garden, where the shade of trees, or retirement of some grotto, presented the most agreeable means of enjoying the siesta. The abbot bent his steps towards the hermitage; a glance of his eye invited Matilda to accompany him: she obeyed, and followed him thither in silence; they entered the grotto, and seated themselves; both seemed unwilling to begin the conversation, and to labor under the influence of mutual embarrassment. At length the abbot spoke; he conversed only on indifferent topics, and Matilda answered him in the same tone; she seemed anxious to make him forget that the person who sat by him was any other than Rosario. Neither of them dared, or indeed wished, to make an allusion to the subject which was most at the heart of both.

Matilda's efforts to appear gay were evidently forced; her spirits were oppressed by the weight of anxiety; and when she spoke her voice was low and feeble; she seemed desirous of finishing a conversation which embarrassed her; and, complaining that she was unwell, she requested Ambrosio's permission to return to the abbey. He accompanied her to the door of her cell; and when arrived there, he stopped her to declare his consent to her continuing the partner of his solitude, so long as should be agreeable to herself.

She discovered no marks of pleasure at receiving this intelligence, though on the preceding day she had been so anxious to obtain the permission.

"Alas, father," she said, waving her head mournfully, "your kindness comes too late; my doom is fixed; we must separate forever; yet believe that I am grateful for your generosity, for your compassion of an unfortunate who is but too little deserving of it."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes; her cowl was only half drawn over her face. Ambrosio observed that she was pale, and her eyes sunk and heavy.

"Good God!" he cried, "you are very ill, Matilda; I shall send Father Pablos to you instantly."

"No, do not; I am ill, 'tis true, but he cannot cure my malady. Farewell, father! Remember me in your prayers to-morrow, while I shall remember you in heaven."

She entered her cell and closed the door.

The abbot dispatched to her the physician without losing a moment, and waited his report impatiently; but Father Pablos soon returned, and declared that his errand had been fruitless. Rosario refused to admit him, and had positively rejected his offers of assistance. The uneasiness which this account gave Ambrosio was not trifling: yet he determined that Matilda should have her own way for that night; but that, if her situation did not mend by the morning, he would insist upon her taking the advice of Father Pablos.

He did not find himself inclined to sleep; he opened his casement, and gazed upon the moonbeams as they played upon the small stream whose waters bathed the walls of the monastery. The coolness of the night breeze and tranquillity of the hour inspired the friar's mind with sadness: he thought upon Matilda's beauty and affection; upon the pleasures which he might have shared with her, had he not been restrained by monastic fetters. He reflected that unsustained by hope, her love for him could not long exist; that doubtless she would succeed in extinguishing her passion, and seek for happiness in the arms of one more fortunate.

He shuddered at the void which her absence would leave in his bosom; he looked with disgust on the monotony of a convent, and breathed a sigh toward that world from which he was forever separated. Such were the reflections which a loud knocking at his door interrupted. The bell of the church had already struck two. The abbot hastened to inquire the cause of this disturbance. He opened the door of his cell, and a lay-brother entered, whose looks declared his hurry and confusion.

"Hasten, reverend father!" said he, "hasten to the young Rosario: he earnestly requests to see you; he lies at the point of death."

"Gracious God! where is Father Pablos? Why is he not with him? Oh! I fear, I fear—"

"Father Pablos has seen him, but his art can do nothing. He says that he suspects the youth to be poisoned."

"Poisoned? Oh! the unfortunate! It is, then, as I suspected! But let me not lose a moment: perhaps it may yet be time to save her."

He said, and flew toward the cell of the novice. Several monks were already in the chamber; Father Pablos was one of them, and held a medicine in his hand, which he was endeav-

oring to persuade Rosario to swallow. The others were employed in admiring the patient's divine countenance, which they now saw for the first time. She looked lovelier than ever; she was no longer pale or languid; a bright glow had spread itself over her cheeks; her eyes sparkled with a serene delight, and her countenance was expressive of confidence and resignation.

"Oh! torment me no more!" was she saying to Pablos, when the terrified abbot rushed hastily into the cell; "my disease is far beyond the reach of your skill, and I wish not to be cured of it." Then perceiving Ambrosio, "Ah, 'tis he!" she cried; "I see him once again before we part forever! Leave me, my brethren: much have I to tell this holy man in private."

The monks retired immediately, and Matilda and the abbot remained together.

"What have you done, imprudent woman?" exclaimed the latter, as soon as they were left alone. "Tell me, are my suspicions just? Am I, indeed, to lose you? Has your own hand been the instrument of your destruction?"

She smiled, and grasped his hand.

"In what have I been imprudent, father? I have sacrificed a pebble, and saved a diamond. My death preserves a life valuable to the world, and more dear to me than my own. Yes, father, I am poisoned; but know that the poison once circulated in your veins."

"Matilda!"

"What I tell you I resolved never to discover to you but on the bed of death; that moment is now arrived. You cannot have forgotten the day already when your life was endangered by the bite of a cientipedoro. The physician gave you over, declaring himself ignorant how to extract the venom. I knew but of one means, and hesitated not a moment to employ it. I was left alone with you; you slept; I loosened the bandage from your hand; I kissed the wound, and drew out the poison with my lips. The effect has been more sudden than I expected. I feel death at my heart; and yet an hour, and I shall be in a better world."

"Almighty God!" exclaimed the abbot, and sunk almost lifeless upon the bed.

After a few minutes he again raised himself up suddenly, and gazed upon Matilda with all the wildness of despair.

"And you have sacrificed yourself for me! You die, and die to preserve Ambrosio! And is there, indeed, no remedy, Matilda? And is there, indeed, no hope? Speak to me, oh! speak to me! Tell me that you have still the means of life!"

"Be comforted, my only friend! Yes, I have still the means of life in my power; but it is a means which I dare not employ: it is dangerous; it is dreadful! Life would be purchased at too dear a rate — unless it were permitted me to live for you."

"Then live for me, Matilda; for me and gratitude!" (He caught her hand, and pressed it rapturously to his lips.) "Remember our late conversations; I now consent to everything. Remember in what lively colors you described the union of souls; be it ours to realize those ideas. Let us forget the distinctions of sex, despise the world's prejudices, and only consider each other as brother and friend. Live, then, Matilda, oh! live for me!"

"Ambrosio, it must not be. When I thought thus, I deceived both you and myself; either I must die at present, or expire by the lingering torments of unsatisfied desire. Oh! since we last conversed together a dreadful veil has been rent from before my eyes. I love you no longer with the devotion which is paid to a saint; I prize you no more for the virtues of your soul: I lust for the enjoyment of your person. The woman reigns in my bosom, and I am become a prey to the wildest of passions. Away with friendship! 'tis a cold unfeeling word; my bosom burns with love, with unutterable love, and love must be its return. Tremble, then, Ambrosio, tremble to succeed in your prayers. If I live, your truth, your reputation, your reward of a life passed in sufferings, all that you value, is irretrievably lost. I shall no longer be able to combat my passions, shall seize every opportunity to excite your desires, and labor to effect your dishonor and my own. No, no, Ambrosio, I must not live; I am convinced with every moment that I have but one alternative; I feel with every heart-throb that I must enjoy you or die."

"Amazement, Matilda! Can it be you who speak to me?"

He made a movement as if to quit his seat. She uttered a loud shriek, and, raising herself half out of the bed, threw her arms round the friar to detain him.

"Oh! do not leave me! Listen to my errors with compassion; in a few hours I shall be no more; yet a little, and I am free from this disgraceful passion."

"Wretched woman, what can I say to you? I cannot — I must not — But live, Matilda! oh, live!"

"You do not reflect on what you ask. What? live to plunge myself in infamy? to become the agent of hell? to work the destruction both of you and of myself? Feel this heart, father."

She took his hand, confused, embarrassed, and fascinated; he withdrew it not, and felt her heart throb under it.

"Feel this heart, father! It is yet the seat of honor, truth, and chastity; if it beats to-morrow, it must fall a prey to the blackest crimes. Oh! let me then die to-day! Let me die while I yet deserve the tears of the virtuous. Thus will I expire!" (She reclined her head upon his shoulder; her golden hair poured itself over his chest.) "Folded in your arms, I shall sink to sleep; your hand shall close my eyes forever, and your lips receive my dying breath. And will you not sometimes think of me? Will you not sometimes shed a tear upon my tomb? Oh, yes, yes, yes! that kiss is my assurance."

The hour was night. All was silence around. The faint beams of a solitary lamp darted upon Matilda's figure, and shed through the chamber a dim, mysterious light. No prying eye or curious ear was near the lovers; nothing was heard but Matilda's melodious accents. Ambrosio was in the full vigor of manhood; he saw before him a young and beautiful woman, the preserver of his life, the adorer of his person, and whom affection for him had reduced to the brink of the grave. He sat upon her bed; his hand rested upon her bosom; her head reclined voluptuously upon his breast. Who, then, can wonder if he yielded to the temptation? Drunk with desire, he pressed his lips to those which sought them; his kisses vied with Matilda's in warmth and passion; he clasped her rapturously in his arms; he forgot his vows, his sanctity, and his fame; he remembered nothing but the pleasure and opportunity.

"Ambrosio! O, my Ambrosio!" sighed Matilda.

"Thine, ever thine," murmured the friar, and sunk upon her bosom.

The Five Nights of St. Albans.

By WILLIAM MUDFORD.

Fifth Night.

The night came! The eleventh hour approached, and consternation filled every mind! The people ran to and fro, or collected in terrified groups, to gaze upon the appalling scene that presented itself! The Abbey again appeared like one huge mass of glowing fire; again were beheld careering flames, which sometimes shot along the walls, as if they were burning spears and arrows; at others, slowly unfolded themselves into unknown shapes, and then curled up the gray towers, which seemed to melt in their fierce embrace. The earth shook beneath; the roof heaved and rolled above; the walls reeled! In the lurid air were seen grisly forms and dusky shadows flitting about, or slowly sailing round and round with enormous wings, which made a momentary darkness as they passed along. The wind roared; and, ever and anon, amid its gusty pauses, were heard screaming and howling in the sky, which mingled fearfully with the groans and cries of affrighted men, women, and children, who ran wildly about the streets. Every house cast forth its tenants. The sick, the lame, and the aged rushed out to cling for protection to husbands — fathers — sons — who had joined the frantic multitude. But no one talked of comfort; no one breathed the word of consolation. The boldest stood calmly waiting for the worst; the weakest and the most timid already found that worst in their fears, and wept and shrieked for aid.

One alone, in that night of horror, looked on and smiled. It was Fitz-Maurice.

As if no earthly passion found a place within his bosom — as if no human impulse throbbed within his heart — as if, with man's form only, he owned the unshrinking spirit of some god or devil, he surveyed, unmoved, the terrific scene. The bell tolled the hour of eleven, and the ground rung beneath the furious tread of his courser's feet.

De Clare, Peverell, Mortimer, Lacy, Hoskyns, Walwyn, and Owen Rees were already assembled by the obscure grave of Kit Barnes. Fitz-Maurice came. He alighted not, — he spoke not, — but on his features sat an expression of serene joy. He

beckoned them forth from the churchyard, and they slowly gathered round him in silence. Mephosto looked at them with malignant exultation as he drew back his steed to make room for them near Fitz-Maurice. They were alone. None knew of their purpose to be there, and they had reached the gloomy spot unobserved. At intervals they heard, floating on the breeze, the discordant voices of the distant multitude — the sudden cry — the loud shout — the growing murmur, confusedly mingled with the howling of the wind, and with the unearthly noises, like dismal wailings, or the moanings of deep anguish, which issued from the Abbey.

"Methinks," said De Clare, drawing his cloak round him, and folding his arms, while he addressed Fitz-Maurice, "methinks you were well advised when you said, last night, we stood close upon the unveiling of these mysteries."

"I was prepared for this," replied Fitz-Maurice, "and more than this."

"More!" exclaimed Walwyn.

"Aye, more!" responded Fitz-Maurice; "else why did I forewarn you? Why hem you round with a solemn oath, to guard against one faltering step from a timid spirit, in the final act? But we have not met to talk. Follow me!"

"One word," said Peverell, laying his hand upon the neck of Fitz-Maurice's charger. "Do you know Conrad Geister?"

"What of him?" replied Fitz-Maurice.

"Do you know him?" repeated Peverell.

"I do *not* know Conrad Geister," answered Fitz-Maurice. "Why do you ask?"

"He is your sworn enemy," replied Peverell; "one who spoke of what you were in the mountains and valleys of Scandinavia — one who sought me this evening in my house, and wasted an hour, or thereabouts, in earnest persuasion, to keep me from coming here."

Mephosto galled his steed with the rein, to make him curvet and plunge towards where Peverell stood.

"For this it was," exclaimed Fitz-Maurice, looking at Mephosto, "that you charmed me into sleep, and left me! You shall groan for it, filthy thing, erelong." Then, turning to Peverell, he added, "If you remember the words of my letter, you will understand why I honor your noble firmness, and why he that *hath* faith shall *have it!* But now you are answered — and now let us forward."

Fitz-Maurice moved slowly in the direction of the Abbey; Mephosto followed close behind; the others walked by his side. When the people saw them, they uttered a loud cry, and fled. They could see only the gigantic figure of Fitz-Maurice: his sable ostrich plume waving in the wind; his long black mantle streaming behind; his courser proudly pawing the earth as he advanced; and Mephosto's hideous form in the rear. They knew not what it was, and they were dismayed.

As they approached the Abbey, the noises were redoubled. Monstrous shadows reared themselves in threatening attitudes along the walls; the bell tolled, and its beat was like the roaring of cannon; purple and sulphureous flames seemed to burst from the windows; the earth trembled beneath their feet; the rushing winds blew from every quarter of the heavens; blazing meteors flashed across the darkened sky; fiery hail fell before them at each step, as if to drive them back; corpse-like faces grinned and chattered around them; unseen icy hands clasped theirs; night ravens shrieked, toads croaked, and adders hissed; the ground was strewed with loathsome reptiles of all kinds; low, mourning voices smote their ears, crying, "Beware! beware!" and a fast-swelling river of blood seemed to exhale from the earth, like a moat before the doors of the Abbey!

Within the portal itself stood the Old Man, even as he showed himself on the night when Kit Barnes entered. In his right hand, the arm of which was bared up to the shoulder, he held the crucifix aloft, as then he did; but instead of flames of fire issuing from it, when he waved it furiously over his head, there appeared the sacred image of the Redeemer, in meek and patient suffering!

At sight of this Fitz-Maurice stopped; and, elevating his voice above the horrid tumult, exclaimed, "Behold yon symbol! By its holy power I conjure ye, be men! May the sacred spirit of the host of martyrs inspire you and animate your hearts! Forward, and remember! he who looks behind makes himself a traitor to the cause he has espoused!"

So saying, he again gave his steed the rein. But at that instant, all was darkness and deathlike silence without! Nothing was visible save the gray stone walls of the fabric and gleaming lights that flashed in fitful radiance through the windows; nothing was audible but a faint, stifled cry of woe within! Arrived at the door, Fitz-Maurice sprung from the

saddle, and, giving his courser to Mephosto, exclaimed: "Tarry for the hour! If I come not, then come not thou till I bid!"

"I *will* tarry," croaked Mephosto, "or, at thy mighty bidding, come!"

Fitz-Maurice threw open the doors of the Abbey, and entered, followed by Peverell, Lacy, De Clare, Walwyn, Mortimer, Hoskyns, and Owen Rees. A loud yell, as if proceeding from a thousand iron voices, smote their ears; and then a horrid laughing burst forth, which seemed to come from above, below, and around them. This was followed by dismal shrieks, which grew fainter and fainter, till at last they subsided into what seemed a funereal dirge, accompanied by the swelling tones of an organ! As these died away, a solemn stillness prevailed.

The interior was lighted, if light it could be called, with that kind of dusky gloom which is shed over every object by the descending shadows of evening. The eye could distinguish neither the height, nor the length, nor the breadth of the aisles. But pale phantoms, in shrouds and winding sheets, and in every stage almost of mortal decay, were visible. Some looked as if life had just departed, — others with that green and yellow hue, as if they had not lain in the earth a week, — some showed incipient rottenness, in the loss of lips, and eyes, and cheeks, — others, with the features dissolving into putrid liquefaction, — some were brushing away the worms that crawled out of their ears and mouth, — and some, more horrible still, seemed to dress up their dry, fleshless bones, in the living characters of thought and passion! On every side these hideous specters were seen, sweeping slowly along in the air, or gliding upon the ground, or stalking backwards and forwards, with noiseless motion. Sometimes they would bring their pestiferous faces close, and their smell was of corruption; but if the uplifted hand was raised to put them back, it passed through mere vacancy!

At the very entrance, almost, stood the Old Man, with the crucifix held high above his head, and glaring like a demon at Fitz-Maurice, while rage, defiance, and scorn successively dwelt upon his features. His head and feet were bare; his right arm naked to the shoulder; and round his body an ample purple vest or robe, confined by a crimson girdle, with a curiously wrought clasp of gold, which fastened beneath the bosom, and flickered to the eye, like gently undulating flame. He did not utter a word; but remained motionless, as if it was his intent to

dispute the further progress of Fitz-Maurice, who also paused for a moment.

As to the feelings of those who were following him, it were vain to attempt, by any description, to convey a notion of their intensity. Peverell, De Clare, and Lacy were the only ones of whom it could truly be affirmed they *felt* no fear: the first from native intrepidity of character, the second from disdain, and the third from habit. Of the other four, it could only be said they *expressed* none. Walwyn thought of his kinsman's death, and hardly cared how soon he followed him. Mortimer played with his lovelock, and breathed short. The Welchman kept his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and, raising himself upon his toes, essayed to peep over the shoulders of the others, at what might be coming. Hungerford Hoskyns touched him on the elbow, and in a whisper, that partook of something between a groan and a laugh, exclaimed, "I think we are cracking the shell of this business now — keep close, for the love of God!"

Fitz-Maurice, calm and undaunted, advances. The Old Man recedes a few paces, but still confronting his adversary. The grim shadows flit about in quicker motion, and become more ghastly. Fitz-Maurice continues to walk slowly onwards, and the Old Man gives way, step by step. The ground rocks and heaves, and the stones cleaving asunder, a deep, dark grave yawns before them! The Old Man points to it with an air of deriding malignity. Fitz-Maurice bows his head in silence, as he still proceeds. They have all passed the grave. Suddenly a dismal howl, a long, deep, and melancholy moan, breaks upon the stillness of the scene.

Again the ground rocks and heaves — again the pavement opens, and another grave gapes beneath their feet! The Old Man points to it, as before. Fitz-Maurice raises his eyes to heaven, and his lips move, as if in prayer. A louder howl, a longer and a deeper moan, are heard; but Fitz-Maurice advances upon the still retreating footsteps of the Old Man, whose looks betray rage and amazement!

And now, upon the leaden-colored mist that had hitherto enveloped them, there grew a streaming brightness of saffron-tinted light, which emitted a most noisome odor, and filled the whole surrounding space; but it was too opaque to render visible more than a small portion of it. The Old Man plucked from his golden clasp a part of it, and cast it violently on the ground, when the earth opened with a tremendous noise, and

from the rugged chasm ascended sulphureous flames of roaring fire! The blue glare fell upon their faces as they passed, and gave a frightful expression to the convulsed features of the Old Man, who found himself unable to arrest their progress.

He starts — stops — thrusts the cross into his bosom — draws thence a broad sable fillet, inscribed with mystic characters in silver, which he binds round his head — throws himself upon the ground, and lies motionless for nearly a minute. Fitz-Maurice unsheathes his sword and springs toward him; but at the moment when his arm is raised to strike, the blade shivers into a thousand pieces like so much brittle glass, and the Old Man, rising, looks at him with a scoffing air, while he points exultingly to two more graves which are seen slowly opening before him! As they gradually widen themselves, there appears, in one, the specter of Kit Barnes, with outstretched arms, gaunt, grim, and terrible! In the other, a dark-red fluid, which gives it the semblance of a cistern of blood!

The Old Man stands between them, and by his gestures defies Fitz-Maurice to advance! The defiance avails him nothing. Fitz-Maurice, answering the silent challenge of his adversary only by a placid smile, does advance; and the Old Man, springing back several feet, with a loud scream tears the fillet from his head. He breathes upon it thrice; then holds it out, and as it melts away, dropping like liquid diamonds on the ground, he utters words of uncouth sound, and trembles violently!

And now, the saffron-tinted light which had diffused itself disappeared, and a thick vapor succeeded, which went on deepening and deepening, till there was total darkness! The eye could distinguish no object save the grisly phantom shapes, which glided about more brightly horrible through the surrounding gloom. A profound stillness prevailed; no one spoke — no one moved. At length there appeared along the walls on each side, and at each end, black dimly burning tapers, held by skeleton hands. These, as they slowly multiplied, shed a somber, funereal light upon the whole interior of the Abbey; and the likeness of a marble tomb of massy structure and vast dimensions was visible! The doors were closed; but beside them stood two spectral figures, each with a glittering key, as of burnished gold, in its hand. The portals were surmounted with a white alabaster tablet, upon which appeared the name of BENJAMIN LACY! A few paces behind was the Old Man, sur-

veying with an air of seeming triumph the wondrous scene around him!

Fitz-Maurice, too, surveyed it with an anxious look. For a moment he appeared irresolute and disconcerted, while exulting mockery sat scoffing on the Old Man's brow. The bell strikes the first hour of twelve! The presence of a mightier power is confessed in the writhings and contortions of the Old Man — in the rocking of the walls — in the trembling of the earth — and in the groans that burst from beneath the earth!

Fitz-Maurice advances — he is followed by Peverell — by Lacy! The iron portals of the tomb fly open! Within, reclining on a bier, appears the pale, shrouded form of Lacy's wife — the sainted mother of his Helen! She points to a vacant place by her side, and a solemn voice issues from the sepulchre, crying, "COME!" Lacy staggers towards the tomb, but the Old Man rushes forward — seizes him, and holds him back! A deathlike silence reigns.

The chimes have ceased — the twelfth hour has tolled. A loud knock is given at the Abbey door, and the words: "HUSBAND, COME! THE CROSS IS MINE!" in tones of silvery sweetness are heard without. Another knock, and again that gentle invocation! A third — and a third time it is pronounced! — The doors roll back their ponderous bulk, and Helen Lacy enters!

"Behold!" exclaimed Fitz-Maurice.

Peverell and Lacy look, and they see the figure of Helen, attired like a bride, in virgin white, and veiled, advancing slowly along. They see ONLY her! But before their tongues can exclaim: "Where is De Clare? — where Walwyn? — where Mortimer? — where Hoskyns? — where Owen Rees?" their unasked questions are fearfully answered. Each grave they had passed is tenanted! And as the shuddering Helen walks towards the altar, each grave heaves to its surface, at her approach, the lifeless and disfigured form of its fresh inhabitant!

Horror and consternation possess the minds of Lacy and Peverell. The latter thinks of all that Conrad Geister said; the former of all that had fallen from his daughter's lips. He half doubts, half believes it is she who silently and slowly paces along. He knows not her dress; and her veil conceals her features. He is still in the grasp of the Old Man, at the entrance of the tomb; but his whole and undivided attention is elsewhere. His heart beats high — his mouth is parched — his straining eyes follow the movements of Helen!

Fitz-Maurice, too, gazes upon her! Hope and despair alternately sustain and smite his agitated soul. The Old Man foams with agony and rage, the blackened froth gathering on his lips, as he glares at the spotless maiden, in whose purity of purpose he reads his own damnation! Peverell has his hand upon the arm of Fitz-Maurice, who, with a stern look, imposes silence upon his intrepid follower.

Helen remembered well, and performed nobly, the task enjoined her. She spoke not — she uttered no exclamation — though affrighted almost beyond mortal bearing by what she saw. With a majestic step and a lofty air, as if she felt the eye of Heaven were upon her, she advanced towards the altar; and when she stood beneath it, she cast back her veil. Then, for the first time, she saw her father, and a smothered shriek died within her lips as she beheld the angelic vision of her mother in the tomb beyond! Then, too, Lacy recognized his daughter, and consoling doubts yielded to paternal anguish.

Helen looked at him with radiant eyes: with an ecstatic expression of bliss upon her features, which proclaimed the kindling consciousness of her heart, that she had done well in all she had done, and that now was to be the glad reward of all, in delivering him from his jeopardy. "Oh, that I might speak!" was her silent ejaculation; "and abridge but by a single moment the wretchedness that clings to thy noble spirit." She caught one glimpse, too, of the dark, penetrating eye of Fitz-Maurice, and read its language with a proud smile.

She took off the signet; placed it on the altar; knelt — and with such fervid devotion as expiring saints might feel, while the yet struggling soul is preparing for its flight to realms of everlasting bliss, already opening in bright glory to its view, she prayed: "*Forgive me! I know not what I do; but Thy will be mine!*"

Choral voices catch her words, and hymning strains are heard above, chanting in solemn response, "FORGIVE! FORGIVE!"

She rises — places the signet upon her finger, and lifts her hand to Heaven, as she looks towards her father. At that moment Lacy speaks.

"Helen! cursed be the arts by which you work! See me perish, and abjure them!"

"See him perish, OR abjure them!" screamed forth the Old Man.

"I implore you!" added her father; "begone, and let thy trust be in God alone!"

Helen paused; her arm was still extended — her bosom heaved convulsively — her brain whirled — her knees smote each other — her countenance was awfully sublime — her eyes were fixed in the upraised expression of intense piety. Fitz-Maurice rushed towards her — knelt, and in the wildest agony of speech exclaimed, "You deny me, then!" These words — that voice — that attitude — that mysterious being — subdued all fear and hesitation. The next moment, "I COMMAND THEE — OBEY!" fell from her lips.

The Old Man, with a loud and terrific yell, quitted his grasp of Lacy, and the two spectral figures which had guarded the doors of the tomb thrust him in. They close. The Old Man darts to where Helen stands, takes the Cross from his bosom, and lays it on the altar. Instantly the lights vanish, and there is total darkness again! Fires flash around — the blue lightning, in forked wrath, darts through the windows — the volleying thunder bursts and rebellows, till the deep foundations of the Abbey seem to shake to their bottom — and the fierce wind-storm raves round the walls, like the discordant howlings of the spirits of the abyss!

By degrees the deafening tumult subsided, and at last not a murmur was heard within or without the Abbey. Then it was that Peverell, who had stood motionless all the time, his senses nearly overpowered, perceived above him a small circle of exceeding brightness, from which gradually proceeded a beam of light, at first no larger than the stem of an olive branch, but, as it descended, expanding itself, till it spread into a flood of soft yellow radiance over the altar.

By its luster, which completely illumined more than half of the interior, while the whole was rendered partially visible, he saw that himself, Fitz-Maurice, and Helen were the only living creatures within the walls. All else had disappeared! All that had appalled their eyes had vanished! Where graves had yawned the smooth pavement spread itself, as if cemented by the lapse of ages. Where the visionary tomb had stretched its cold arms for the gallant veteran, was now unencumbered space; and the murky air, that had so lately been peopled with hideous phantoms, was now suffused with the streaming effulgence of that light by which he was enabled to note these changes.

He looked towards the altar. On its topmost step stood Helen, in the same attitude, with extended arm, one foot advanced, and her head thrown back, as when she pronounced the spell-compelling words. Her eye still bent its gaze upon the spot where she had seen her father; but it was glazed and rayless, the blood had left her cheeks; her half-unclosed lips were pale and moved not. The horror of that moment which had thus petrified her, sat grimly visible on every feature; and she appeared only a marble image of that being which was once Helen Lacy. Peverell doubted whether life still lingered in her veins.

At the foot of the steps knelt Fitz-Maurice, in devout but silent prayer. His hands were clasped, his eyes raised towards the altar, and his countenance, upon which fell the full radiance of the descending light, beaming with holy ecstasy. He seemed absorbed in the vehemence and magnitude of his own feelings. There was an inexpressible degree of dignity and grandeur in his appearance, arising not less from his gigantic stature, his costly sable vestments, his towering ostrich plume, and ample velvet mantle, than from the glow of exalted piety which spread over his fine and intensely animated features.

Peverell contemplated these two with a mind wholly incapable of reflecting upon what had taken place. His mental faculties were stunned. He knew certain things had happened; but beyond that mere naked assurance of a fact, of which his outward senses of sight and hearing had informed him, he knew nothing. The very loneliness and silence of his present situation appalled him. The world, beyond those walls, was a cipher, a blank, to his imagination at that moment; and within them, Helen presented herself as a breathing statue only (if, indeed, she did breathe), while Fitz-Maurice, who at no time appeared to be touched with human sympathies, now less than ever seemed clothed with mortal attributes.

He felt he was ALONE; and the sense of desolation which accompanied that feeling was in no degree mitigated by the reflection that he lived. Nay, in the chaotic tumult of his thoughts he almost questioned his own identity — he doubted, almost, whether what he now saw was reality, or whether it was not a part of that astounding mystery whose terrific illusions had passed before him. His eye involuntarily glanced round the Abbey in search of Mortimer, De Clare, Walwyn, and those other friends who had entered it with him; and he

shuddered as his perturbed mind whispered to his heart, "They are gone!"

He was roused from these clouded meditations by a piercing shriek which burst from Helen, as if at that moment a sudden consciousness of her situation had broken in upon her in all its overwhelming horrors. She buried her face in her hands and sunk gently down upon the steps of the altar. Fitz-Maurice sprung from his attitude of devotion, and, raising her up, bore her to a seat before Peverell had power to move or speak. With a reeling step, and still glancing wildly behind, or from side to side, he approached her; she looked both at him and Fitz-Maurice, but there was evidently no recognition of either.

As Fitz-Maurice bent over her, his long black plume drooped before her. She played with the feathers and smiled, and played and smiled, as a laughing infant would in its nurse's arms. He put them back; and then she sighed as if it grieved her to be denied so innocent a pleasure. She spoke not a word. Fitz-Maurice raised her hand to his lips, kissed it, and exclaimed, "Peerless maiden! what a price hast thou paid down for my ransom!"

She started at the sound of his voice. Its thrilling tones awakened a transient recollection of the past. She slowly lifted her eyes, as though she dreaded to behold the being from whom they had proceeded; gazed at him intently for an instant, and then a vacant laugh overspread her face. But her eye glanced upon the signet, and hastily withdrawing her hand from Fitz-Maurice, who still held it, she exclaimed, with seeming anger and shame: "Fie upon you! you are naught, I am married now! should my lord know of this, how might he take it of me?" She then laid her hand in her lap and continued wistfully to gaze at it.

Peverell beheld the scene, not only without emotion, but without once recollecting that the signet which had worked such fatal consequences was the same which Helen had so mysteriously demanded of him. Fitz-Maurice, who perceived his distraction, led him away from where Helen sat, lost in the stupor of her own griefs, and thus addressed him: —

"Marmaduke Peverell! rouse thyself! summon back thy scattered thoughts, and bend up thy great energies to the task that still awaits thee."

Peverell, like Helen, started at the sound of Fitz-Maurice's voice; but upon his spirits it acted like a stone dropped into a

dull and stagnant pool, stirring the still waters, and quickening them with motion. His name pronounced by any living tongue, at that moment, would have produced the same effect. He awoke to himself, as if he had suddenly emerged from a long and oppressive dream.

"Rouse myself!" he exclaimed. "Why, where are we? Where —"

"Aye," interrupted Fitz-Maurice, "where are *they?* It is that you would add."

"It is," replied Peverell.

"And you shall be answered," said Fitz-Maurice, sighing deeply, "when ALL is done."

"When ALL is done!" repeated Peverell. "Does there yet remain a thing to be accomplished?"

"There does," said Fitz-Maurice; "and it is you alone must do it."

"Must!" ejaculated Peverell.

"When I say *must*," rejoined Fitz-Maurice, "I would be understood to mean no more than this, that in the universal world there lives no being, save yourself, who CAN."

"What is it?"

"To know and to perform," said Fitz-Maurice, "have marked your resolute spirit throughout. Do you remember this?" he continued, drawing aside his hair and pointing to the mark upon his forehead.

"I do," said Peverell. "It is the crimson trophy of your victory over the Magician of the den, when you were in Mauritania."

"So I called it," replied Fitz-Maurice, "when first I sought you as a 'brave man'; as one 'who had that quality within you which makes daring a virtue, raising it above the mere display of sinews and quick passion'; as one who, when mine own adventure in Mauritania came o'er my mind, made me say in my heart, 'here is a man to do the like!' But, said I not likewise, when I called this the crimson trophy of my victory, 'there *are* times, indeed, when it seems to burn inwards to my brain; but I know how to quench its fires!'"

"You did," answered Peverell.

"It burns inwards now!" exclaimed Fitz-Maurice, pressing his hand violently upon his brow. "It ever burns! Sometimes with greater, sometimes with less, scorching fierceness."

"And yet you know how to quench its fires!" added Peverell.

"Even so!"

"Then why endure its pangs?"

"Thou noble spirit!" exclaimed Fitz-Maurice, seizing Peverell's hand. "I owe thee much, a vast, vast debt, which my poor thanks can only confess, but never pay. It is *thou* must quench this fire! Thou, and thou alone."

"I!" ejaculated Peverell. "How?"

"Do you see yon altar?" he continued.

Peverell looked, and perceived what he had not before observed, a long black curtain, which descended from the lofty roof of the Abbey, and entirely concealed the whole of the altar, except the steps which led up to it.

"On that altar," said Fitz-Maurice, "lies the Cross which was held in the hand of him who disputed, step by step, our entrance here this night. The moment I possess that holy emblem, in the same moment I am released from this tormenting trophy. But it is not my hand that can take it thence. It is not ANY hand but thine!"

"Methinks," said Peverell, "it were an easy deed enough to walk there straight and bring it away. I'll do it! Yon streaming ray of wondrous light will guide me, and while I could talk about it, it shall be done."

"Be undaunted," replied Fitz-Maurice, "and it will be done."

"Undaunted!" exclaimed Peverell, pausing, as he was turning from Fitz-Maurice. "What mean you?"

"You must be neither forewarned nor forearmed," said Fitz-Maurice; "but in the oath you have taken, and in the promptings of your own heart, find the motive for the act. I am powerless here."

Peverell hesitated for a moment. It was only a moment. The next, placing his hand in Fitz-Maurice's, he exclaimed with a calm, resolute tone: —

"By my oath, I swear, and by that which now swells within me, the Cross is thine, or I — am nothing!"

He had no sooner uttered these words than the light which had hitherto shed its luster upon the altar, and dimly illumined the rest of the Abbey, vanished. He was in total darkness again. But while he was groping his way along, he felt the cool air fan his cheek; and, looking up, could just descry the

long black curtain slowly flapping backwards and forwards. Anon, it seemed to open in the center, rolling back its heavy folds on each side ; and as it opened, a scene of horror grew more and more distinct to his sight.

The communion table appeared covered with a pall, and on it was spread a splendid banquet! Black tapers were burning, held, as before, by skeleton hands, and gave a red, dusky flame. Seated round this table, he beheld his eleven friends — they who had all perished — in the same habiliments as when living! They spoke not — they moved not! Their aspect was cold and stony! A deathlike silence prevailed! Behind each chair stood pale shadows, as if to wait upon the guests!

Excited, maddened almost, as Peverell had already been by the terrific visions of the night, he felt himself hardly able to endure this fresh trial of his resolution. His temples throbbed — his heart palpitated — his bosom heaved with a quicker and quicker respiration — his knees smote each other — and his blood shot through his veins like liquid flames! Silent and motionless his aching eyeballs bent their gaze upon this withering scene. All around him was so awfully still! So unearthly! So hideous! He looked behind. The gloom was too dense, too impenetrable, to allow of his distinguishing Fitz-Maurice, though he had as yet scarcely moved half a dozen paces from him. He turned his eyes towards where Helen sat; but the pitchy darkness shrouded her from his view. The tall black tapers threw no light beyond the table — not even sufficient to enable him to discern the steps of the altar. A cold and clammy sweat bedewed his limbs, and he felt an almost frantic inclination to dash himself upon the ground, and so, in desperation, shut out this chilling mockery of what had once been real.

He tried to convince himself that he was fooled by his own heated imagination; that it was a cheat, put upon him by his own eyes; and he drew nearer to the altar. But no! If he ever saw them living, he saw them now! It was impossible to deny that he beheld them.

There, sat De Clare, with his lip of scorn, and brow of bitter taunt. There, Wilkins, with his fair round face, cold blue eye, and dimpling cheek. There, that fantastic Mortimer, his mustachios newly trimmed, and his love-lock redolent of perfume. There, that gallant Lacy, erect and martial in his

veteran figure. There, the pensive, melancholy Vehan, e'en as he looked and sighed, and told of Alice Gray. There, the choleric Welchman, with upturned nose, as if scenting out a quarrel. There, the swart Overbury, scowling like a tempest. There, the gay, good-natured Hungerford Hoskyns. There, the simple-hearted friend, the confiding, honest Clayton. There, the frank, courteous Walwyn. There, mine host, with merry, laughing eye and comely paunch, looking, as he was wont, proud of the goodly company around him. And there, too, the gaunt figure of the half-fanatic Kit Barnes!

At the top of the table was a vacant chair. At the bottom sat a figure veiled, or rather covered to the feet with a sable drapery, so that neither form nor feature was discernible.

Peverell draws nearer. His foot is on the first step. He pauses for a moment, and contemplates this spectral company. Is he awake? Or do they really bend their rayless eyes upon him, and, with a sepulchral smile, invite him to sit? His brain whirls — his sight grows dim! Again he looks, and again they smile a ghastly welcome! He cannot resist! He obeys! He rushes up the steps, and takes his seat! He hears a voice he has heard before breathe in his ear: "Welcome! Thou art the last!" He doubts the evidence of his own senses. Clayton sits beside him. He puts his hand upon his. It has a more than icy coldness, and a shivering tremor runs through his veins. He looks round the table. What stony eyes stare upon him! — what marble lips mock at him! He grows dizzy and exclaims, "Why, then, I'll mock the mockers!"

He rises — and in each cold hand places a crystal cup, into which he pours sparkling wine. He comes to the veiled figure, and he laughs horribly as he places before it a goblet, mantling to the edge. He returns to his seat, pours out a flowing cup, and raises it to his lips — but dashes it from him. It is filled with worms, that crawl and cling to its golden brim! His guests smile, and point to theirs. The worms are heaving and rolling about! The pale shadows which stand behind advance, and with their fleshless hands remove the loathsome vessels.

"This is brave fare!" exclaims the half-frantic Peverell. "Come! Eat!" He helps each to costly and delicate viands, and then himself. Toads and adders — lizards — beetles, and spiders — creep and crawl and twine about the table, instead of the dainty food he had served. Peverell is covered with

them. He starts from his chair, and as he brushes them off, addresses his spectral friends.

"Will you speak? You, De Clare, — where are your biting taunts, — your saucy gibes, and your ready scoff? Mortimer! swear by your manhood you will pledge me! Clayton! I am thy friend — hast *thou* no word for me? Wilkins! thy bags are stored to bursting: lend me! not on usuance, but for the vanity of showing thou art rich. Vehan! breathe one sigh — or let me see thee weep, or fold thy arms, and dream of moonlight visions in the silent grove! Wilfred Overbury! master of the Scorpion! — say thou'lt stab me, as thou didst thy innocent child, an I cross thee in thy savage humor, when thou art desperate! What! nor eat, nor drink, nor speak! Hence, grim shadows of what you *were!* — hence, horrible visions! Hence! Aye! — now you obey — now you move! — now — Almighty God! How is this? Is it thus you show me what you *are?*"

While he spoke, the seats on which they sat changed into the semblance of coffins. In each was a corpse! Their vestments had fallen from them, and they now stood round the table in their grave clothes — yea, in their shrouds and in their winding sheets!

The veiled figure still remained, and Peverell seemed to see only it. There was something even more terrible to his imagination in its silent mystery and hidden form than in all the visible horror by which he was surrounded. He knew not what it might portend, or for what it tarried. He arose; and it stood up at the same time. He moved; and it moved towards him!

"What art thou?" he exclaimed.

"Ask even at the twelfth hour, and Conrad Geister will not deny thee," said a voice.

"What should I ask?"

"To close thine eyes in sleep till sunrise," replied the voice.

Peverell slowly turned his head. The voice did not seem to issue from the veiled figure, but from lips that were near him. He looked, and there was no one!

He paused. His agitation was excessive. He felt that he could endure the conflict with himself no longer. All consciousness of where he was, and wherefore he had approached the altar, was fast departing from him. At that moment his eye fell upon the Cross, and he saw a halo, or faint roseate

light, encircling the image of the Redeemer, which it still bore. It surrounded it like a glory. A sudden recollection flashed across his mind. The veiled figure is between him and the Cross. He advances to take it. The veiled figure advances too, and stands before him.

"What art thou?" again exclaimed Peverell.

Its black drapery falls, and Peverell beholds the pale likeness of *Death!* The anatomy brandishes his spear; the coffined specters gibber, and their bones rattle — the attendant shadows glide about! Peverell presses forward; the upraised spear is leveled; Peverell hesitates, and Fitz-Maurice is seen ascending the steps of the altar. The bones drop with a hideous clattering from the phantom, and the Old Man appears! His gleaming eyes are two flaming torches; his hot breath, the blasts from a furnace; his livid face, the speaking agonies of a tortured fiend; and in his hand he grasped a shining scimeter, which flickered like the nimble lightning that shoots athwart the heavens, swift harbinger of the gathering tempest.

"Slave of thy fate!" he roars, glaring fiercely at Fitz-Maurice, and shaking the massive walls of the Abbey with his voice; "vassal of my power! What darest thou yet? Avaunt!"

Fitz-Maurice points to the Cross, and, in a solemn tone, repeats the words of Peverell. "By my oath I swear, and by that which now swells within me, the Cross is thine, or I — am nothing!"

Peverell hears the words. With collected strength, with all the energy of mind and body that yet remains to him, he dashes forward — seizes the Cross — and staggers towards Fitz-Maurice, who snatches the holy symbol from his hand, exclaiming, as he clutches it, "BY THIS I TRIUMPH! — PERISH, UNCLEAN SPIRIT!"

A loud and dismal yell, and piercing shrieks, that might have awakened the dead, were all that Peverell remembered after; for, as he felt the Cross pass from his relaxing grasp to the eager gripe of Fitz-Maurice, his sight thickened, his limbs refused their office, and he sunk to the earth, exhausted by the sharp trials he had undergone.

THE SMITH OF HIS OWN FORTUNE.

By GOTTFRIED KELLER.

(Translated for this work by Forrest Morgan.)

[GOTTFRIED KELLER, the foremost of Swiss novelists, and except Goethe of German novelists, was born at Zürich in 1815. He thought himself born for a painter, and worked hard for several years to qualify as an artist, but finally saw his mistake. His powers as a lyric poet and a critic attracted attention, and a government stipend enabled him to study at the university of Heidelberg. In 1850 he went to Berlin, and struggled there several years, poor and obscure. He now had the ambition of being a dramatist, but seems never to have written any plays. Another volume of poems was issued instead; and in 1854 he published his first novel, "Green Henry," an autobiographical romance. In 1856, however, was issued his greatest performance, still of enduring freshness, "Seldwyla Folk." It is a collection of short stories of an imaginary Swiss village, of which the one here selected is a specimen, but which has a far greater variety of interest and strength of tragic force than would be known from this. Some of the Swiss writhed at the exposure of national shortcomings and besetting faults; but the stories are full of humanity, and Switzerland gains more in the fame of her great writer than she loses from his frankness. In 1861 he was made secretary for the canton of Zürich, and worked hard at the post for fifteen years. Though it was an onerous one, he published a volume of legends in 1872, two volumes of Swiss tales, entitled "Zürich Stories," in 1876, and others called "The Epigram," in 1881. In 1886 came the novel "Martin Salander." He rated his literary position very modestly, and was greatly surprised at the ovation all Germany gave him on his seventieth birthday. He died in 1890.]

SELDWYLA.

SELDWYLA means in the older speech a charming and sunny place; and such in fact is the situation of the little town of that name, somewhere in Switzerland. It still stands within the same old ring-walls and towers as for three centuries, and so remains the same soft nest; the deep original purpose of its foundation is confirmed by the circumstance that the site of the town is laid out a good half-league from a navigable river, as a significant token of its never amounting to anything. But it is beautifully situated, amid green mountains which are too much open on the south, so that the sun can easily penetrate there, but no harsh breezes. For this reason a tolerable wine grape thrives around the old town wall, while higher up on the mountain stretch away boundless forests, which constitute the wealth of the town; for it is the special mark and curious destiny of this place that the community is rich and the body of citizens poor — so much so that no person in Seldwyla owns anything, and nobody knows what they have really lived on for the past century. And they live very cheerfully and merrily,

"I implore you!" added her father; "begone and let thy trust be in God alone!"

Helen paused; her arm was still extended — her bosom heaved convulsively — her brain whirled — her knees smote each other — her countenance was awfully sublime — her eyes were fixed in the upraised expression of intense piety. Fitz-Maurice rushed towards her — knelt, and in the wildest agony of speech exclaimed, "You deny me, then!" These words — that voice — that attitude — that mysterious being — subdued all fear and hesitation. The next moment, "I COMMAND THEE — OBEY!" fell from her lips.

The Old Man, with a loud and terrific yell, quitted his grasp of Lacy, and the two spectral figures which had guarded the doors of the tomb thrust him in. They close. The Old Man darts to where Helen stands, takes the Cross from his bosom, and lays it on the altar. Instantly the lights vanish, and there is total darkness again! Fires flash around — the blue lightning, in forked wrath, darts through the windows — the volleying thunder bursts and rebellows, till the deep foundations of the Abbey seem to shake to their bottom — and the fierce wind-storm raves round the walls, like the discordant howlings of the spirits of the abyss!

By degrees the deafening tumult subsided, and at last not a murmur was heard within or without the Abbey. Then it was that Peverell, who had stood motionless all the time, his senses nearly overpowered, perceived above him a small circle of exceeding brightness, from which gradually proceeded a beam of light, at first no larger than the stem of an olive branch, but, as it descended, expanding itself, till it spread into a flood of soft yellow radiance over the altar.

By its luster, which completely illumined more than half of the interior, while the whole was rendered partially visible, he saw that himself, Fitz-Maurice, and Helen were the only living creatures within the walls. All else had disappeared! All that had appalled their eyes had vanished! Where graves had yawned the smooth pavement spread itself, as if cemented by the lapse of ages. Where the visionary tomb had stretched its cold arms for the gallant veteran, was now unencumbered space; and the murky air, that had so lately been peopled with hideous phantoms, was now suffused with the streaming effulgence of that light by which he was enabled to note these changes.

munity still buys a great share each year, from which it sustains and nourishes the severe poverty; — and so runs the old town in its unchanging circle of life to this day. But they are always on the whole contented and cheerful; and if a shadow troubles their souls, if mayhap a too obstinate stringency of money persists in the town, they while away the time and divert themselves by their great political mutability, which is a broader characteristic of Seldwylers.

That is to say, they are passionate partisans, constitution-revisers, and motion-putters; and if they have hatched out a perfectly crazy motion, and had it put by their member of the Grand Council, or if the call for a change in the constitution goes forth in Seldwyla, people in the country know that just then there is no money in circulation. Withal, they love inconsistency of opinions and principles, and on the very day a government is elected, they are instantly in the opposition against it. Is it a radical government, to annoy it they flock around the devout conservative town parson, whom they were guying but the day before, and make him their leader; while with feigned enthusiasm they flock to his church, applaud his preaching, and with great bustle pass around his printed tracts and reports of the Basle Missionary Society — of course without contributing a penny to him. Is there, however, a government at the helm which appears only half-way conservative, straightway they crowd around the town schoolmaster, and the pastor has a sufficient reckoning with the glazier for broken panes. On the contrary, does the government consist of liberal jurists, who are great sticklers for form, and of fastidious capitalists, they instantly hurry to the nearest socialists and harry the government, while they elect the former to the council with the campaign cry: "Let us have an end of political formalities, and let material interests be the only ones the people are to concern themselves with." To-day we want the veto, and even the most unrestricted self-government with permanent popular assemblies, whereat the Seldwylers would certainly spend most of their time; to-morrow they are tired out and surfeited with public affairs, and let half a dozen old mossbacks, who failed in business thirty years ago and since then have held their peace and been rehabilitated, manage the elections; then they look out in comfort from behind the tavern windows and see the mossbacks slip into the church, and laugh in their sleeves, like the boy who said: "It serves my father

just right if I freeze my hands, so long as he don't buy me any mittens!" Yesterday they were raving solely over united confederate life, and were highly rebellious that in the year '48 a perfect union had not been established; to-day they are dead set on cantonal sovereignty and having no more elections to the national council. If, however, one of their agitations and motions will disturb and discomfort the majority of the country, the government as a means of pacification usually hangs a commission of inquiry around their necks, which is to regulate the administration of the Seldwyla parish grounds; then they have enough to do at home, and the danger is averted.

All this makes great sport for them, which will only be surpassed when every autumn they drink their new wine, the fermenting must, which they call *saufer:* if it is good, a man's life is not safe among them, and they make a fearful hullabaloo; the whole town reeks of new wine, and the Seldwylers then are good for nothing more. But the less a Seldwyler is worth at home, the better he keeps his peculiar course when he decamps; whether they emigrate singly or in companies, as for example in the earlier wars, they have always given a good account of themselves. And many a one already has taken the field as speculator or business man, once he has come out of the warm sunny vale where he does not thrive.

John Kabys, a likely man of close on forty, was wont to say that every one must, should, and could be the smith of his own fortune, and that too without much noise or fuss.

"Quietly, with but a few master-strokes, let the true man hammer out his fortune!" was his frequent adage; whereby he probably meant the gaining not merely of necessaries, but generally of all things desirable and superfluous.

So when still a tender youth he had dealt the first of his master-strokes, and turned his Christian name of Johannes into the English John, to be ready in advance for rare and lucky openings; since he thus distinguished himself from all the other Hanses, and besides acquired the halo of an enterprising Anglo-Saxon.

After this he remained quiet a few short years, without working or learning very much, but also without breaking bounds — just cannily waiting.

As Fortune, however, refused the proffered bait, he delivered the second master-stroke, and changed the *i* in his sur-

name Kabis into a *y*. By this means the word (elsewhere also Kapes), which means cabbage, acquired a nobler and more foreign aspiration; and John Kabys now awaited that fortune with a better claim, so he believed.

But again several years passed by without its putting in an appearance, and he was already approaching his thirty-first year when, in spite of all his economy and order, his modest patrimony was finally exhausted. He now started to bestir himself in earnest, however, and planned an undertaking that should be no child's-play. Often had he envied many Seldwylers their stately business signatures, formed by the addition of the wife's name. This fashion had suddenly sprung up one day, no one knew how or whence; but at any rate the citizens thought it became their red plush waistcoats admirably, and at once the entire place resounded in every nook and corner with imposing double names. Large and small signboards, door-plates, bell-knobs, coffee-cups, and teaspoons were inscribed with them, and the weekly paper swarmed for a long time with advertisements and notices whose sole object was the display of the alliance signature. In particular, it was one of the first joys of the newly married to insert an advertisement somewhere as soon as possible. This gave rise, moreover, to all sorts of jealousy and ill-will; for when perhaps a swarthy cobbler, or some former paltry social outcast, wanted to share in the general respectability by carrying such a double name, it was taken amiss of him, with much turning up of noses, although he was in most legitimate possession of the other and better half. And it was anything but a matter of indifference if one or more of the unaccredited forced a way by this means into the general and comfortable social acceptance; for experience proves the sex-prolongation of the name to be one of the most efficient yet delicate parts of the machinery of that acceptance.

For John Kabys, however, the results of such a radical change could not be doubtful. The need was great enough just now of dealing that long-reserved master-stroke at the right moment, as became an old smith of his own fortune, who does not hammer away at random; and John therefore looked for a wife, quietly but resolutely. And behold! the resolve itself seemed at length to conjure up the fortune; for the self-same week there arrived and settled in Seldwyla, with a marriageable daughter, an elderly matron styling herself Mrs.

Oliva and her daughter Miss Oliva. "Kabys-Oliva!" rang at once in John's ears and reëchoed in his heart! With such a sign, a modest business once established must in a few years become a great house. So he set about the matter sagaciously, armed with all his attributes.

These consisted of plated gold spectacles, three enameled shirt studs connected by a little gold chain, a long gold watch-chain crossed over a flowered waistcoat and hung with all sorts of pendants, and an enormous breast-pin on which was a miniature representing the battle of Waterloo; besides three or four large rings, and a large cane whose mother-of-pearl head formed a small opera-glass in the shape of a keg. He carried in his pocket, and pulled out and laid in front of him when he sat down, a large leather case in which reposed a cigar-holder carved from meerschaum, representing Mazeppa bound to his horse — this group was a cabinet piece, and when he smoked, it projected up between his eyebrows; furthermore, a red cigar case with gilt clasp, in which were pretty cigars with spotted cherry and white wrappers, an old-fashioned tinder-box, a silver tobacco-box, and an embroidered note-book. He also carried the most complicated and elegant of purses, with endless secret compartments.

This complete outfit was to him the ideal equipment of a fortunate man — he had provided it in advance, as a boldly outlined framework of life, when he was still nibbling away at his scanty means, but not without a profound purpose. For such accumulation was not now so much the trappings of a tasteless idle man, but rather a school of training, of endurance, and of solace in time of adversity, as well as a fitting preparation for the fortune to cast anchor at last, and which might verily arrive like a thief in the night. He would rather have starved than sold or pawned the least of his knickknacks; for he could not pass for a beggar with either the world or himself, and he learned to suffer extremity without losing in splendor. So in order that nothing be lost, spoiled, broken, or get out of order, a steady composure and dignified bearing were requisite. He dared not permit himself carousing or other excitement, and had actually owned his Mazeppa for ten years now without an ear or the flowing tail of the horse getting broken; and the little hooks and clasps on his boxes and cases still fastened as well as the day they were made. He had also to spare tenderly all his finery, coat and hat; and managed

to have a polished shirt-bosom always on hand, to display his studs and chains and pins on a white ground.

To be candid, this certainly cost more effort than he would confess in his speech about the few master-strokes; but then, people have always asserted falsely that works of genius are effortless.

If now the two ladies were the fortune, it allowed itself to be caught without reluctance in the outspread net of the master; indeed, he seemed to them, with his orderliness and his many trinkets, the very man they had come to that quarter in search of. His uniform leisure indicated a comfortable and secure bondholder or capitalist, who doubtless kept his title-deeds in a strong box. They spoke somewhat of their own well-appointed condition; but when they noticed that Mr. Kabys did not appear to set much store by that, they prudently paused, and believed it their personality alone which attracted this good man. In short, in a few weeks he was betrothed to Miss Oliva; and straightway set out for the capital, to have engraved a richly ornamented address card with the lordly double name, likewise to order a magnificent signboard, and to open some credit connections for a dry-goods business. In his overweening confidence he also bought two or three yardsticks of polished plum-wood; several dozen books of billheads with mercurial emblems; price tags, and small gilt-bordered squares of paper for labels; account books, and other things in the line.

He hastened back cheerily to his native village and to his bride-elect, whose only blemish was a rather disproportionately large head. He was kindly, even tenderly received; and the report of his journey was countered by the news that the bride's certificates requisite for the wedding had arrived. This information was given, however, with a sort of smiling deprecation, as though he must be prepared for some incident or other, unimportant of course, but not precisely regular. This finally passed off, and it turned out that the mother was a widowed Mrs. Oliva straight enough, but the daughter, on the contrary, was an illegitimate child of her youth, and bore her own family name in all official or legal matters. This name was Häuptle! [Littlehead.] The bride was called "Miss Häuptle," and the future sign would be "John Kabys-Häuptle," or, in familiar speech, "Hans Little-Cabbagehead."

The bridegroom stood for a long time speechless, contemplating the unblessed half of his newest master-work; at last he cried out, "And can one with such a hydropathic skull be called Littlehead?" Terrified and submissive, the bride lowered her little head to let the storm pass over; for she still did not divine that her capital charm for Kabys had been that beautiful name.

Mr. Kabys without further ado went back to his dwelling to ponder his downfall; but even on the way his merry townsmen shouted out "Hans Cabbagehead," for the secret was already abroad. Three days and three nights he sought in deep solitude to forge out the faulty work anew. On the fourth day he took his resolve, went back there, and asked for the mother in marriage instead of the daughter. But the indignant woman had now learned, on her part, that Mr. Kabys had no mahogany chest with title-deeds at all, and disdainfully showed him the door; after which she and her daughter moved to a town farther on.

Thus Mr. John saw the radiant Oliva vanish like a glistening soap-bubble into the blue ether; and, sore perplexed, he held his fortune-forging hammer in his hand. His last ready money had been spent in this transaction. He must therefore at last make up his mind to work at something substantial, or at least base his existence on it; and when he scrutinized himself by and large, there was nothing whatever he could do but shave finely, and likewise keep a razor in good condition and sharpen it. So with a shaving-mug he set himself up in a poor little ground-floor room, over the door of which he tacked a "John Kabys" he had sawed with his own hand out of that impressive sign and sorrowfully disjoined from the lost Oliva. Nevertheless, the nickname Cabbagehead stuck to him in the town, and brought him many a customer; so that he lived there several years very tolerably, scraping faces and stropping razors, and seemed to near forget his doughty maxim.

Then one day a townsman just back from a long journey dropped in on him, and carelessly observed as he sat down to be lathered, "So it seems from your sign there are Kabyses in Seldwyla yet?" — "I am the last of my race," replied the barber, not without dignity; "but why did you ask that, if I may ask?" The stranger, however, was silent till he had been shaved and washed up, and only when all was finished and the

honorarium paid did he continue: "I knew a rich old crank in Augsburg who swore over and over that his grandmother was a Kabys, of Seldwyla in Switzerland, and he wondered greatly whether any of the stock were living there still." Upon this the man departed.

Hans Cabbagehead thought and thought, and got into a great stew, and at last dimly recollected that a female ancestor of his really was said to have married years before in Germany, and had not been heard of since. A tender family feeling suddenly awakened in him a romantic interest in genealogies, and he began to worry as to whether the traveler would come back. According to the way his beard was growing, he should appear again in two days. In fact, the man did come precisely then. John lathered and shaved him, fairly trembling with curiosity. When he was through, he burst out and inquired eagerly for the particulars. The man said, "Nothing, only there's a Mr. Adam Litumlei, with a wife but no children, and he lives on such-and-such a street in Augsburg."

John slept on the business one more night, and heartened himself in its course to achieve full-fledged fortune even yet. The next morning he closed up his shutters, packed his Sunday clothes in an old haversack and all his well-preserved tokens in a separate little bundle, and after providing himself with sufficient identifications and some extracts from the church records, he set forth on the journey to Augsburg, quiet and plain-looking, like an old journeyman.

When he saw the towers and the green walls of the city before him, he counted over his cash, and found he must live very close if by ill luck he had to take the return trip. On this he turned into the most unpretending tavern he could find after some search. He stepped into the public room and saw various trade signs hanging over the tables, among them the smith's. As a smith of his own fortune, he sat down under this one for its good omen, and refreshed the bodily man with breakfast, as it was still early in the day. Then he asked for a little private room, where he changed his clothes. He spruced himself up in every way, and fastened on all his decorations; he even screwed the little opera-glass keg on his cane. Thus he emerged from the room, and the hostess was startled at all this resplendence.

It was some time before he discovered the street his heart was yearning for; at last he found himself in a broad avenue

where massive old houses stood, but not a living soul was visible. Finally a maid with a bright glistening can of beer was about to scurry by him. He held her fast and inquired for Mr. Adam Litumlei; and the girl showed him the house — the very one he was standing in front of.

At this he inspected it curiously. Above a stately portal towered several stories with high windows, whose strong cornices and profiles spread out a perpendicular sea of bold foreshortening before the eyes of the poor fortune-hunter, so that he was almost frightened, and feared he had set about too ambitious an undertaking; for he stood before a veritable palace. Yet he pressed gently on one of the heavy double doors, slipped inside, and found himself in a superb hallway. Double stone stairs with broad landings ascended aloft, inclosed by a richly wrought balustrade. Out beneath the stair sand through the open rear door could be seen sunshine and flower beds. John went softly thither, thinking to find a servant or a gardener; but saw nothing except a large, old-fashioned garden, containing the loveliest flowers and a stone fountain with many figures.

All was silent as the grave; he went back and began to climb the stairs. On the walls hung large maps yellow with age, and plans of old Imperial Free Cities with their fortifications, and with stately allegorical representations in the corners. One open door among several stood barely ajar. The intruder opened it halfway, and saw a rather good-looking woman stretched out on a lounge; her knitting had dropped to the floor, and she was taking a nap, although it was only ten o'clock in the forenoon. With throbbing heart John Kabys held his cane to his eye — for the room was of great depth — and surveyed the vision through the mother-of-pearl perspective; the silk dress and buxom form of the sleeping woman made the house seem still more like an enchanted castle; and, intensely wrought up, he drew back and mounted still higher, softly and cautiously.

At the top of the staircase was a regular arsenal, hung with arms and armor of every century; rusty coats of mail, helmets, ornate bucklers from the time of wigs and queues, broadswords, gilded torches, everything hung there in confusion; and in the corners stood small enchased cannon, green with age. In short, it was the hall of a great patrician, and Mr. John was inwardly awed.

Then suddenly a kind of crying burst out close by, like that of a large child; and as it did not cease, John improved the occasion to follow it up and thus come to his people. He opened the next door, and saw a spacious ancestral hall lined with pictures from top to bottom. The floor was of varicolored hexagonal tiles; the ceiling of plaster, frescoed with life-size forms of men and animals in high relief, clusters of fruit, and armorial bearings. But before a ten-foot pier-glass stood a pygmy old white-haired man, no heavier than a kid, in a scarlet velvet dressing-gown, his face covered with lather. He was stamping with impatience, crying piteously, and calling out: "I can't shave myself any more! I can't shave myself any more! My razor won't cut! There's no one to help me, oh dear! oh dear!" When he saw the stranger in the mirror, he stopped still, turned around, and razor in hand stared dumfounded and alarmed at Mr. John, who advanced hat in hand with many bows, laid down the hat, smilingly took the razor from the manikin's hand, and tried its edge. He stropped it a few times on his boot, then on the palm of his hand; next he tried the soap and made a thick lather; in brief, he shaved the little man in less than three minutes most superbly.

"Pardon, most honored sir," said Kabys then, "the liberty I have taken. But as I saw you in such perplexity I thought it the most natural way to introduce myself to you; for I believe I have the honor to stand before Mr. Adam Litumlei."

The aged pygmy eyed the stranger in still greater amazement; then he glanced in the mirror, and found himself smooth shaven as not for a long time before; whereupon, with mingled delight and distrust, he scrutinized the artist once more, and noted with satisfaction that he was a respectable stranger. Nevertheless he asked, in a thin voice still peevish, who he was and what he wanted?

John hemmed and hawed, and replied that he was one Kabys from Seldwyla; and as he happened to be on a journey and just passing this city, he was unwilling to let slip this opportunity of seeking out and greeting the descendant of an ancestor of his house. And he acted as though he had heard no one spoken of from childhood up but Mr. Litumlei. It was a sudden and joyful surprise for the latter, and he said in a friendly and cheerful way: "Ha! so the Kabis stock is flourishing like that still! Is it numerous and distinguished?"

Like a traveling journeyman before the gate-clerk, John had already unpacked and produced his papers. While he showed them he said earnestly: "Numerous no longer, for I am the last of the race! But its honor remains unshaken." Astonished and touched by such a speech, the old man gave him his hand and bade him welcome. The two quickly settled the degree of their kinship, and Litumlei continued: "How nearly our family branches touch! Come, my dear nephew, and see your noble and worthy great-great-aunt, my own grandmamma!" And he led him around through a vast hall till they stood before a beautiful portrait of a woman in the costume of the previous century. In fact, a bit of pasteboard affixed to the corner of the frame designated the said lady, and a number of other pictures were provided with similar labels. To be candid, however, the paintings themselves bore other inscriptions in Latin, which did not correspond with the attached cards. But John Kabys stood and stood and thought to himself: "So, after all, you have done good work at your forge; for here is the grandmother of your fortune, gracious and friendly, looking down on you in this rich baronial hall!"

Melodiously with this soliloquy chimed in the words of Mr. Litumlei, who said there must be no talk just now of a further journey; and that to establish closer relations, his dearest nephew should be his guest for the present, as long as his time permitted. For the flaunting store of his grand-nephew's ornaments, which had already caught his eye, had performed its function admirably, and filled him with confidence.

He therefore pulled with all his might at a bell: whereupon a number of servants shuffled in, one by one, to look after their diminutive lord; and last of all came also the woman who had been asleep on the first floor, still flushed from her nap, and her eyes but half open. When the new guest was presented to her, however, she opened them wide, — curious and pleased, apparently, over the unexpected event. John was now conducted into another room, and must partake of suitable refreshment; and in this the married couple joined as heartily as children, who have an appetite at all hours. This delighted the guest beyond measure; for he saw that they were people who let themselves want for nothing, and still found pleasure in good things. But he did not fail either, on his part, to make a more favorable impression every hour: indeed, this

was very evident at the noon meal shortly after, when both the small persons had their own favorite dishes brought on, and John Kabys ate of everything and found everything excellent; and his wonted quiet dignity gave his judgment still higher value. They ate and drank most gloriously, and never did three worthy people enjoy together a more bounteous, and withal more blameless, existence. To John it was a paradise in which no sin seemed possible.

Enough, that all went on to perfection. He had already lived in the venerable house eight days, and knew every corner of it. He beguiled the old man's time in a thousand and one ways, took walks with him, and shaved him gently as a zephyr, which pleased the little old man more than all. But John noticed that Mr. Litumlei was beginning to meditate on something or other; and started when the latter spoke of his departure, which he might be doing as a strong hint. He therefore considered it time now to risk another little master-stroke; and at the end of the eighth day plainly announced to his patron his early departure, taking the ground that he dared not, through a longer stay, make the leave-taking and a simple habit of life more painful. He would manfully bear his fate — the fate of the last of his race, whom it therefore behooved in stern labor and retirement to guard the honor of the house till its extinction.

"Come up with me to the baronial hall," answered Mr. Adam Litumlei. They went. Arrived there, the old man solemnly walked back and forth several times, then began again: "Hear my resolve and my proposal, dear grand-nephew! You are the last of your race: that is a sad fate! But I have to bear one not less sad! Look at me: now, then, I am the first of mine!"

He drew himself proudly up, and John stared at him, but could not imagine what he meant. But the other went on: "'I am the first of mine' is as much as to say, 'I have determined to found a race as great and renowned as you see pictured here on the walls of this room!' These are not really my ancestors, but the members of an extinct aristocratic family of this city. When I moved here thirty years ago, the house with all its contents and memorials was up at auction, and I immediately bid in the whole outfit as a basis for the realization of my pet idea. You see I had a large fortune, but no name and no forefathers, and I don't even know the Christian

name of my grandmother who married a Kabis. I made up for it at first by declaring the painted ladies and gentlemen here my ancestors, and turning some into Litumleis and others into Kabises, as you see; but my family recollections go no farther than six or seven persons, and the rest of this mass of pictures, the collection of four centuries, defied my efforts. All the more pressingly was I thrown on the future; on the necessity of founding a race of long continuance, whose glorified ancestor I am to be. I had my picture painted long ago, and a family tree with my name on the root. But an obstinate evil star pursues me! I have my third wife already, and yet not one of them has presented me even with a girl, say nothing of a son and heir. Both my former wives, whom I got divorced from, have since had several children by other men out of spite; and the present one, whom I have already had seven years too, would certainly do the same thing at once if I let her go.

"Your coming, my dear grand-nephew, has given me an idea now: that of an artificial help resorted to many times in history, in great and small dynasties. What do you say to this: You live with us as the child of the house, and I constitute you my legal heir! In return you are to do this: you sacrifice outwardly your own lineage (but then, you are the last of your race): and after my death — that is, when you come into the property — adopt my name! I privately spread the rumor that you are a natural son of mine, the fruit of a wild youthful escapade; you accept this view and don't contradict it. Perhaps, later on, some written document about it might be got up, — a memoir, a little romance, a striking love-story, in which I cut a fiery if also a reckless figure, and do mischief I repair in old age. Lastly, you bind yourself to accept from my hand the mate I pick out for you among the notable daughters of the city, for the further accomplishment of my aim. There you have my proposal, in general and in particular."

During this speech John grew red and pale by turns; not with shame and fear, but with joy and amazement over the finally realized fortune, and his own sagacity which had brought it about. Not a whit did he allow it, however, to throw him off his guard: he acted as if he could hardly decide, on account of the sacrifice of his honorable family name and his legitimacy. In courtly and well-chosen words he asked for twenty-four hours to consider it; and thereupon began to pace

to and fro in the beautiful garden with a deeply thoughtful air. The lovely flowers — the stocks, pinks, and roses, crown-imperials and lilies, geranium beds and jasmine bowers, myrtle and oleander trees — all gazed upon him deferentially and did homage to him as their lord.

When he had enjoyed for a half-hour the perfumes and the sunshine, the shade and the coolness of the fountain, he went with earnest mien out on the street and around the corner, and entered a little bake-shop, where he regaled himself with three warm patties and two long-footed glasses of wine; after which he returned to the garden and took another half-hour walk, but this time smoking a cigar with it. Then he discovered a bed full of little tender radishes; he pulled a bunch of them out of the ground, washed them at the fountain, whose stone Tritons blinked at him most humbly, and betook himself therewith to a cool brew-house, where he drank a mug of foaming beer with them. He conversed admirably with the townsmen, and tried to transform his native dialect into the softer Suabian, for he was presumably to be a man of eminence among these people.

He purposely neglected the noon hour, and came late to dinner. In order to sustain the part of a fastidious want of appetite there, he ate beforehand three white Munich sausages, and drank a second mug of beer, which tasted even better than the first. Finally he knitted his brow and betook himself thus to the meal, where he stared at the soup.

Little Litumlei, who was apt to develop a passionate willfulness over unexpected obstacles, and could brook no contradiction, already felt irately anxious for fear his last hope of founding a race might end in smoke, and eyed his incorruptible guest with distrustful glances. At last he could no longer endure the uncertainty whether he was to be the progenitor of a race or not, and summoned the ponderer to cut short those twenty-four hours, and come to a decision forthwith; for he was afraid his nephew's austere virtue might strengthen with every hour. With his own hand, he fetched from the cellar a bottle of very old Rhine wine, whose existence John had not yet suspected. When the freed sun-spirits exhaled their invisible fragrance above the crystal glasses, which rang most musically, and with each drop of the liquid gold that flowed over the tongue, a little flower garden seemed to promptly spring up under the nose, the rugged heart of John Kabys was soft-

ened at last, and he answered yes. The notary was quickly called in, and over a delicious cup of coffee a formal will was executed. In conclusion, the artificial-natural son and the race-founding patriarch embraced each other; it was not a warm, flesh-and-blood embrace, however, but one far more solemn — more like the clash of two great principles that collide in their lines of movement.

John had come into fortune at last. He had now nothing to do but bask in his sunny destiny, behave with some consideration to his father, and spend an ample allowance in whatever way he liked best. All this was done in the most quiet and becoming manner, and withal he dressed like a nobleman. Of valuables not another one did he have to provide: now his genius was manifest, for those acquired in previous years were sufficient even yet, and seemed like an accurately drawn ground plan now completely roofed in by the bounty of fortune. The battle of Waterloo thundered and lightened on a contented bosom; chains and charms jounced over a well-filled stomach; through the gold spectacles looked pleased proud eyes; the cane set off a clever man more than it supported him; and the pretty cigar case was filled with superior weeds which he smoked discerningly in the neat Mazeppa holder. The wild horse was already a lustrous brown, but the Mazeppa on him only a light pink, almost flesh color; so that the twofold art work of carver and smoker excited the just admiration of connoisseurs. Even Papa Litumlei was highly taken with it, and learned to color meerschaums zealously with his dear foster-son. A whole collection of such pipes was procured; but the old man was too restless and impatient in the noble art, and the junior had to lend his aid perpetually and repair mishaps, which inspired the other afresh with regard and confidence.

The two men soon found a still weightier activity, however, when the papa grew urgent that they should invent and write out together that novel by which John was to be promoted to natural son. It was to be a secret family document in the shape of fragmentary memoirs. To prevent the jealousy and disquietude of Mrs. Litumlei, it must be composed at private sittings, and was to be locked up with entire secrecy in the coming family archives, so that only in the future, when the race was in full bloom, should it be brought to light, and the history read of the Litumlei blood.

John had already made up his mind that after the old man's death he would style himself not plain Litumlei, but KABYS-DE-LITUMLEI; for he cherished a pardonable fondness for his own name, which he had so elegantly forged out. He likewise resolved to burn up some day, without ceremony, the document in preparation, whereby he was to lose his birth in wedlock and gain a loose mother. He had to collaborate on it for the present, however, which somewhat ruffled his content; but he wisely accepted the situation, and shut himself up with the old man one morning, in a garden room, to begin the work. Then they sat down at a table opposite each other, and suddenly discovered that their project was harder than they thought, for neither of them had ever written a hundred lines in succession. They absolutely could not make a start; and the closer they stuck their heads together, the less would anything come into them. At last, the son bethought himself that they really ought, first of all, to have a quire of heavy bond paper, to insure a lasting document. That was clear; so they set out forthwith to buy it, and roved harmoniously through the city. When they found what they wanted, they mutually decided, as it was a warm day, to go into a beer-house, and there refresh themselves and collect their thoughts. Contentedly they drank several mugs, and ate nuts, bread, and Frankforts, till John suddenly said he had just found an opening for the story, and wanted to run straight home and write it down, so as not to lose it.

"Run quick, then," said the old man, "and while you are gone, I'll stay here and work out what's to follow: I can feel it on the way now."

John really did hurry back to the room with the blank-book, and wrote: —

"It was in the year 17—, when it was an abundant year. A pail of wine cost 7 gulden, a pail of sweet cider ½ gulden, and a measure of cherry brandy 4 batzen; a two-pound wheat loaf 1 batz, 1 ditto rye bread ½ batz, and a sack of potatoes 8 batzen. The hay also turned out well, and the flax and hemp did not turn out well, but on the other hand, the oil-seed and the tallow or suet did; so that as a whole there was the singular state of affairs that the common people had plenty to eat and drink, were scantily clothed, and yet well lighted. So the year came abruptly to an end, at which every one was justly curious to see how the new year would come in. The winter behaved like a proper and regulation winter, cold

and clear; a warm snow sheet lay on the fields and protected the young seeds. But nevertheless, an odd thing happened after all. It snowed, thawed, and froze again during the month of February, shifting about so often that not only were many people sick, but such a lot of icicles were formed that the whole country looked like a huge glass-warehouse, and every one wore a little board on his head, so as not to be wounded by the falling points. As to other matters, the price of provisions ruled steadily as noted above, and at last fluctuated toward a remarkable spring."

At this point the little old man rushed eagerly in, seized the sheet himself, and without reading what was already written or saying a word, wrote forward: —

"Then He came, and was called Adam Litumlei. He would stand no nonsense, and was born in the year 17—. He came rushing along like a spring storm. Oh, he was one of them! He wore a red velvet coat, a plumed hat, and a sword. He wore a golden waistcoat with the motto, 'Youth has no virtue.' He wore golden spurs and rode on a white charger; he stabled it at the best inn and called out, 'What the devil do I care? for it is springtime, and youth must have its fling!' He paid cash for everything, and everybody marveled at him. He drank the wine, he ate the meat, he said: 'Come, thou lovely darling, thou art better worth while to me than wine and meat, than silver and gold! What do I care? Think what thou wilt, what must be must be.'"

Here he suddenly stuck, and could positively go no further. They read together what had been written, thought it not bad, and collected their thoughts for another week, leading the while a dissipated life, for they went oftener and oftener to the beer-house to get a fresh start; but fortune did not smile every day. Finally John once more had an inspiration, ran home, and continued: —

"These words young Litumlei addressed in particular to a certain Miss Liselein Federspiel [Bessie Huntingbird], who lived in the suburbs of the city, where the gardens are and you soon come to a little wood or grove. She was one of the most ravishing beauties the city had ever produced, with blue eyes and little feet. She was so beautifully made that she needed no corsets; and out of this saving — for she was poor — she was gradually able to buy a violet silk dress. But all this was enhanced by a general wistfulness which quivered not only upon the lovely features, but over all the harmonious limbs of Miss Federspiel, so that in every lull one would seem to hear the mournful accord of an æolian harp. For now had begun a memorable May, when all four seasons were apparently compressed into

one. At the outset there was still another snow, so that the nightingales sang with snowflakes on their heads, as though they wore white nightcaps; then followed such a hot spell that the children went bathing in the open air, and the cherries ripened, and the chronicle preserves this rhyme about it: —

> "'Ice and snow make,
> Boys swim in the lake,
> Cherries ripe and blossoming vine,
> Might all in one May-month be thine.'

"These natural phenomena made men thoughtful, and operated in different ways. Miss Liselein Federspiel, who was particularly pensive, speculated over it also, and for the first time realized that she carried in her own hand her weal and woe, her virtue and her fall; and because she now held the scales and weighed this responsible freedom, was just why she was so sad over it. Now as she stood there, up came that daring redcoat and said on the spot, 'Federspiel, I love thee!' Whereupon, through a singular dispensation, she suddenly changed her former train of thought and broke out into ringing laughter."

"Now let me go on!" cried the old man, who had come running up all in a heat and was reading over his junior's shoulder: "it fits in just right for me now," and carried forward the story as follows: —

"'This is no laughing matter!' said he, 'for I stand no nonsense!' In short, it came out as it must come out: there at the grove on the hill sat my Federspiel on the greensward and kept on laughing; but the knight had leaped on his gray, and flew so swiftly into the distance that in a few moments he seemed all bluish in the spacious aerial perspective. He vanished and returned no more; for he was a hellion!'"

"Ha, now it's over!" cried Litumlei, and threw down the pen; "now I've done my part — you bring it to an end. I'm all drained dry by these infernal fabrications. By the Styx, it's no wonder to me the ancestors of a great house are held so high and painted life-size, when I see how much trouble it costs me to found mine. But haven't I handled the thing boldly?"

John wrote ahead: —

"Poor Miss Federspiel felt great dissatisfaction when she suddenly noticed that the seducing youth had vanished at almost the same time as the memorable month of May. Yet she had the presence of mind to quickly declare that none of the occurrences within her had taken place, so as to restore the former condition of evenly

balanced scales. But she enjoyed this afterpiece of innocence only a short while. Summer came, and they reaped the grain; it was a sea of yellow before the eyes wherever one looked, everywhere the golden boon; prices again fell considerably. Liselein Federspiel stood on that hill and looked over it all; but she saw nothing for bitter chagrin and regret. Autumn came, and every vine was a flowing spring: there was incessant thumping on the ground from the fall of apples and pears; men drank, they sang, they bought and sold. All were supplied: the whole country was like an annual fair; and plentiful and cheap as everything was, yet luxuries were prized and cherished and thankfully received. Only the boon that Liselein brought was alone held valueless, as if the multitude rolling in over-abundance could find no use for one single little mouth more. She therefore wrapped herself in her virtue and bore, a month too early, a bouncing boy baby, who was thus pointed straight toward becoming the smith of his own fortune.

"This son bore himself so bravely through a stormy career that by a strange destiny he was finally united with his father, by whom he was raised to honor and endued with his rights; and this is the second known progenitor of the house of Litumlei."

At the foot of this document the old man wrote: "Examined and certified. Johann Polykarpus Adam Litumlei." John signed it also. Then Mr. Litumlei affixed his seal, whose escutcheon displayed three half fish-hooks gold on a field blue, and seven quartered wagtails white and red on a green bar sinister.

But they were surprised the composition was not longer; for they had scarcely filled one sheet of the quire of paper. None the less they deposited it in the archives, to which for the present they assigned an old iron chest, and were content and of good cheer.

Amid such and other occupations the time passed most delightfully: the fortunate John was almost uncomfortable because there was nothing more to hope or to fear, to hammer out or to speculate on. While he looked about him for some new activity, it seemed to him the master's spouse regarded him with a rather disquieted and suspicious look: it only seemed so to him, he could not positively assert it. This woman, who was nearly always asleep, or if awake was eating something nice, he had taken but little notice of while about his affairs at other times: for she concerned herself with nothing and appeared content with everything, so long as her rest was not disturbed. Now he suddenly feared that she

might somehow effect an injurious transformation for him, bring her husband around, and the like.

He laid his finger on his nose and said: "Stop a minute! It may be advisable just here to put the finishing stroke to the work. How in the world could I have left this important party out of account so long! Good is good, but better is better!"

The old man was just then out on an active secret quest after a suitable match for his son and heir, of which he disclosed nothing to the latter. John resolved to visit the lady at once, with the vague notion of paying court to her in some way and ingratiating himself with her, to make up for lost time. He stole noiselessly downstairs to the room she was wont to stay in, and found the door ajar as usual; for with all her sluggishness she was curious, and always loved to hear what was going on. He stepped cautiously in, and once more saw her lying there asleep, a half-eaten raspberry tart in her hand. Not quite knowing the right way to begin, he finally tiptoed along, took her plump hand, and kissed it respectfully. She made not the least motion, though she half opened her eyes, and without moving a muscle of her mouth, regarded him with the strangest look as long as he stood there. Nonplussed and faltering, he finally withdrew and ran up to his chamber. There he sat himself in a corner, that look from the small twinkling eyes still before him. He hurried down again; the woman remained motionless as before, and as he drew nearer, again half unclosed her eyes. Once again he withdrew, once again sat down in the corner of his chamber; for the third time he arose, descended the stairs, skipped in, and this time stayed there till the patriarch returned home.

Scarcely a day now passed in which the pair did not contrive to be together, and to play the old man false with a vengeance. The sleepy woman all at once grew sprightly in her way; and John gave himself up to the most passionate ingratitude toward his benefactor, always with the view of making his position secure and anchoring his fortune hard and fast. Both culprits affected, meanwhile, to be all the more friendly and devoted to the duped Litumlei, who felt unalloyed pleasure in it, and believed he had arranged his household for the best; so that no one could tell which of the two men was the better satisfied with himself. One morning, however, the old man seemed to bear off the palm, by virtue of a confidential interview his wife held with him; for he went about with the odd-

est air, could not stand quiet an instant, and kept trying to whistle snatches of all sorts of tunes, but could not make out for lack of teeth. He seemed to have grown several inches over night: in short, he was the essence of self-content. The same day, however, victory again leaned to the side of the younger, when the old man unexpectedly asked him if he would not like to make a good long journey, in order to get to know the world a little even yet; and especially also, while improving himself, to inspect the educational systems of different countries, and acquaint himself with their respective governing principles, particularly with reference to people of rank.

Nothing could be more welcome to him than so noble a proposition, and he joyfully accepted it. He was speedily fitted out for the journey and provided with bills of exchange, and he set off in the greatest glory. At first he traveled to Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, and Hamburg; then he ventured onward to Paris; and everywhere led a sumptuous and prudent life. He promenaded all places of amusement, summer theaters and show grounds, hurried through the curiosity rooms of the castles, and stood every noon in the burning sun on the parade grounds to hear the music and gape at the officers before going to dinner. When he beheld all these splendors, as one of a thousand other men, he was proud as a peacock, and ascribed to himself the sole credit of all that flashing and clanging; and he held every one an ignorant clod who was not present. But with ready enjoyment he combined the highest wisdom, to show his benefactor that he had sent no chicken on a journey. He never gave anything to a beggar, never bought anything of a poor child, contrived invariably to bolt with the servants' tips and lose nothing by it, and haggled long over every service before he accepted it. The greatest sport he found in hectoring and quizzing the lost creatures with whom he amused himself, in company with two or three congenial spirits, at public dances. In a word, he lived safe and smug as an old wine drummer.

At the close, he could not deny himself a trip to his native Seldwyla. There he stopped at the best hotel, sat mysterious and taciturn at the dinner table, and let his townsmen rack their brains over what had befallen him. They were convinced there was not much back of it, and yet just then he was unquestionably living at ease; so they withheld their derision for the time, and blinked with noses curled up at the gold he displayed. But not to one bottle of wine did he treat them, though he

drank the best before their very eyes, and pondered how else he could put them out.

Then he suddenly bethought himself, at his journey's end, of his errand to investigate the educational methods of the countries he passed through, in order to settle the principles on which the children of the family founded by Litumlei and transmitted by Kabys should be educated. It stood him in good stead now to solve the problem in Seldwyla; for he could appear clothed in the mantle of a higher mission, as a sort of state educational official, and mystify the Seldwylers still more. And he had come to just the right forge, as for some time past they had been thriving on a superb industry, that of turning all their girls into schoolmistresses and exporting them. Discreet and indiscreet, sound and sickly children were thus trained in special establishments and for all requirements. Just as trout are prepared in different ways, stewed or fried or larded, and so on: so the girls were made either more religious or more worldly, more linguistic or more musical, more fitted for households of rank or for common families, according to the point of the compass they were intended for and the demand came from. The curious part of it was, that the Seldwylers remained perfectly neutral and indifferent toward all these various destinations, and possessed no knowledge whatever of the respective spheres of life; and the good market for them only went to show that the purchasers of the export merchandise were equally indifferent and unknowing. A Seldwyler who pretended to be the most implacable foe of the church could have his England-bound children exercised in prayer and keeping the Sabbath; another, who in public speeches gushed about the noble Stauffacheress, the glory of the free Swiss home, had his five or six daughters banished to the Russian steppes or other inhospitable regions, where they pined away in disconsolate remoteness. The main thing was that the valiant burghers should turn the poor beings outdoors as soon as possible, armed with passport and umbrella, so they themselves could indulge in a treat on the earnings sent home.

From all this, however, there soon resulted a certain tradition and aptitude for the exterior training of girls; and John Kabys had plenty to do in gathering up the curious principles that governed herein, and noting them down with still more curious faculties of apprehension. He went about through the various little workshops where the girls were fitted, questioned

directresses and teachers, and sought especially to picture to himself how the tuition of a little son of a great house should be carried out from the outset as befitted his rank, and that straight out of the pockets of the people who were paid for it, and without trouble or annoyance to the parents.

On this head he drew up a notable memorandum, which in a few days, thanks to his diligent note-taking, extended to several sheets; and he busied himself with stirring up a great sensation over it. He kept the writing rolled up in a round metal case, and wore this hung on a small leather strap always at his thigh. But when the Seldwylers noticed this, they believed he had been sent there to steal away the secret of their industry and transplant it abroad; they grew incensed at him and drove him away, scolding and threatening.

Rejoiced at being able to exasperate them, he journeyed on, and finally reached Augsburg in good health and jubilant as a lark. He stepped gayly into the house, and found that just as cheerful and lively. A brisk and comely peasant woman of ample bosom was the first one he met; she was carrying a dish of warm water, and he took her to be a new cook, and regarded her provisionally not without satisfaction. But he was anxious to hurry and greet the mistress of the house; she was not to be spoken with, however, and was in bed, although the house resounded with a strange noise. This proceeded from old Litumlei, who was running about singing, calling, laughing, and making a great to-do, and finally came in sight puffing, wheezing, rolling his eyes, and red as a turkey from joy, pride, and cock-a-hoopness. Out of breath, and at the same time respiring with dignity, he bade his favorite welcome, and hurried off again to do something else, for he seemed to have his hands full.

At intervals was repeatedly heard from one quarter a muffled squeak, as of a penny-trumpet; the full-bosomed country woman again crossed the scene, this time with a handful of small white squares, and called from her white throat, "Coming, my little jewel, coming, my babelet."

"Confound you!" said John; "sweet dose this is!"

But he listened again for that squeak, which could now be heard uninterruptedly.

"Now," called Litumlei, who came pattering along again, "doesn't the bird sing sweetly? What do you say to that, my boy?"

"What bird?" asked John.

"O Lord! then you don't know anything about it yet?" the old man cried. "A son is born to us at last; a son and heir, as lively as a little pig, is lying in our cradle. All my wishes, my old plans, are fulfilled!"

The smith of his own fortune stood like a statue, without taking in as yet the consequences of the event, plain as they were; he only felt that it grated sorely on him, made very round eyes, and pursed up his mouth as though he had to kiss a hedgehog.

"Now," the delighted old man went on, "don't be too sulky! Our relations, of course, will be somewhat altered; and I've already revoked that will and burnt it up, along with that jolly romance, which we don't need any longer now. But you stay in the house; you're to supervise my son's education, you're to be my adviser and my assistant in everything, and you shall want for nothing as long as I live. Now go and take a rest. I've got to scratch up a good name for the little trump; I've gone through the calendar three times already, and now I'm going to rummage in an old chronicle: there are such old family trees there, with most remarkable Christian names."

John at last betook himself to his room, and sat down in that same old corner; the metal case with the educational memoranda was still hanging to him, and he unconsciously held it between his knees. He comprehended the state of affairs; he cursed the vile woman who had played him this trick and foisted an heir on him; he cursed the old man, who believed he had a legitimate son; the only one he did not curse was himself, though he was the real and only author of the little squaller, and so had disinherited himself. He was struggling in an untearable net; but, like a fool, ran again to the old man to open his eyes.

"Do you really believe, then," he said to him, in an undertone, "that the child is your own?"

"Hey? what?" said Mr. Litumlei, looking up from his chronicle.

John went on and gave him to understand, in blunt language, that he had never been capable of becoming a father; that his wife had probably been guilty of unfaithfulness, and so on.

As soon as the little man fully understood him, he sprang up like one possessed, stamped on the floor, snorted, and finally

screamed: "Get out of my sight, you monster of ingratitude, you slandering scoundrel! Why shouldn't I be capable of having a son? Speak up, you miserable scamp! Is this your thanks for my kindness — befouling my wife's honor, and my honor too, with your nasty tongue? Lucky enough I found out in good season what a viper I've nourished in my bosom! Oh, how such great ancestral houses are attacked in the very cradle by envy and selfishness! Get out! Out of the house with you this minute!"

He ran to his writing-desk, trembling with rage, took out a handful of gold pieces, rolled them up in a paper, and threw them at the disfortuned one's feet.

"Here's an alms to travel on, and get out with it for good and all!" With that he went off, hissing all the while like a serpent.

John picked up the package, but did not leave the house; instead he slunk to his room more dead than alive, stripped to his shirt, though it was not yet evening, and threw himself on the bed, rocking and groaning piteously. Amid all his misery he counted over (for he could find no sleep) the money he had just received, and what he had saved on the journey, as above described. "No use!" said he, "I can't think of going away on that. I've got to stay here, and I will!"

Here two policemen knocked at the door, stepped inside, and told him to get up and dress. Full of anguish and terror, he did so. They ordered him to pack up his things; but everything was most beautifully assembled still, for he had not yet even opened his traveling trunk. Thereupon they saw him out of the house; a servant carried his things down, set them in the street, and shut the door in his face. The officers then read him a written order never to set foot in the house again on pain of the law. They then went away; but he gazed once more upon the house of his lost fortune, just as one of the upper casements opened a little, and that fair-faced nurse reached after some diapers drying out there, country fashion; and at the same time the child's small voice was heard once more.

Then at last he fled with his belongings to a hotel, once more undressed, and now lay unmolested in bed.

Next day he hastened in despair to a lawyer, to see if nothing more could be done at all. But before the latter had

half heard his story, he shouted angrily, "Take yourself off, you ass, you and your silly legacy-hunting, or I'll have you arrested."

Completely baffled, he at last journeyed back to his good Seldwyla, which he had left only a few days before. He lodged at the tavern again, and lived broodingly for some time on his cash in hand; and the more it diminished, the more dejected he became. The Seldwylers humorously kept him company; and when — for he had now become approachable — they fathomed what had so fittingly befallen him, and saw him with small means steadily melting away, they sold him an old nail forge by the town gate, which was just then for sale, and they said gave its owner a living. But to make up the purchase money, he had to dispose of all his attributes and trinkets, which he did all the more lightly as he now placed no further hope in these things; indeed, they had always betrayed him, and he wanted the care of them no longer.

With the nail forge, in which two or three kinds of simple nails were made, went an old workman to boot, from whom the new proprietor learned the trade without much difficulty, and even became a stout nailsmith; and he so hammered away, at first in passable and then entire content, that he learned though late to know the fortune of simple and assiduous work, which really freed him from all cares and purged him of his evil passions.

Gratefully he let the pretty pumpkin vines and creepers trail over the humble and dingy little cottage, which was overshadowed besides by a large elder tree, and whose chimney always nursed a friendly little fire.

Yet on quiet nights he may still have pondered over his lot; and once when the anniversary came around of the day he found Madam Litumlei with the raspberry tart, the smith of his own fortune butted his head against the chimney, out of regret for the injudicious lift he had tried to give his fortune.

But these paroxysms gradually passed away, the better the nails he forged turned out.

MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO ON LOVE.

(From his "Recollections": translated by Count Maffei.)

[MASSIMO TAPARELLI, Marquis d'Azeglio, was of an old Piedmontese noble family, and born at Turin in 1798. At fifteen he accompanied his father, who was ambassador to Rome, and acquired a passion for painting and music; he entered the army at his father's wish, but soon left it for art. He lived in Rome 1821–1829, and became noted as a landscape artist. After his father's death in 1830 he settled in Milan, and married the daughter of the novelist and patriot Manzoni; and under his influence engaged in literature as an aid to patriotism, and published in 1833 his first novel, "Ettore Fieramosca." It had great success, and was a powerful stimulus to the sentiment of national patriotism. In 1841 came "Nicolo di Lapi," on the same lines. He was now recognized as one of the leaders of the moderate Liberals, and few Italians have been more influential in directing public action into the right paths. In 1846 he published the pamphlet, "On the Recent Events in Romagna," against aimless insurrections, and advising a cool and practical policy; he followed it with other articles on political matters for the next two years. In 1849 he was a member of the first Sardinian Parliament, and Victor Emmanuel made him President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs. Overshadowed by Cavour, he retired from the cabinet, but held several missions. He died in Turin, 1866. His stories are forgotten; but he left behind him an autobiography, "My Recollections," which is likely, from its charm and style, to perpetuate his literary fame enduringly, while his repute as statesman and patriot is secure.]

ALL polytheist religions place love among the divinities. Christians in a sort of way look upon it as God himself and his first essence — so at least we are told. But this said, love is the most inexplicable of mysteries. "You love me, you are king, and I have to go away," said Olympia Mancini to Louis XIV., when she left the court by order of her uncle, Cardinal Mazarin.

"You love me, you are a god, and I suffer;" the poor human soul says this only too often. But wherefore? The key of this mystery is not to be found on earth; let us hope to find it in heaven. Mere intellect is an inexperienced and useless guide in such a labyrinth, and abandons us in the midst of darkness. Let us rather follow the dictates of the heart.

Who could conceive with his intellect, or explain in words, that primeval love before which "there was no created thing"? One feels God, but he cannot be conceived or explained. One feels him to be an infinite love, and the motive power of the universe. One feels him to be a protection, a defence. One feels that he is good, and has prepared for us an eternal future — inexplicable and unfathomable to mortals, but full of happi-

ness and rapture, of justice and equity — worthy, in a word, to be the work of God. Therefore let us take heart, and throw ourselves courageously into that vortex where so many generations have already disappeared.

If perchance you were to say, "I do not feel this God of yours," I should answer, "I am very sorry, but in truth I know not how to help you." But this love, — the love of God for his creature, and of the latter for its maker, — if it is the first, is not the only one. Here the problem becomes multiplied. What is love in the heart of man? Love of himself, of others, of ideas, of things? Which is true love and which is false? Which is virtuous love and which is sinful? Which is noble and generous, which is foul and abominable? etc. A hundred such questions might be asked. But everything is confused, indefinite, and illogical; everything is struggle and contradiction in this vast realm of love; and even language is under its influence.

What an inconceivable lack of expressions! What indecision! In French, for instance, which appears to me the most perfect instrument of communication invented by man, — in that language, the most precise, the neatest and most logical in existence (I only speak a few, alas! still I think my assertion is true), nevertheless in French there is only one word for the expression of love: "J'aime Dieu, j'aime ma patrie, j'aime ma mère, j'aime ma maitresse, j'aime la science, j'aime le vaudeville," or "j'aime les epinards au jus," but always "j'aime."

In Italy, as in England, we are not much better off; but still I can put spinach in one category and my country or my family in another, and say, both in Italian and in English: "I like spinach," and "I love my country"; "Mi piacciono gli spinoci," and "Amo la patria."

Can this want of precision, this poverty of language, be the result of pure chance? or is it rather a defect which necessarily governed the origin, the formation, and the crystallization of languages? Is it then an anomaly, an absence of logic, or, on the contrary, the application of its most exquisite sense?

If the latter hypothesis be correct, language would only possess one substantive, *love*, and one verb, *to love*, because love would be one, and its applications many; but hitherto badly understood and badly defined, whence the uncertainty and obscurity.

There is, however, one sort of love which is understood, perfectly defined, and known by everybody, for which language has found, if not a verb, at least an adequate substantive, or rather two, — *self-love* and *egotism.*

Perhaps it might be said that love for dear self should be stigmatized by the vile name of *selfishness*, while, on the contrary, love for any object not ourselves has an exclusive right to the beautiful and noble one of *love.*

Europe is under great obligations to France; and since Solferino, Italy in particular owes her an immense debt of gratitude. There is no doubt that the dazzling light which, by showing the world its own deformity, made it ashamed, and thus induced it to attempt an amendment, first radiated from France. By her intelligence and her press France achieved a real and beneficent victory over the world; but I, who am the friend and not the flatterer of the French, tell them, "You have made Europe pay dearly for your benefits." Who till now ever saw a flood of books written for the express purpose of perverting human nature, like that known by the name of the literature of Louis Philippe, and that which followed?

These works of imagination — novels especially (I have seen some very sad instances) — have really inoculated Europe with unwholesome humors. With few exceptions, the only object of the writers was to make money: they coveted popularity, and basely pandered to all the depraved instincts of the multitude. And as, when these are to be incited, the true and holy democracy of equality before the law is of much less use to him who seeks to become rich and ride in his carriage than that other democracy which tramples, when it can, upon every law, and which is the apotheosis of all that is hideous and foul; the writers in question, in order to flatter the masses, have in their books proclaimed the triumph of baseness. For a long time courtesans (I am speaking of no new thing), convicts, murderers, scoundrels of every description, have been held up as the only persons capable of heroic action, whilst honest men were represented as foolish or impotent, and the leading ideas inculcated by such books were, and are, that the distinction between good and evil is a bugbear for idiots; that violent passions are symptoms of a powerful nature, which is exactly the reverse of truth; that the infallible sign of absolute moral supremacy is a total absence of respect for anything, while it is precisely the contrary. And as to love, that ancient

and never worn-out axis on which all narratives destined to please the masses turn — tell me, dear reader, have you ever found in French novels of this school a chaste and graceful type, like the Lucia of Manzoni, for instance; the personification of an honest woman, who is at once natural, attractive, and refined? Sometimes the author (it is easy to perceive) would fain present something angelic, some flower of innocence, some being breathing purity and candor — but, good heavens, what an exertion! what an incessant effort! what an utter misconception of nature and of real simplicity, of smooth and easy deductions flowing spontaneously from the story and the circumstances! One sees so plainly that the author, wishing to raise himself above his own level, is obliged to walk upon stilts.

But if we turn to a scene of courtesans at supper; to a description of the luxurious fare, the wines, the plate, the lights, the scantiness of the women's dresses, what fullness, what truth, what life in the imagery and the details, what an inspired style, what an outburst of eloquence! It is quite evident that the author longs for that which he describes, that he feels in his element, and is anxious to receive the price of his manuscript, that he may seat himself at the same table, and perhaps roll beneath it.

This literature is one of the causes of the very remarkable fall which — as every one knows — has taken place in the moral thermometer of the reading world in Europe. From the high-born damsel who reads in secret, down to the humble girl who, to read novels, defrauds herself of the few hours' rest allowed her by the milliner for whom she works — what disorder, what deceit, how much irreparable mischief! And all this for what? Let us go to the core of the question. Because Mr. So-and-so, the author, wanted to have six horses in his stable, and all the rest of it; and because he knew that the public, the king of our time, like many other kings of yore, liberally rewards those who flatter his depraved instincts, and, better still, those who serve him in this respect.

Now at last, after so many words, we must arrive at a conclusion.

Love plays a much less important part in the world than is generally supposed. It is most often the child of idleness, and is an artificial product of literature. And French literature has made it a disgraceful object of speculation.

These ideas are, as usual, the fruit of my own observations, reasoned out by myself. I do not, however, consider them infallible. I know not what the reader will think of them. He may very likely say, "All very well, but there are people who cannot read or write, who work like horses from morning till night, and yet they fall in love." This is my answer: —

First of all, among so many passions there are no two of exactly the same essence; and it would be necessary to make a chemical analysis, in order to test the real value of each. We are agreed, as you know, that in speaking of the rarity of love I mean to specify that which deems the advantage of the beloved one preferable to its own; otherwise, as we saw before, it is no longer love, but selfishness. And if all those who fall in love were submitted to a moral filter, do you think the result would be an essence as pure as spring water?

Secondly, setting aside analysis and filters, the question is reduced to saying, every rule has its exception, which I admit. I admit it so completely that, without going further, I offer myself to serve as an exception, and can confirm your observations in my own person.

In my youth I had read no love stories. I worked, and to such an excess as to make myself ill more than once; yet I had so impressionable, so passionate a nature, that it would be impossible for me to express the violence of the storms of this kind I had to go through. *Dieu merci c'est fini!* quoth Richelieu.

This might appear to be the moment for entering on a narration of my love-adventures, which I might afterwards take up whenever their turn came. But I intend to do nothing of the kind, and for the following reasons: —

In the first place, only change the names, and essentially this particular is always the same. Secondly, while reading the autobiographies of others, and the descriptions of their conquests, the authors have constantly seemed to me rather ridiculous. Then, all those who become lachrymose in recording the havoc they have made in female hearts; those who, for instance, just meet a woman in a shop trying on a pair of gloves, and because she pays them enough attention to avoid having her dress trodden on, note her down forthwith on the list of conquests; and finally, those who scatter flowers on the grave of some dear angel who died of love (or dyspepsia) for their

sakes, all these gushings of an inconsolable heart, poured out into the vast bosom of the public, invariably appear to me one of the drollest masquerades assumed by human vanity. To relate victories, therefore, is ridiculous; while as to defeats, frankly, dear reader, do not you think it possible to find a livelier subject? Thus it is better to be silent on both.

These are the reasons of self-interest; the following plead on behalf of social propriety and real feeling.

A true, loyal, and self-sacrificing affection is a great treasure — the greatest in existence. If there was a woman who gave you every possible proof of it, ought you in return to expose her love to publicity? Names, I know, are never published; but can any one who has a large acquaintance veil the incidents and the different periods of his own life to such an extent as to prevent the real names being easily discovered?

I have always considered ingratitude as one of the most ignoble depravities of the human soul. But ingratitude towards a woman who has loved you truly and loyally, were it only for one single hour, has always seemed to me the lowest form of the sin. What more could she do, poor thing? What good, what happiness was there in her power to bestow, that she did not give you with her love? What did she not risk? What did she not confide to your loyalty and love? And ought you to trample all that under foot? Ought you to betray her trust, and make her a subject of common talk, to gratify the most stupid of vanities?

As it is very rare for a man, however unattractive, not to have met with love of one caliber or another, the best rule for everybody is not to say, and still less to write, anything about it.

It is undeniable that some good might be derived from the narration of such adventures, by reasoning on them, and thus discovering some compass for the use of those poor frail barks, which set sail for the first time, full of hope and illusions, on that sea which may be termed, with peculiar force, *the faithless element.*

Wishing, for my own part, to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, as the adage has it, I shall confine myself to an exposition of general facts, and the reflections they suggest.

The greatest harm of love, as it often exists in the *reading*

world, springs from the necessity of perpetual falsehood. It very rarely happens that one can make love without being obliged to deceive every moment. Thence a habit of dissimulation is acquired. The character becomes distorted, and it soon ceases to produce any disagreeable impression; just as those who have no ear for music get accustomed to false notes.

I was never guilty of the lie — worse than lie, the perfidy — of a cold and calculating love. I have never told or tried to persuade a woman that I loved her when it was not true. Unfortunately, it is by no means uncommon for a man to see a young woman contented and happy with her husband, fond of her family and home, without mysteries or cares, with good spirits and a light heart, and to fix his mind on her, taking it into his head to make this pleasant garden of domestic happiness his prey, and render its inhabitants miserable, for the sake of boasting afterwards, "I succeeded!" There are men who, without feeling any love, without a shadow of passion, set to work with perpetual dissimulation, representing themselves to the poor victim as models of delicacy united to invincible love. Woman is usually good, confiding, ignorant of human baseness. She believes, she yields; and the happiness, the peace, the future of many persons, are often forfeited forever; and the authors of such disasters generally find the door of every house open to them, whilst those who rob on the highway are hanged! And this is called justice!

On this score I have no remorse. Whenever it was my fate to pronounce those fatal words, "I love you," and to utter them in earnest and not lightly, it was but too true.

In early youth I was neither more nor less than a scamp, and I only associated with female specimens of the same genus, among whom the word "love" was not current coin. A little later, I went through a very bad phase — which, however, did not last long — when I carried on two or three intrigues at the same time, more from recklessness than anything else. But the day at last came when I really fell in love with unutterable violence. This lasted for many years. In the meanwhile, life and experience were maturing me. Dissimulation and falsehood became every day more hateful to me. I attempted to limit myself with regard to falsehood, as families sometimes do in their household expenses, to the strictly necessary; and I was thus led into adopting a maxim not often observed by

young men — of telling the truth and keeping a promise, no matter to whom, even to women!

I therefore believe I am one of those who have been most scrupulously faithful, chiefly because I should never have been able to deny an infidelity if I had been questioned and driven to bay. Thus I was more veracious than faithful. I used, in fact, to say, "In love constancy is a necessary, fidelity a luxury;" and this was said half in jest and half in earnest. And as it is possible to hate many people at once, why should one not love them also in the same way? Not in an equal degree certainly, but according to a graduated scale? Constancy, the essence of every true passion, is rooted in our heart; but might not fidelity in detail be counted, perchance, among the sophisms of literature?

I know some of my fair readers, if I were at hand, would gladly tear my eyes out for these lax doctrines. The curious fact, however, remains, that in spite of these peculiar theories on infidelity, in practice I was entirely the reverse. But this, I repeat, was more a repugnance to falsehood than anything else.

For the same motive, I never pushed deceit so far as to seem the friend of a husband in order to lay his vigilance asleep. I always considered this, as it is in fact, a low and dastardly action. This is one great evil engendered by such love: the character acquires indelible blots, which remain even when their cause is over. As love has a beginning, it also, unhappily or happily, as the case may be, has an end. This end, however, is never reached by two lovers on the same day and at the same hour. While one of the parties says *enough*, the other says *not yet*. Only once I had to recite the part of *enough*, and thought the easiest way was to confess it; which I did by the way of economizing lies, as well as, in truth, economizing useless scenes, reproaches, and lamentations. For though we are told that certain men have risen from the dead, I never heard of love being resuscitated, least of all by means of tears.

If I once said *enough*, on two other occasions I had the more painful task of saying *not yet;* and my suffering was so great that, wishing to avoid recriminations and lamentations, I had to sustain a great internal struggle: —

"Le bruit est pour le fat,
La plainte est pour le sot:

L'honnête homme trompé
S'éloigne et ne dit mot,"

[Noise is for the fop,
Complaint is for the fool:
The honest man deceived
Goes away and says no word.]

and this was the system I adopted.

I might prolong this chapter, — for matter would not be wanting, — but I think I have said enough to show what my character is in this respect. In writing my life it was necessary to speak of it.

The conclusion to be drawn is the affair of the reader. All the evidence against me is in his hands. As to the reflections which may arise from the above facts, and which may perhaps be useful to youth (as far as precepts and sermons are available against passion), the following are those which seem to me most obvious. Illicit passions, besides the intrinsic evils inherent to them, are a source of trouble, sorrow, and even of real misfortune in the present organization of society. Holding aloof from them, if possible, is therefore all gain. If that cannot be, there are two things, at least, not to be lost sight of, — to do the least possible harm to others as well as to oneself. To oneself, by resisting the invasion of lies converted into a habit and a system; to others, by never feigning a passion that does not exist, and by never sacrificing to personal vanity the peace, welfare, and happiness of the being who has had the misfortune to come across your path.

I certainly do not lay down these ideas as the expression of a complete and perfect moral theory; but I think them practical, and therefore useful.

To explain my opinion of myself, I must say that, unless I am greatly mistaken, I do not believe I was the cause of much harm to others; but I certainly greatly injured myself. I was obliged to work very hard before I could restore to my character the rectitude, sincerity, and purity I had received from nature. The sincerity, the genuineness of my feelings, have made me suffer so much that I certainly have left by the way a considerable portion of vitality and health which I might have employed much better in the service of my country. Reflecting on the past, it seems to me as if my sincerity of heart and complete abnegation of self were often the cause of my

becoming odious; and unfortunately, I ended by suspecting that very few women can love an honest man truly and for a length of time. Perhaps the fault is more that of the honest man than theirs! In spite of all this, the impression I have retained from what I have felt and seen is, that, as a general rule, women are much better than men. And, however great the suffering I have had to endure on their account, I once found the compensation of an affection which never failed me, and which was never influenced by any circumstance whatever. Let him who can say as much be content. Not many can.

And with this I end the chapter. I entertain no illusions about the conversions which ought to be the reward of my wise reflections. In everything, and especially in love, who is not desirous of trying for himself?

Try, then, for yourselves, young men; and fifty years hence you will be able to preach to the next generation, just as I have to you, and perhaps with the same result.

GRAMIGNA'S MISTRESS.

By GIOVANNI VERGA.

[Giovanni Verga, one of the best of the modern Italian novelists, was born at Catania, in Sicily, in 1840. Spending his boyhood there, but his youth in Florence and Milan, he returned after a residence of some years in his native land to settle permanently in Milan. His novels of life outside Sicily are generally of slight value; but when he touches his native heath, he is transformed — it is to him what Scotland is to Barrie or India to Kipling. He is a realist of the most uncompromising sort, grim, keen, merciless; hardly a story of Sicilian life that is not a tragedy, and the burning landscape, the naked lava, the native character,— now fiercely impulsive, now of ass-like patience and unresentiveness, — and the grinding hardness of the industrial conditions are all persons in the drama. Yet somehow the stories do not leave a bad taste in the mouth: there is deep sympathy and humanity underlying his dark pigments, he is never gross and never brutal, and the method is that of Turgenev rather than that of the French school or his rival Annunzio. His most famous book is the collection of short stories headed by "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Rustic Chivalry), and taking that title; it appeared in 1884. Among his other works are "The Story of a Cricket" (1872); "Eva" (1873); "Stories" (1874); "Nedda" (1874); "Eros" (1875); "The Royal Tiger" (1876); "Helen's Husband" (1877); "Life in the Fields" (1880); "I Malavoglia" (1881); "Rustic Tales" (1883); "The How, the When, and the Wherefore."]

This is no more than the sketch of a story, but it has the merit of being very short, and of being historical — a human

document, as they say nowadays; and as such will perhaps be interesting to those who study the great book of the heart. I will tell it just as I heard it myself among the fields and country lanes; almost with the same simple and picturesque words as are used in the popular narrative.

Some years ago, down in the district of the Simeto, they were hunting a brigand; one Gramigna, if I mistake not, — and that is as ill a name as the weed that bears it, — who had filled the whole country-side with the terror of his renown.

Police, soldiery, and mounted militia had pursued him for two months, and had never succeeded in fastening their claws upon him; he was alone, but he was as good as ten others, and the evil weed threatened to take root.

To make matters worse, it was nearly harvest time, the hay already lay scattered upon the meadows, and the ears of corn bowed their heads, as if nodding consent to the reapers, who were ready with sickle in hand; and yet not a single farmer dared show his nose beyond his garden hedge, for fear of finding Gramigna lying among the furrows, his carbine between his knees, ready to blow out the brains of the first man who should offer to meddle with him.

Hence the complaints were universal. So the prefect summoned before him all these gentlemen of the police, the "*carabinieri*," and the soldiery, and said a few words to them of a kind that made them prick up their ears. The next day there was a general earthquake: patrols, troops, vedettes in every ditch and behind every wall — they drove him before them like a wild beast, through a whole province, by day and by night, on foot, on horseback, and by the telegraph. Still Gramigna slipped through their hands, and answered them with volleys of shot when they trod too closely on his heels. In the fields, in the villages, at the farms, beneath the boughs that overshadow the tavern doors, in every place of meeting, people talked of nothing but him, Gramigna, and that furious chase, that desperate flight.

The *carabinieri's* horses dropped down from sheer weariness, the worn-out soldiers flung themselves to rest upon the ground in every stable, the patrols fell asleep as they walked. Only he, Gramigna, was never weary, never slept, but still fled on, clambering up precipices, creeping among the corn, crawling on all fours through the thickets of prickly pear, scrambling like a wolf along the dry torrent-beds. The principal topic of conver-

sation among the gossips at the village doors was the consuming thirst that the hunted creature must be enduring, down there on the vast, arid plain, beneath the June sun. The idlers stood agape at the very thought.

Peppa, one of the handsomest girls of Licodia, was at this time about to be married to Master Finu, surnamed the "Tallow-candle," who owned sunny lands and had a bay mule in his stable, and was a fine young fellow, "beautiful as the sun," who could carry the banner of St. Margaret as straight as a pillar, without bending his back. Peppa's mother wept for joy at the good luck that had befallen her daughter, and spent her time in turning over the bride's outfit as it lay in its trunk — "all of white stuff, in fours," like that of a queen, and golden earrings that hung down to the shoulders, and gold rings for all the ten fingers; she had as much gold as St. Margaret herself, and was to be married just about St. Margaret's Day, which fell in June, after the hay was cut. Every evening "Tallow-candle," as he returned from the fields, would leave his mule at Peppa's door, and come in to tell her that the crops were a joy to behold, if only Gramigna did not set fire to them, that the corn-bin behind the bed would not be large enough to hold all the grain that harvest, and that it seemed to him a thousand years till the time should come when he might take his bride home behind him on the bay mule.

But one fine day Peppa said to him, "Let your mule be — for I will not marry you."

Poor "Tallow-candle" stood aghast, and the old woman began tearing her hair when she heard her daughter give up the best match in the village.

"I love Gramigna," the girl said to her, "and I will marry no one else."

"Ah me!" the mother went crying about the house, her gray hair flying in the wind like a witch's — "Ah me! that demon has got even in here and bewitched my daughter!"

"No," Peppa would reply, and her eye was fixed and as hard as steel, "no, he has not been here."

"Where have you seen him, then?"

"I have not seen him, I have heard of him. But listen — I feel him, here, burning me."

The affair made a stir in the village, though they tried to hush it up. The gossips who had envied Peppa the prosperous crops, the bay mule, and the fine young fellow who carried

St. Margaret's banner without bending his back, now went about telling all manner of ugly tales — how Gramigna came to visit her by night in the kitchen, and how he had been seen hiding under the bed.

The poor mother had a lamp lighted "for the souls in purgatory," and the priest even came to the house and laid his stole upon Peppa's heart, so as to drive out that devil of a Gramigna, who had taken possession of it. Still she persisted in saying that she did not even know the fellow by sight, but that she saw him at night in her dreams; and she rose every morning with parched lips, almost as though she too had suffered the burning thirst that he must be enduring.

Then the old woman shut her up in the house, that she might no longer hear them talk of Gramigna, and stopped up the very cracks in the door with pictures of the saints. But Peppa listened from behind the sacred images to what the people in the street were saying, and grew red and pale, as though the devil were blowing all the flames of hell across her face. At last she heard them say that Gramigna had been brought to bay, among the prickly-pear thickets of Palagonia.

"He kept up a two hours' fire," they said, "and there is one *carabiniere* killed, and three soldiers and more are wounded. But they sent such a hail of shot upon him, that this time they found a pool of blood where he had stood."

Then Peppa made the sign of the cross at her old woman's bedside, and fled through the window.

Gramigna was among the prickly pears of Palagonia, for they had not been able to dislodge him from such a rabbit-warren. Wounded and blood-stained, pale from a two days' fast, burnt with fever, he stood there, his carbine leveled.

When he saw her coming towards him, fearless and firm, through the thickets of prickly pear, in the dim light of the dawn, he debated for a moment whether he should pull the trigger.

"What do you want?" he asked; "what have you come here for?"

"I have come to be with you," she replied, looking at him fixedly. "Are you Gramigna?"

"Yes, I am Gramigna. If you have come here after those twenty 'ounces'[1] of the reward, you have mistaken your reckoning."

[1] *Oncia*, a Sicilian coin, no longer current, worth about 10*s*.

"No, I have come to stay by you," she replied.

"Get you gone," said he; "you cannot stay here, and I will have no one with me. If you have come after money, you have made a mistake, I tell you; I have nothing — see; it is two days since I have even had a bit of bread."

"I cannot go home again now," she said; "the road is full of soldiers."

"Go! What do I care for that? Every one for himself!"

As she was turning away, like a dog driven off by kicks, he called after her: —

"Look here, go and get me a flask of water from the torrent down there; if you want to stay with me, you must risk your skin."

She went without a word; and when Gramigna heard the fusillade, he laughed out, saying to himself, "That was meant for me!"

But when he saw her return in a little while, pale and bleeding, with the flask on her arm, first he tore it from her, and drank so long and deep a draught that his very breath failed him, and then — "Did you escape it?" he asked; "how did you manage?"

"The soldiers were on the opposite bank, and on this side the bushes were thick."

"But they put a bullet into you? Your clothes are stained with blood."

"Yes."

"Where are you wounded?"

"In the shoulder."

"That's no matter — you can still walk."

So he suffered her to stay with him. She followed him, barefooted, all torn and feverish from her wound; she would go hunting after a flask of water or a crust of bread for him, and when she returned empty-handed, amid the volleys of shot, her lover, devoured by hunger and thirst, would beat her. At last, one night when the moon shone brightly through the thickets of prickly pear, Gramigna said, "They are coming," and made her stand with her back against a rock at the bottom of a cleft; then he fled in the opposite direction.

The shots echoed nearer and nearer among the bushes, and the darkness was lighted up by sudden bursts of flame. All at once Peppa heard a trampling close by, and Gramigna reap-

peared, dragging himself along, with one leg broken, so that he had to prop himself against the shoots of the prickly pear to reload his carbine.

"It is over," he said; "now they will take me."

And what froze her blood more than all was the glitter in his eye, that made him look like a madman. Then, when he fell like a log upon the dead branches, the soldiers were upon him, all at once.

Next day they dragged him on a cart through the streets of the village, mangled and bleeding. The crowd that pressed round to gaze at him, laughed when they saw how small and pale and ugly he was, like a clown. It was for him that Peppa had left Master Finu, the "Tallow-candle"!

Poor "Tallow-candle" went away and hid himself, as though it were his part to be ashamed.

And Peppa was led along between the soldiers, handcuffed, as if she too had been a thief — she, who had as much gold as St. Margaret.

Her poor mother had to sell all the "white stuff" of the bridal outfit, and the golden earrings, and the rings for the ten fingers, to pay lawyers for her daughter, and get her home again once more, poor, sickly, and shame-faced — ugly, too, now, like Gramigna, and with Gramigna's child upon her bosom. Yet when she was restored to her at the end of the trial, the old woman recited the "Ave Maria" there in the bare and fast-darkening barrack-room, among all the *carabinieri;* it was as though they had given her back a treasure — to her, the poor old woman who had nothing else in the world, and she wept like a fountain for joy.

But Peppa seemed to have no more tears left, and she spoke never a word; nor did the village folk ever see her again, though the two women had to work with their hands for their daily bread. People said that Peppa had learnt her trade, there in the wood, and that she went out thieving by night. In reality, she sat crouching in the corner of the kitchen, like a wild beast, and only left it when her old woman was dead of hard work, and she had to sell the house.

"Do you see now!" the "Tallow-candle" said to her, for he loved her still, "I could crush your head between two stones for all the harm you have done to yourself and others."

"It is true," Peppa answered, "I know it. It was the will of God."

When the house and her few remaining goods and chattels were sold, she left the village by night, as she had come — without turning back to give one look at the roof beneath which she had slept so long — and went away with her boy to do the will of God in the city, near the prison where Gramigna was shut up.

She could only see the dark shutters upon the great, silent face of the building, and when she stood looking at it, trying to make out where he might be, the sentries drove her away. At last they told her that for some time back he had no longer been there — that they had taken him away over the sea, handcuffed, and with his wallet about his neck.

She said nothing. She never left the place, because she did not know where to go, and no one was expecting her anywhere. She made shift to live, doing jobs for the soldiers and the jailers, as if she herself were a part of that great, dark, silent building; and for the *carabinieri*, who had taken Gramigna from her, there among the prickly-pear thickets, and had broken his leg with gun-shots, she felt a sort of respectful tenderness — an animal admiration for strength.

On holidays, when she saw them with their plumes and their glittering epaulettes, stiff and straight in their gala uniforms, she devoured them with her eyes; and she was always about the barracks, sweeping out the halls and polishing the boots, so that they nicknamed her "the dust-clout of the *carabinieri*."

Only when, at nightfall, she saw them load their guns and go out, two by two, with their trousers turned up, and revolvers slung across their chests, or when they mounted their horses, under the great lantern that gleamed upon the muzzles of the carbines, and she heard the trampling of the horses' hoofs and the clink of the scabbards die away in the darkness, then she would turn pale and shiver as she closed the stable doors. And when her little one played with the rest in the great square before the prison, running in and out among the soldiers' legs, and the other children would call after him, "The son of Gramigna! — the son of Gramigna!" then she would fly into a rage and pursue them, pelting them with stones.

THE RETURN OF TURLENDANA.

By GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

[GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, one of the leading Italian novelists of the day, was born at Pescara, on the Adriatic, in 1864. As a student at Prato, he published a violently erotic volume of poems, which he himself says were great works of art. He has written other poems, as "The New Song" (1882), "Verse Interludes" (1883), "Isotteo and the Chimera" (1890), "Marine Odes" (1893), and "The Paradisiac Poem," which are said to rank high at home. But his chief fame is as a novelist. The first long novel, "Pleasure," came out in 1889. It was grossly sensual, and he admits that it represented his life, and that the life broke him down and substituted acute suffering for acute happiness. Instead, however, of adopting sober and cleanly views of life, he has merely made his imagined sensual scenes and existence end in ruin and bitterness instead of joy. His second long novel, "The Innocent" (1891), is a squalid story of adultery, ending in the now usual pardon. The third, "The Triumph of Death," is a bestial picture of physical ruin from over-sexuality, ending in suicide and murder. "The Maidens of the Crag" (1895) is a rhapsodical prose poem. He has written much besides, and is rated by influential critics as among the foremost European writers in power and form, apart from contents. Both matter and style have been largely modeled on Maupassant, but he has imitated many others, finally achieving an individual style of great flexibility and limpidity.]

THE party were walking along the shore.

Already spring was beginning anew for the bright maritime hills; the low range was green, and the green was of various distinct shades; and each summit had a crown of blossoming trees. Those trees were waving to the breath of the northwest wind, and the motion perhaps despoiled them of many flowers; for at a short distance the heights appeared to be covered with a color between pink and violet, and then the whole prospect in an instant seemed to tremble and grow pale, like an image seen through a veil of water, or a picture that fades when washed.

The sea extended in a serenity almost virginal along the coast, slightly crescent-shaped toward the south, and having in its splendor the brilliancy of a Persian turquoise. Here and there, marking the passage of the currents, some sinuous bands of deeper tint were seen.

Turlendana, whose knowledge of the place was almost wholly lost through many years of absence, and in whom through long wanderings the feeling of nativity was nearly extinct, went before without turning to look, with that tired and halting step of his.

As the camel loitered at every bunch of wild grass, he ejacu-

lated a short, harsh cry to start it up; and the large reddish quadruped slowly lifted its neck, chewing its food laboriously.

"Hu! Barbara!"

The donkey, the small white Susanna, from time to time, under the assiduous torments of the Spanish monkey, began to bray in a lamentable tone, asking to be liberated from her cavalier; but Zavali, indefatigable without truce, with a sort of frenzy of agility, with short quick gestures now of anger and now of play, ran over the whole spine of the animal, jumped on its head, pulling its big ears; took its tail in both hands, lifting and shaking the tuft of hair, hunted in it, scratching vigorously with his nails and then carrying his nails to his mouth and chewing, with a thousand different motions of all the muscles of his face. Then suddenly he settled on its rump again, holding in one hand his foot, twisted like the root of a tree, motionless and grave, fixing on the water his round orange-colored eyes, which were filled with wonder, while his face wore a frown, and his slender pink ears trembled as if from anxiety.

"Hu! Barbara!"

The camel heard, and resumed his walk.

When the company arrived at the willow grove near the mouth of the Pescara, on the left bank (already above the rigging of the boats anchored at the stairs could be seen the cocks of The Banner), Turlendana stopped because he wished to quench his thirst at the river.

The river was carrying its peaceful waters to the sea. The banks, covered with aquatic plants, were silent and at rest, as if fatigued by the recent work of fecundation. The silence over everything was profound. The arms of the sea shone tranquilly in the sun, like mirrors set in a frame of saline crystals. According as the wind shifted, the willows turned green or white.

"The Pescara!" said Turlendana halting, in a tone of curiosity and instinctive recognition. And he stood looking about him.

Then he went down to the margin where the gravel was clean, and knelt to reach the water with the hollow of his palm. The camel bent its neck, and drank with slow and regular draughts. The donkey also drank. The monkey imitated the attitude of the man, making a dipper of his meager hands, which were purple, like the sour Indian figs.

"Hu! Barbara!"

The camel heard, and stopped drinking. From its soft lips it dropped the water plentifully on the callosity on its breast, and its pale gums and large yellowish teeth could be seen.

By the path made through the woods by sailors the party continued its travels. The sun was setting when they arrived at the arsenal of Rampigna.

Turlendana asked of a sailor who was walking along the brick parapet, "Is that Pescara?"

The mariner, astonished at the sight of the beasts, answered, "That s it." And he left his work to follow the stranger.

Other sailors joined the first. In short, a crowd of curious people gathered behind Turlendana, who went tranquilly before, caring nothing for the varied comments of the people. At the pontoon bridge the camel refused to pass.

"Hu! Barbara! Hu! hu!"

Turlendana tried patiently to urge it on with his voice, shaking the halter by which he was now guiding it; but the obstinate animal lay down on the ground and stretched its head in the dust, as if to remain there a long time.

The people around, recovering from their first stupefaction, shouted clamorously in chorus: "Hu! Barbara!"

And being familiar with monkeys, because the mariners often brought them home from long voyages along with parrots and cockatoos, they kept teasing Zavali in a myriad ways, offering him a sort of big green almond, which the monkey opened greedily to eat the fresh, sweet kernels.

After much persistence in blows and yells, Turlendana succeeded at last in conquering the camel's obstinacy; and that misshapen structure of skin and bone rose staggering amid the crowd which pursued it.

From all sides, soldiers and citizens ran to see the sight on the pontoon bridge. Behind the High Rock the setting sun irradiated all the spring heavens with a vivid rosy light: and as from the moist land, from the waters of the river and the sea, and from the stagnant pools, much vapor had arisen during the day, the houses, the sails, the masts and yards, the vegetation and all else appeared rosy; and the forms, acquiring a sort of transparency, seemed to lose their outlines and float, so to speak, submerged in this light.

The bridge, on tarred boats like a vast floating raft, creaked under the weight. The population was riotously merry. Through the tumult Turlendana with his beasts remained

stolid in the middle of the bridge. The immense camel, towering above the heads of all, breathed against the wind, lazily moving his neck like some fabulous hairy snake.

As soon as the animal's name had been yielded up to the curiosity of the crowd, they all, from a native love of noise and a unanimous feeling of mirth occasioned by the loveliness of the sunset and the season, cried, "Barbara! Barbara!"

At the clamor, Turlendana, who was standing close against the camel's breast, felt himself invaded with a somewhat paternal complacency.

But the donkey all at once began to bray with such loud and dissonant variations of tone, and with so much plaintive emotion, that a general hilarity ran through the crowd. And the honest plebeian laughter spread from one end of the bridge to the other, like the babbling of a rivulet plunging down through the rocks on a steep hillside.

Then Turlendana, recognized by none, began to move through the crowd.

When he was under the gate of the city, where the women were selling fresh fish in big reed baskets, Binchi-Banche, the little old man with the rough yellow face that looked like a dried lemon, stepped in front of him and offered his services for a lodging, as he was wont with all foreigners who arrived in the country. First, pointing to Barbara, he asked, "Ferocious?"

Turlendana, with a smile, answered, "No."

"All right," responded Binchi-Banche, reassured, "Rosa Schiavona's is the house."

Both, followed by the people, turned through The Fisheries and then toward St. Augustine. At windows and balconies the women and children showed themselves, gazing with wonder at the passage of the camel, and admired the slender grace of the small white ass, and laughed at the monkeys.

At one place Barbara, seeing a half-dried herb hanging from a balcony, stretched her neck, and, sticking out her lips, tore it down. A cry of terror escaped from the women bending over the balcony, and the scream was repeated in the neighboring balconies. The people in the street laughed loudly, and shouted as if in Carnival behind masks, "Hurrah! hurrah!"

All were intoxicated by the novelty of the sight and the spring atmosphere.

In front of Rosa Schiavona's house, near Portasala, Binchi-Banche motioned to stop. "Here it is," he said.

The house, a very humble one, with but one row of windows, had its lower wall covered with obscene inscriptions and pictures. A row of crucified bats ornamented the top beam, and a lantern covered with red paper hung under the middle window.

Here lodged all sorts of casuals and tramps: Lettomanoppello carters, tall and pot-bellied, Sulmona gypsies — horse-jockeys and tinkers, — Bucchianico spindle-makers, women from Sant' Angelo Town coming to drive a public trade in wantonness among the soldiers, Atina pipers, mountaineer bear-trainers, jugglers, professional beggars, thieves, female fortune-tellers, — all slept here in a confused mass.

Binchi-Banche was the great mediator of this herd, and Rosa Schiavona their very just protectress.

When the woman heard the racket, she came to the threshold. She seemed, in truth, a being generated by a dwarf and a sow.

She asked first, with an air of suspicion, "What's up?"

"'S that Christian there 't wants lodgin' f'r himself 'n' his beasts, Donna Rosa."

"How many beasts?"

"Three, Donna Rosa, see? a monkey, 'n ass, 'n' a camel."

The people took no heed of the conversation. Some were teasing Zavali; others were feeling of Barbara's legs, examining the hard round callosities on her knees and her breast. Two salt-guards, who had traveled as far as the ports of Asia Minor, were describing in a loud voice the various virtues of the camels, and were giving confused accounts of having seen some of them execute a dance step, with their long necks bearing a load of musicians and half-naked females.

The listeners, greedy to hear wonderful things, were begging: —

"Tell us! tell us!"

All stood about in silence, their eyes opened unusually wide, longing for that pleasure.

Then one of the guards, an old man whose eyebrows had been turned wrong side out by the sea-winds, began to talk of the Asiatic countries, and little by little his own words led him on and intoxicated him.

A kind of alien softness seemed to be diffused in the waning sunlight. In the people's fancy the shores he spoke of rose and gleamed. Through the arch of The Gate, already lying in

shadow, were seen the laden salt-barges rocking on the river; and as the mineral caught all the light of the setting sun, the scows appeared to be constructed of precious jewels. In the greenish sky arose the first quarter of the moon.

"Tell us! Tell us!" still demanded the younger ones.

Turlendana, meantime, had rescued his beasts and fed them; then he issued forth in company with Binchi-Banche, while the people remained in a group before the door of the stable, where the camel's head appeared and disappeared back of the high network of rope. On the way Turlendana asked, "Are there any wine-sellers here?"

Binchi-Banche answered, "Yes, sir, there are some."

Then, raising his big dark hand, and seizing with the thumb and fingers of the right successively the tip of each finger of the left, he enumerated: —

"Speranza's cellar, Buono's cellar, Assau's cellar, Matteo Puriello's cellar, the cellar of Turlendana's blind woman."

"Ah," said the man, quietly.

Binchi-Banche lifted his sharp greenish eyes. "You've been here before, sir?"

And without waiting for the answer, with the natural loquacity of fishermen, he continued: —

"The blind woman's cellar's a big one, and they sell the best wine there. The blind woman is the wife of four husbands."

He began to laugh, with a laugh that wrinkled all his skin, as yellow as a ruminant's third stomach.

"Her first husband was Turlendana; he was a sailor, and used to go on the king of Naples' boats to lower India, France, and Spain, and even America. He was lost at sea, nobody knows where, with the whole vessel, and he's never been found any more. More'n thirty years. Had the strength of Samson; pulled up the anchor with one finger. Poor boy! Oh dear, if you go to sea, you come to that end."

Turlendana was listening quietly.

"Her second husband, after she'd been a widow five years, was a gardener, Ferrante's son, a damned soul 't joined in with the contrabands the time when Napoleon was against the English. They carried on a contraband trade in sugar and coffee with the English boats, from Francavilla as far as Silvi and Montesilvano. There was a Saracen tower down in the woods near Silvi, where they made signals from. As the patrol passed, bang-bang, bang-bang, we came out from the trees."

Now the speaker warmed up at the remembrance, and forgetting himself, described with prolixity all the clandestine operations, helping on the account with gestures and lively interjections. His little leathery figure contracted and extended in the action. "At last Ferrante's son died of a shot in the back from Joachim Murat's soldiers, at night on the shore.

"The third husband was Titino Passacantando, who died in his bed of the bad disease. The fourth's alive. It's Verdura, a good man that don't water his wine. You'll see, sir."

When they arrived at the bepraised cellar, they parted company.

"'Night, sir."

"'Night."

Turlendana entered quietly, amid the curiosity of the drinkers seated around the long tables. Having asked for something to eat, he was invited by Verdura to go into a room upstairs where the tables were already set for supper. No customers were in the room as yet. Turlendana seated himself and began to bolt his food in huge mouthfuls without stopping, like a famished beast, his head close to his plate. He was almost entirely bald. A deep reddish scar plowed along his forehead and descended to the middle of his cheek; his dense grizzled beard rose to the prominent cheek-bones. His skin, dark and rough, weather-beaten, sun-dried, hollowed by suffering, hardly seemed to retain any human life. His eyes and all his features were as if petrified into impassiveness by time.

Verdura, curious, seated himself opposite and remained looking at the stranger. He was rather fat, with a face of a rosy tint slightly veined with vermilion, like a beef's spleen. At last he inquired, "What country do you come from?"

Turlendena, without lifting his face, answered simply, "I come from a long ways."

"And where are you going?" asked Verdura once more.

"Stay here."

Verdura, amazed, was silent. Turlendana removed the heads and tails from the fishes, and ate them so, one by one, chewing the bones. After every two or three fishes he drank a swallow of wine.

"Do you know anybody here?" said Verdura, eager to know.

"Perhaps," answered the other, curtly.

Discomforted by his interlocutor's brevity, the vintner

again became silent. The slow, labored mastication of Turlendana could be heard between the noises of the drinkers below. After a while Verdura opened his mouth again.

"Where are the camels born? Are those two hunches natural? How can such a big tall animal ever be domesticated?"

Turlendana, without moving, let him speak.

"Your name, stranger?"

The interrogated one raised his head from his plate and answered simply: —

"My name is Turlendana."

"What!"

"Turlendana."

"Ah!"

The stupefaction of the wine-seller knew no bounds. At the same time a sort of vague alarm was beginning to quiver in the depths of his soul.

"Turlendana! — From here?"

"From here."

Verdura opened his large blue eyes wide in the man's face.

"Then you are not dead?"

"I am not dead."

"Then you are Rosalba Catena's husband?"

"I am Rosalba Catena's husband."

"And now," exclaimed Verdura with a gesture of perplexity, "there are two of us."

"There are two of us."

For a moment they remained silent. Turlendana was quietly masticating the final crust of a piece of bread, and the crunching of this could be heard in the stillness. Through a happy, native carelessness of temper, and a fatuous conceit, Verdura was struck with nothing else than the singularity of the event. A sudden impulse of mirth struck him, bursting spontaneously from the diaphragm.

"Let's go to Rosalba! Let's go! let's go! let's go!"

He pulled the returned exile by the arm through the crowd of drinkers, growing excited and shouting: —

"See, here's Turlendana, Turlendana the sailor, my wife's husband! Turlendana who was dead! Here's Turlendana! Here's Turlendana!"

THE IDYL OF THE WIDOW.

By GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

THE corpse of the mayor, Biagio Mila, already dressed in full and its face covered with a cloth dipped in water and vinegar, lay on the bed, almost in the middle of the room. The widow and brother of the deceased were watching in the room on opposite sides of the body.

Rosa Mila might have been, say, twenty-five. She was a buxom woman of clear, rosy complexion, with a rather low forehead, widely arched eyebrows, and large gray eyes with iris variegated like agate. Possessing a great abundance of hair, she nearly always had neck, temples, and eyes hidden by many rebellious curls. In her whole person there shone a certain brilliancy of that vivid freshness given to the feminine skin by habitual bathing in ice-cold water. An attractive perfume emanated from her garments.

Emidio Mila, the priest, might have been about the same age. He was thin, with the bronzed complexion of a man who lives in the country and the sunlight. A soft reddish down covered his cheeks; strong white teeth gave to his smile a manly beauty; and his yellowish eyes glistened at times like two new golden coins.

Both were silent: the one shifting with her fingers the glass beads of her rosary, the other watching the beads shift. Both had the indifference that only our country people have before the mystery of death.

Emidio said, taking a deep breath, "It is warm to-night." Rosa lifted her eyes in assent.

In the rather low room the light oscillated with the motion of the flame burning in the oil of a brass lamp. The shadows gathered now in a corner and now on a wall, varying in form and intensity. The window was open, but the shutters remained closed. From time to time the white muslin curtains moved as if from a breath. On the snowy bed Biagio's body seemed asleep.

The words of Emidio broke the silence. The woman bent her head afresh, and slowly renewed her running over the rosary. Drops of perspiration impearled her forehead, and her breathing was labored.

After a while Emidio asked, "When will they come to take him to-morrow?"

She answered in her natural tone of voice, "At ten, with the Congregation of the Sacrament."

And again they were silent. From the meadows reached them the incessant croaking of the frogs, reached them from time to time the odors of the grass. In the perfect quiet, Rosa heard a sort of hoarse gurgling issue from the corpse, and with a motion of horror she arose from her chair and started to draw herself away.

"Don't be afraid, Rosa, it's only gas," said the brother-in-law, extending his hand to reassure her.

She took the hand instinctively and held it, still standing. She gave ear to listen, but looked elsewhere. The gurglings still continued in the dead man's abdomen, and seemed rising to his mouth.

"It is nothing, Rosa. Be quiet," continued the brother-in-law, motioning to her to sit down on a wedding-chest covered with a long flowered cushion.

She sat beside him, in her fright still holding him by the hand. As the chest was not very large, their elbows touched.

Again there was silence. The song of threshers arose outside in the distance.

"They are flailing at night, by moonshine," said the woman, wishing to speak so as to beguile fear or fatigue.

Emidio did not open his mouth, and the woman withdrew her hand, for the contact was beginning to give her a vague sense of uneasiness.

Both were now occupied with one same thought, which had suddenly struck them; both were held by one like memory, a memory of rustic love in the days of their youth.

In those days they lived in the region of Caldore on the sunny hillside, at the cross-roads. On the edge of a field of wheat arose a high wall of stones and clay. On the south side, which Rosa's parents owned, an orchard of fruit trees throve and multiplied, for the warmth of the sun was softer and more lingering there. In spring the trees were all abloom in joyous unison; and their fruit-sheaths, silver or rose or purple, interlaced on the capstones crowning the wall, and tossed as if to erect themselves in the air, sending forth meantime a slumberous murmur like hiving bees.

Back of the wall, in the shade of the trees, in those days,

Rosa used to sing. Her fresh and limpid voice gushed forth like a fountain beneath the flowering crowns.

During a long period of convalescence Emidio had heard that song. He was feeble and hungry. To escape dieting orders he left the house secretly, hiding under his clothes a large slice of bread, and walked along the wall in the last furrow of the wheat, till he reached the place of blessedness.

There he sat with his shoulders against the heated stones, and began to eat. He bit the bread and selected a young ear of wheat; every granule had within it a little drop of milklike juice, and had a fresh, floury taste. By a singular phenomenon, the delight of alimentation and the pleasure of listening were mingled to the convalescent in a kind of single and infinitely delightful sensation. Thus in his idleness, with that warmth and among those odors which gave to the air a cordial bouquet as of wine, even the woman's voice became for him a natural food of convalescence, and a physical nutriment which he absorbed. Rosa's song was then a means of cure; and when the cure was complete, Rosa's voice was still a power of sensuous fascination over its beneficiary.

From that time, as the intimacy between the two families was close, there sprang up in Emidio one of those silent, bashful, and solitary loves of youth.

In September, before Emidio set out for the seminary, the two families went together one afternoon to take their lunch in the grove by the river side. The day was mild, and the three wagons, drawn by oxen, advanced slowly along the flowering reed ponds.

In the woods the lunch was spread on the grass, in the clear spot bounded by the stems of gigantic poplars. The short grass was full of a small purple flower that exhaled a subtle perfume; here and there within, broad zones of sunlight slanted through the foliage; and the river below seemed motionless, with a pondlike tranquillity and a pure transparency, in which the aquatic plants were asleep.

After the lunch, some straggled along the banks, others lay stretched out on the ground.

Rosa and Emidio found themselves together; they took arms and began to walk along a path beaten through the bushes.

She leaned her whole weight on him, laughing, pulling the leaves from the sprays as she passed, biting the bitter stems, and bending back her head to watch the flight of the blue-jays.

In the movement her shell comb slipped from her hair, which at once spread over her shoulders with astonishing richness.

Emidio bent with her to pick up the comb. As they arose, their heads knocked lightly together. Rosa, putting her hands to her forehead, cried out with a laugh, "Ough! ough!"

The youth was looking at her, feeling himself tremble to his very marrow, feeling himself grow pale, and fearing to betray himself.

She tore loose from a tree-trunk a long spiral of ivy, bound her hair with it by a rapid twist, and quelled the revolt on her neck with the teeth of her comb. The young leaves, some reddish, being ill tied, broke forth irregularly.

She asked, "Do I please you this way?" but Emidio did not open his mouth. He did not know what to answer.

"Oh, how tiresome! Perhaps you are dumb?"

He felt a desire to fall on his knees; and as Rosa was laughing a discontented laugh, he felt as if tears were springing to his eyes in the anguish of not being able to find a single word.

They continued their walk. At one place a fallen sapling impeded their passage. Emidio, with both hands, raised the stem, and Rosa passed under the green branches, which for an instant crowned her.

Farther on they came to a well, in whose sides were two rectangular stone basins. The dense trees formed an arbor of verdure around and over the well. The shade was deep, almost damp there. The arch was reflected perfectly in the water, which came to the bounds of the stone coping.

Rosa said, extending her arms, "How comfortable we are here!"

Then gathering some water in the hollow of her hand, with a graceful attitude she sipped it. The drops fell through her fingers and formed pearls on her garments. After she had quenched her thirst, she scooped up more water in her palms and enticingly offered it to her companion: "Drink," she said.

"I am not thirsty," stammered Emidio, stupidly.

She threw the water in his face, putting out her under lip in a half-contemptuous pout. Then she lay down in one of the dry basins as in a cradle, with her feet over the edge outside, and kicking them restlessly. Suddenly she jumped up, and looking at Emidio with a strange expression, said: "Well? Let's go."

They resumed their walk, and returned in silence to the meeting-place. The blackbirds were whistling over their heads; the horizontal rays fell athwart their steps; and the perfumes of the woods increased around them.

A few days later Emidio departed.

A few months later Emidio's brother took Rosa to wife.

In the first years of his seminary life, the priest thought often of his new sister-in-law. In the school, while the priests were explaining the "Epitome Historiæ Sacræ," he dreamed of her. In school, while his friends, hidden behind their open desk-lids, gave themselves up to obscene practices, he covered his face with his hands and abandoned himself to impure imaginations. In church, while the litanies to the Virgin were sung, he escaped far off under cover of the invocation to the "Rosa Mystica."

And as he had learned corruption from his fellow-students, the scene in the woods appeared to him in a new light. And the thought of perhaps not having guessed, the disgust at not having known enough to pick a fruit that was offered him, tormented him excessively.

But was it so? Had Rosa once loved him? Had he unconsciously passed near a great joy?

This thought every day became sharper, more insistent, more salient, more poignant: every day he fed on it with greater intensity of suffering, until, in the long monotony of his sacerdotal life, this thought became a sort of incurable disease in him, and before the irrevocability of the matter he was seized with a vast dejection, an endless melancholy — for he had not known!

In the room the light was oscillating more slowly. Between the slats of the closed blinds entered stronger puffs of wind, which bellied in the curtains somewhat.

Rosa, with drowsiness creeping over her, closed her eyes from time to time; and as her head fell on her breast, she suddenly opened them again.

"Are you faint?" the priest asked with great gentleness.

"I? No," answered the woman, arousing herself and straightening up from the waist.

But in the silence that once more followed, sleep overcame her senses. Her head rested against the wall; her tresses covered her neck; from her half-opened mouth a slow and

regular breathing came forth. She was beautiful thus; and nothing in her was more voluptuous than the rhythmical motion of her bosom and the visible outline of her knees under her light skirt.

"Suppose I should kiss her!" thought Emidio, by a sudden suggestion of the senses, while gazing at the sleeping woman.

Outside, the songs of human voices were still vibrating through the June night, with a kind of solemn, liturgical cadence, and there rose from far and near the diverse answering notes, without the accompaniment of instruments. The full moon being high, the feeble light within had no force against the radiance that streamed copiously on the blinds and poured through the intervals of the slats.

Emidio turned toward the death-bed. His eyes, running over the dark and rigid outline of the corpse, stopped involuntarily on the hand; on a swollen and yellowish hand, rather crooked, furrowed with livid tracings on its back; and he hastily shrunk back. Very slowly, in the unconsciousness of sleep, Rosa's head, fairly tracing a semicircle on the wall, sank toward the troubled priest. The declension of that beautiful female head was very sweet in the doing, and as the movement disturbed the sleep a little, through the flutteringly opened lids appeared a rim of the iris and vanished in the white, like the petal of a violet in milk.

Emidio remained motionless, supporting her weight against his shoulder. He held his breath for fear of disturbing the sleeper, and a mighty anguish oppressed him through the throbbing of his heart and temples, which seemed to fill the entire room. But as Rosa's sleep continued, little by little he felt himself grow faint and fail in inconquerable languor, gazing at that feminine throat which the beads of Venus marked with sensual attraction, inhaling that warm breath and the odor of her hair.

Then, without thinking more, without fearing more, abandoning himself wholly to the temptation, he kissed the woman on the lips.

At the contact she awoke with a start, opened astonished eyes on her brother-in-law, and became very pale. Then slowly she gathered her hair from her neck, and remained with her bust erect, vigilant, looking around her in the varying shadows, silent, almost motionless.

Emidio also was silent. They both remained on the

wedding-chest as at first, seated side by side, brushing each other with their elbows, in a painful uncertainty blinking by a species of mental artifice what their consciences judged the fact and condemned them for. Spontaneously both turned their attention to exterior things, putting into this mental operation a fictitious intensity, in accordance with the attitude of the person. And little by little a sort of intoxication conquered them.

The songs in the night continued and dallied lingeringly on the air, growing ever softer as answer met answer. The male and female voices blended in an amorous fusion. Sometimes a solitary voice arose high and far above the rest, giving a single note around which the harmonies grouped, like ripples around the main current of a rushing stream. Now at intervals, at the beginning of each song, was heard the metallic vibration of the cords of a guitar; and between one song and another were heard the measured blows of the flails on the threshing-floor.

The two were listening.

The odors, perhaps from a change of the wind, were now no longer the same. There came, perhaps from the hill of Orlando, the perfumes of lemons, so potent and so sweet and so subtly inspiring. Perhaps from the Gardens of Scalia originated the perfumes of the roses, the saccharine fragrance which gave to the air the savor of an aromatic essence. Perhaps from the swamps of Farmia rose the humid fragrance of the Florentine lilies, to inhale which delights like a draught of cool water.

The pair still remained silent on the chest, motionless, oppressed with the voluptuousness of the moonlight night. Before them flickered rapidly the slender flame of the lamp, as it bent itself to lick the meager circlet of oil on which it still swam and fed. As the flamelet gave its first splutter, both turned; they sat thus, eager, with fixed and dilated eyes, to watch the dying flame that was finishing the drinking of its last drop. Suddenly the streak of flame went out. Then, on the instant, with united avidity, they strained each other tight, they enlaced, they sought each other's mouth, lustfully, blindly, without speaking, suffocating themselves with kisses.

ISOTTA.

By CESARE CANTÙ.

(Translated for this work by Forrest Morgan.)

[Cesare Cantù, Italian novelist, historian, and man of letters, was born at Brivio in 1805. The eldest of ten children of an impoverished old family, he was destined for the priesthood as the only means of giving him an education; but the death of his father in 1827 threw the entire support of the family upon him. He had already (1825) written a historical poem, "Algiso and the Lombard League"; he now wrote the "History of Como," which gained him considerable literary reputation. He was also professor of belles-lettres at Sondrio, and then at Milan. Politically, he favored an Italian federation under the presidency of the Pope and the guaranty of Austria; but in 1833 he was arrested by the Austrian officials on suspicion of connection with the revolutionary society, "Young Italy" (he had none, but he was a confidant of its actual members), and imprisoned for a year. During this time he wrote his "Margherita Pusterla," the most popular novel in the Italian tongue except Manzoni's "Betrothed," with a toothpick in candle snuffings, on the back of a map and stray scraps of paper. On his release his professorship was interdicted him, and he and his family were menaced with starvation; but finding a publisher who wanted a history of the world, he wrote one in thirty-five volumes (1836 on), which went through over forty editions and was widely translated, and not only gave him European fame but an independency, and his publisher a fortune. It is still regarded as his masterpiece, and the best of its class ever written in symmetry, clear and rapid diction, and admirable style; but of necessity it is entirely second-hand, and clerical in standpoint. Cantù remained a man of letters to his death, writing very many works, the chief of which are the "History of a Hundred Years, 1750–1850" (1864), and the "Story of the Struggles for Italian Independence" (1873).]

In those lovely years between eighteen and twenty, I used pretty often, partly for pleasure and partly through necessity, to voyage the Lario [Lake Como] from Lecco to Colico. The road not being then laid out which is now finished to our convenience and admiration, nor steamers so much as spoken of, the passage had to be made in a common boat, which started in the evening and reached its destination in the morning. The company was always varied: the majority were traders returning from market; here a farmer, there a lady: scarcely any one to converse with; so the night passed in silence, save that from time to time the stillness was broken by a prayer of the eldest boatman for the poor drowned ones, to which all responded.

One of these nights was more limpid than usual; and I, in the brilliancy of the full moon, stood upright at the stern, encircled by the arch of the bridge, listening to the thousand

noises that people the friendly silence of the darkness, and musing, as one is fain at twenty, on a wakeful night in mid-lake, with so many virgin hopes as then were mine. The lesser part have now been realized; many are still generating in the womb of the future; too many others have vanished, leaving me a bitter disillusionment. — Jostled against and turning around, I found beside me a middle-aged priest, of that presence which indicates thought and action; and he too was gazing, musing, silent.

Between two persons affected in the same manner, a conversation easily begins: so, first he told me of the researches of scholars and the curious regarding this lake; then I pointed out to him the stupendous effect of the lime-kilns, glowing like volcanoes on the dusky ridge of the Valassina Mountains; next he called my attention to the ruined fortress on the opposite shore, and spoke of the convents of an unknown Queen Theodelinda, who, he said, constructed the tower above Varenna and the footpath that skirts the lake on the right; and I showed him the furrows of unknown origin wrinkling the tranquil water.

"Look," said I to him, "how pure is the azure of the sky! Do not the stars sprinkled over it seem like so many islets of light in the ocean of air?"

"Yes," answered he; "and who, when contemplating them, would not feel an ardent wish to rise higher still, and lose himself in a still purer, immortal light?"

Then we were silent, gazing at the sky, the mountains, and the lake.

We had come nigh Olcio, and from the midst of the water rose black the promontory of Bellagio, which cleft the lake in twain; and among the passengers sprang up discourse of the lord of that palace yonder.

"But the people who have lived there," said an old man, "were not always so good as the present count. Isn't it so, Father?"

"Ah," replied the priest, "only too many strange stories are told of them. But the Lord's mercy is great, and He will have pardoned them too."

I was not one to be contented with a casual hint, and begged him to tell me something definite. We were seated around; the other passengers gave ear, as did the rowers themselves, though keeping on their course: so the priest,

with that benignity so fitting to a minister of the God of love, began: —

"He who had seen the promontory of Bellagio three hundred years ago would have found nature's smile the same, but not so the works of human skill. Forests of yew and fir, moreover, then darkened the scenes of my story; and among them was seen a walled inclosure, checkered with battlements and perforated by loop-holes, which had often hurled death at the vessels traversing the lake — especially during the wars of Gian Giacomo Medeghino, castellan of Musso. That inclosure shut in on every side the castle yet standing there, built by a Stanga created Marchese by the Sforzas, lords of Milan — a castle once of such *bell'agio* [fine comfort] that kings came thither as guests. Hard by was seen, and is still to be seen, a red bell-tower rising above the little church and the Capuchin convent,— strange contrast of ideas, benevolent peace and destructive war, friars and warriors, tortures and consolations, cannon belching death and others that amid the tempest set the wildered sailor on his way!

"The tumult of war was stilled, however, when Charles V., having quelled Medeghino and removed him from thence, gained the mastery of the Milanese, putting a bridle on the factions and chains on liberty.

"But the tempest calmed not in the heart of Signora Isotta, the mistress of that castle. Beautiful and blooming, though already thirty, her roving glance betrayed her inward lack of peace. She was sitting alone upon a balcony that commanded the prospect over the Tremezzina, not then dotted with villas, and lost herself far from her populous hills of the Valentelvi; watching the sun which, as it went down behind the summit of San Zeno, beamed forth one last ray to tint with its tremulous rose the placid lake.

"It is the hour of meditation. Which of you has not felt its power? Who has not experienced a sweet melancholy, a soft return upon one's self, upon the past, in gazing on the brilliant evening star with its flickering beams?

"Soft, I say, for those who have laid up a store of pleasant and virtuous feelings; but for Isotta it was far otherwise. The peace of nature, the distant song of the country girls returning from harvest fields and vineyards, the quiet gliding by of a bark, carried back her mind to tranquil thoughts, to her early

youth. She pictured to herself the time when, an innocent girl in obscure if not destitute circumstances, she peacefully roamed the fields where the Adda mingles with the Po, between the formidable Pizzighettone and the turreted Cremona. There came back to her mind the placid kindness of father, mother, sister, with days of unbroken calm, and evenings closed by reciting a prayer which made serene the slumber of the night. Then came later on the day when Lucillo, son of the Marchesine Stanga, guided to that quarter the noisy chase, and, overtaken by darkness, stopped to spend the night beneath her father's roof. That day was the last of her peace. The young noble understood the arts of enticing maidens; this maiden was imprudent, and her parents' care had not sufficed to uproot from her heart the germs of a growing vanity. He talked of love, was listened to; good-bye to virtue. The country lass was a lady in Cremona halls, flattered and made much of.

"But ambition, not love, had given her into that signor's power; so when, his passion evaporated in satiating it, he scorned a mistress of low extraction or subordinated her to others, she, who had quickly ceased to love the man who had robbed her of her virtue, sought distraction and forgetfulness in new sins. Very soon the Stanga mansion rung with tales of her scandalous actions; but as honor, the last virtue of the corrupt, forbade him to throw back into the nothingness whence he had drawn her a girl whom in truth he had himself inducted into the riot of a vicious society, Lucillo decided to remove her from there, but to a place where she might live as befitted the rank to which he had raised her.

"The castle of Bellagio had been built by his father with convenience and magnificence. But so long as the lake was troubled by the inroads of the Cavargnoni and the partisans of the French and the Spaniards, disputing the possession of poor Italy, it offered no longer a refuge for peaceful country life, but became the scene of daily conflicts. And it was worse still since the terrible Medeghino had fixed himself at Musso; he who could hold out for so many years against the enormous power of both Charles V. and Francis I., and triumph, strong in the location of his seat and his own hardihood.

"This abandoned castle the Stanga now assigned as a residence to the abandoned Isotta, who in opulent and unhampered exile spent her existence here. How she spent it is better untold. Why reveal infamies? Of the bravos Medeghino had

surrounded himself with, and the gondoliers he had trained to confront the storms, she called some around her after he was hunted out of his den; like him, she delighted in breasting the lake when the tempest raged highest; like him, in achieving audacities and predominating; and perhaps she flattered herself on emulating him in wicked renown. Do you see that high terrace yonder? should you visit that most delicious place, you will be shown a lofty precipice from which Isotta flung her lovers when cloyed with them. So at least fame reports; it always exaggerates evil, but often enough divines it.

"Her wearied mind was now brooding on this varied course of life; she went back over misfortunes and crimes, and felt in her heart a remorse she could have wished to dissemble to herself, but which insistently spoke to her.

"For some time now, indeed, she had been sharply assailed by this gnawing, and she saw that no means of returning to society with honor was left her, save an austere penitence or an honest love. But the penitence did not consort with the luxurious tenor of her life: a great misfortune or an unexpected loss might perhaps have forced her into it; but the present harassment only infused the hesitancy of doubt, not the efficacy of resolution.

"The other alternative held out much more pleasing hopes when the cavalier Gualberto Morone came into that neighborhood. He was the son of that Girolamo Morone, Count of Lecco, very powerful in his time with both French and Spaniards, who, mingling at will in his political affairs the prudence and the morals of Machiavelli, had raised one son to the bishopric of Modena, while this one he had destined for public life. Thoughtful yet valiant in the accursed perils of his country, this man, amid the wretched strifes that agitated his time, had seen with anguished heart the Italian princes combat no longer for right or glory, but at the beck of foreigners; he had seen Francesco II. Sforza, the last scion of a family inheriting Lombard liberty and tyranny languish, infirm and suffering, under the crushing weight on his shoulders; he had seen the duchy disputed between the intrigues of the crafty and the arms of the powerful: until to the ferment of seething Italy succeeded an unworthy peace, in which naught remained to the sons, to whom their fathers in dying thought to leave a future, a hope to mature, except despondency or stupefaction."

At this point a yawn we heard from the depths of the boat informed the good priest to whom he was talking; so, calming the heartfelt impulse with which he had delivered the last words, he continued: —

"Despairing of improvement, the cavalier at length withdrew from public affairs and from war, and to seek forgetfulness came to these little known shores. His age was about thirty-five. On his forehead the habit of forming vast designs was graven; but the cessation of these left a painful void in his mind. To roam on the lake, to tramp the mountain ridges armed with a stick, and to do good wherever he might, such was his life. And then would well up thoughts of love, which of old had had no space to extricate themselves; as he could not consecrate his life to the great interests of the fatherland, he formed the resolution to find for himself a beautiful and gentle being, and spend his days with her in peace, forgotten and forgetting.

"He had often strolled to Isotta's castle; and at this juncture a groom, entering with a torch in his hand the room where the lady was sitting, announced Signor Morone.

"The signora was all awake, and said, 'Show him in.' Her inward agitation showed through on her face. This was the man she languished for, in her dreams of the future, the man who could restore her to society with honor; and the frequency with which he came to her castle, the friendliness with which he gazed at her, made her flatter herself she could rouse him into love. Hence, from the time she had known him, she had constrained herself to adopt more conventional habits, desisting from misdeeds or their semblance, and showing herself virtuous as much as she could who virtuous was not.

"She had not yet regained composure when the gentleman came in, and consigning his hat and stick to the servant, walked up to her, saluted her, and kissed her hand.

"The first civilities were commonplace and chilly, as was natural between a woman whose heart is too full and a man who wants something. But at last, becoming bolder, he eagerly asked, 'Where is the Signorina Estella?'

"'Attending to her own affairs, poor creature.'

"'How is that? is she really such a poor creature? So beautiful, so good, she really deserves to be happy. Why have you never told me her story?'

"'Her story is short and simple. She is the daughter of Polidore Boldone of Bellano. During the long wars now past, he armed a band in the mountains, to fight the foreigners, be they French or Spaniards; he experienced both victories and defeats. Never was there a battle fought for the country that he was not in. At Como, he trained his artillery on the soldiers of the Marchese del Vasto, when they came to subdue him; as soon as he had seen the miserable slaughter, he hastened to defend Torno; and though it was captured, he tasted at least the satisfaction of seeing the Marchese's son fall beneath his fire. When Medeghino located himself in these parts, Boldone, hoping to make common cause with him for the salvation of the country's independence, joined him; but when the other gave himself up to piracy and robbery, he broke with him entirely — so much so, that on Medeghino's asking a sister of his in marriage, he replied that he wished neither league nor kinship with robbers. He fared ill; for Medeghino turned against him, wasted his lands, attacked his house, and rooted out his family, some of whom perished and others were scattered. This poor girl, wandering hither and yon, I finally rescued. They say her father is dead, but his enemies do not believe it; the most obdurate of these is the Marchese del Vasto, who has induced the emperor to proclaim a reward for whoever shall deliver him up, alive or dead, and any one who hides him guilty of high treason.'

"As much as she told was true; so is it true that great delinquents like to have about them some innocent being to protect, — either to deceive themselves with such easy acts of virtue, or to have at least one person who blesses them amid so many curses showered upon them.

"At this tale Morone grew more thoughtful, and his words displayed a hesitancy which the signora chose to interpret as a lover's suspense. So, to hearten him up, she said: —

"'It seems to me, sir, that for some time you have been keeping a secret from me. Why not be open with me? Am I not a woman capable of like affections with yourself?'

"Love and hope so blinded her that she expected to see him fall at her feet and avow his love. But on the contrary, he said: —

"'Yes, signora, I will indeed reveal to you a thought I have long cherished in my heart. I am in love.'

"'And who is the happy woman you have chosen?'

"'The young girl you have sheltered; and if you and she consent, I intend to make her mine.'

"A thunderbolt striking close by her could not have given the signora such a shock as a revelation like this. Love, jealousy, pride, fury, assailed her all at once; she would have vented curses, but the cavalier's confident bearing bridled her tongue. She rose, and paced many times silently up and down the hall; then stopped in front of him she had never taken her eyes from, and said: —

"'I should have thought, sir, that a gentleman of your stamp would have had the wisdom to fix his affections on a more elevated object. A pauper, the daughter of an outlaw, without name, without family —'

"'Signora, neither name nor family matter, but only virtue.'

"These words cut the lady to the core of her heart; for she was only too sensible, calling her own history to mind, that she had neither the one nor the other; and much incensed, she exclaimed: —

"'Virtue, virtue! oh, indeed, come and make sure for yourself.'

"And she led him to the terrace that looked over the lake, just in the quarter where we are sailing. The moonlight played on the water as silver clear as now, revealing every vessel that furrowed it. In one, which Isotta pointed out to the cavalier, could be seen a white something, uncertain, but different from a fisherman or a seaman; it came nearer and nearer; they distinguished a female, who rowed to the shore, and began ascending toward the castle. The cavalier recognized Estella.

"'There now!' cried the lady. 'She is returning from a visit to her lover. Behold her virtue and your hopes.'

"And the triumph of revenge was depicted on her face, while trouble overshadowed Morone's. Shortly afterwards Estella came in, beautiful as an angel, and, with a trustful smile, went up and embraced her patroness, who, wonted to dissimulation, returned her kiss more affectionately than ever, and said, 'Welcome!'

"But the girl's eyes, turning to the cavalier, perceived that he was disturbed, and quite other than his wont. As he (I do not know if I told you) had already given the girl to understand that he loved her, by those signs imperceptible to all save their objects, so neither could she remain indifferent to his fine

and steadfast character. Now, seeing him act with reserve toward her, she could not account to herself for it, nor when he took leave, darting a glance at her — not those of passion, but the slight ones of inexpressible reproach. Meanwhile, the thought of revenge accelerated the beatings of the Lady Isotta's heart: as she could not be glad in that love of his, she would not have others rejoice in it either.

"Another evening fell, and with the darkness Estella descended once more to the strand, entered the skiff, bent to the oar, and, hugging the sinuous shore we have just been facing, steered down toward Limonta. The moon from time to time hid itself behind some light cloud; thus the light, now full, now obscured, depicted the most grotesque figures on the slopes of the mountains and the surface of the lake. When it shone out more brightly, it made stand out against the dusky shore the white figure of Estella, enveloped in a simple jacket, and from which, as she rowed, there floated on the evening breeze the loveliest locks of raven hair. Thus she pulled on till she reached that cove you see running in yonder, between a crag and a copse; and sheltering the skiff there, she took a basket with her, and set off up the declivity.

"But an eye had espied her. The cavalier, anxious to make sure how far he had been deceived in trusting that pure and lovely soul, had watched her boat from afar; hidden in the copse, he had seen her land, and immediately followed hard upon the maiden's nimble steps. For a long time he kept her in sight, then he lost her from view, then for a short space he wandered at hazard till a subdued murmur struck his ear. He approached, and perceived, environed with bushes and brambles, a little cabin hardly differing from the rough huts in which hunters set their snares; he drew nigh, and stepping up to a little window, by the tremulous light of a hand lamp, he saw — oh, what a sight! — a man of majestic build, to whom sufferings had brought premature age, with a long beard and ragged clothes, was seated on a stool; and on his knees an angelic apparition, Estella, who with one arm encircled his neck, drawing him so close to her that the old man's shaggy white locks mingled with her own black tresses, while with the other hand she offered him the food she had brought in her basket. The soft words with which she accompanied this act had in them an indefinable something caressing and melancholy, like the memory of the far-off native land.

"The cavalier remained for some time intent on this scene; then he appeared at the half-open door. As Estella saw him, though without recognizing him wrapped in his cloak, she sprang up, uttered a shriek, and fell at the feet of the newcomer, screaming, 'Signor, have mercy! do not ruin my father!'

"The cavalier, now convinced of what he had suspected, — that this was the girl's father to whom she had come to bring food and comfort, — said, raising her with a full heart: —

"'Be of good cheer, Estella; it is I, my dear child; great is your virtue, and it shall be rewarded.'

"Then he turned to the old man. 'Polidore,' he said, 'the fatherland was the center of our life. Yes, you, like myself, have fought for our Italy; nevertheless, she has perished. But the persecutions of an all-powerful man have reduced you to this misery, while I have resisted the enemies of Italy with honor, and been feared by them and respected by our people. When I saw Lombard independence irreparably lost, I betook myself hither in despairing quietude. But in Milan my name is still heard: if anything could induce me to make use of it and return to view those walls, — alas, how changed! — it would be to go and crave a pardon for you. But I expect a reward for it — the hand of your daughter, if she consents.'

"Guess whether she consented, and the more since to the admired endowments of the cavalier was now added this benefaction; and when the father asked her, Estella answered only by throwing her arms around his neck and exclaiming, 'O father, how happy we shall be!'

"They departed: she for her bark, Morone for the precipitous path, where his mule was waiting. The next morning he presented himself before Signora Isotta, begging her to consent to his making Estella his wife. In his confident and upright action lay a mastery from which the lady could not free herself, no matter how unwillingly she endured it; so she dared not refuse or oppose. Having arranged for everything needful at the wedding, he set out for Milan.

"Do not ask me in what humor the lady was during this and the following days. He had been the first from whom she had sought, not a feeding-ground for ambition and desire, but love; many an artifice had she contrived to captivate him, and here he had escaped her — not only escaped her, but subordinated
l to a wretched unknown pauper, who possessed nothing but
uty. 'Oh, yes, she possesses something else which I have

not, — virtue! I could not offer him an immaculate hand, an innocent heart, like this poor girl. But virtue! — whatever virtue she has is all owing to me, all; to me, who rescued her when deserted; who hide the secret of her father, when with one word he might and must perish! And the ingrate robs me of my lover! — Traitress! my revenge shall reach you, as cruel a one as you have earned! — Though, to be sure — Traitress! Revenge! — Yet what does she know of this love of mine? Where are the arts she has used against me? — Ah, could I become again like her, a poor maiden, but without memories, without those memories that night and day are seething in my bosom, and never, never give me peace! — Lovely innocence, who can give it back to me? — What can equal the delights of that innocent age, of first love? — and even those I never enjoyed without guilt, hapless I! — and she is to enjoy them. — But as for me, I have tasted and can still taste the superb delights of revenge. Oh, how sweet to count the minutes that shorten the life of your enemy; to know that he is in the death pangs without his knowing it himself; then to hear a groan — and no more. Ah! is there music to compare with it? and I have felt it, and who shall hinder me from feeling it again? from seeing the triumphs of this proud girl changed into tears? — Oh, but she is my guest, I have sheltered her; she confides wholly in me — and betray her? — What! has she not first outraged me? Should not the good I have done her put her under obligations to me? — On the other hand, has not the law a higher claim on us than these fleeting affections? and has not the law, alas! proclaimed that this Polidore Boldone, the head of the rebels, is to be given up? ought I not to do it? rather, am I not a traitor to the emperor if I act differently?'

"These, or like thoughts, in various forms, raged through the soul of Lady Isotta day after day; whence she showed herself alternately kind and ill-tempered toward the girl. The latter, wholly taken up with her outfit and with when she should come into her new estate, interrupted her work from time to time and flung herself on the signora's neck, exclaiming: 'Oh, my generous protector, how much I owe you! All my happiness I have to thank you for!'

"The lady responded with a smile that but ill-concealed the tempest within; sometimes, too, she wept in unison with the girl; but in the depths of her heart the voice of the Evil One arose, exclaiming, 'Revenge!'

"The days passed on, and the one appointed for the return and the wedding had come; at nightfall the cavalier was to arrive. The expectant girl had donned her best array, and thus decked out appeared in the signora's room; and running up to her in the frank joy of her innocence, she cried out: 'Oh, how happy I am, my lady! God bless you!'

"But how is this? Far from returning the embrace, Isotta shook her off: these tokens of coming joy embittered her rancor. At first she repulsed her as if terrified; then, panting, gripped her by the arm: her rolling eyes and quivering lips, her bosom in upheaval, the pallor alternating with flush in her face, gave warning of the tumult within; while on the face of the girl appeared the perplexity, the innocent apprehension, of one who knows not what to fear.

"'God in heaven!' she exclaimed: 'what ails you, my benefactress?'

"'What God? what benefactress?' broke forth the lady, snatching at the words as a relief to her rage so long suppressed. 'The time for dissimulation has gone by. Henceforth behold in me your sworn foe. This day, this very day, either mix this draught' (she drew from her bosom a small phial) 'for your bridegroom before the midnight hour has struck, or when you wake, raise your eyes to the battlements of the tower, and you will see your rebel father hanging there!'

"The poor child gave a scream, as if beneath the flowers a viper had suddenly upreared itself; tottering, she stayed herself against the back of a chair.

"At this point the signore entered. Where he had pictured a joyful reception, he heard the shriek; he placed himself between the two women, lovingly took the arm of Estella, who dared not raise her eyes to him, and fixed his gaze on the signora, to learn what evil tidings she had announced. She turned again to Estella, gnashing her teeth and clenching her fists, and said as she left the room, 'Decide; and if you say one word, *both*.'"

At this point of the good priest's narrative we had reached Varenna, where it was usual to make a stop and get something to eat. After this we resumed our places on the bundles and stools of our boat, while just at that moment sounded the sixth hour of the night. The curate continued: —

"The night hours are my friends: when all is silence around, this voice of theirs seems to me that of a dear one asking me how I am."

"But," subjoined I, anxious to have the tale resumed, "those you have just now told us of would not have counted them calmly."

"Imagine," replied he. — "I know very well that people nowadays like the terrible: readers wish it and writers squander it. In truth, when I see men, especially you younger ones, disgusted with society and turning to depict it as so much worse than, thank God, it can be, I pity them as I do a baby that, lacerated by inward pain, bites the breast that suckles it. If my story were a work of fiction, what a happy touch for a scene, to picture the lady quietly letting them marry and depart; but when they disembark at the home of their delights, the first love-kiss given and not yet returned, the bridegroom falls pierced by an unknown hand; or at the banquet she mingles the poison for the two, who expire in horrible contortions while uttering the brand-new words of affection. But my story is a fact: as such, at least, I received it from an old man, who had it from his father, and he from his, and so on back to those who lived when it took place.

"So I will go on and tell you that when the engaged couple were left alone, the bridegroom tried to comfort his sweetheart, and questioned her; but without being able to draw from her anything but moans, and such exclamations as: —

"'Oh, my father! oh, my father! Let us go, let us save him! Oh, I am unhappy forever!'

"The wedding was postponed; the bravery was surrendered for plain clothes and the whole time to weeping and sighing. The heavens seemed to be in harmony with Estella's grief: a violent storm raged over the lake; the opposing blasts formed a whirlwind; rain fell in torrents, it thundered and lightened: what a night for the vessel caught in mid-water! A thousand plans came into the maiden's mind: they all vanished before the image of her father and her betrothed, the victims of a merciless woman. The latter's crimes, of which indeed hints had reached her, but without her ever crediting them because she found her so humane to herself, now recurred in horrid semblance to her mind, persuading her there was everything to fear. Hasten to her father, drag him thence and fly with him, was her first thought: but the lake boomed so menacingly

that she dared not trust herself to it; the footpath, which could lead to his retreat by land, must have grown far worse from the swollen torrents and the landslips; and through the darkness of the night which had come down, how could a young girl venture where the boldest hunter would hardly have dared to risk himself?

"The hours wore on; midnight was at hand — that fearful midnight, the passing of which was to mean her doom of life or death. Beside her, with assiduous care, the cavalier was still endeavoring to draw the secret from her, but in vain; when a flash of lightning, unusually prolonged, revealed below them a gondola, which, driven by many oars, was battling with the deep and riding the surges.

"'A gondola!' he exclaimed; 'who but one, at such a time as this, would venture on the lake!'

"But Estella, the instant she saw it, sent up a shriek of desperation, 'Oh, save my father!'

"'Why, from whom?'

"'From the signora. Oh, I have said too much — perhaps I am killing him!'

"Now the truth flashed on the cavalier. 'Estella,' he said, 'farewell: I go to save him or die.'

"And he would have torn himself from her; but do what he would, he could not prevent her from insisting on going with him at every hazard. Armed to the teeth, besides the dagger which at that time Italians never left behind, he mounted a mule, and with the girl on the crupper, started along the narrow mountain path. I will not describe it; for you know the mountains, and can picture to yourselves what it was at such an hour, in such a place, with such a storm. Only a trained and docile beast like this could keep so narrow a path on a steep declivity, amid the blinding flashes; only love could do what that courageous pair were doing, love that recks of no perils. Nearing the copse and dismounting, the cavalier and Estella begin to descend toward the hut where her father sleeps — sleeps it may be for the last time. The nearer they come, the louder beat their hearts. Are they in time? Here is the cabin at last. Trembling, Estella advances, rushes in — it is empty. Just then, as the lightnings illumined the darkness, there was seen in the midst of the lake a gondola struggling with the billows.

"It was in truth Isotta's gondola. O my dear listeners, none of you know the atrocious delight of revenge; none know

how stormy is the time that elapses between the planning of a crime and its accomplishment: so you will marvel how she, amid such a hurricane, could venture on the waves. But a like hurricane was raging over her heart, so that danger even unto death seemed as nothing in order to abandon herself one instant to that, to anticipate by one hour the wild intoxication of revenge. So, having selected her most expert sailors, who had so often guided Medeghino's forays in the teeth of the wind, she made her way to the old man's hut to tear him out, the hostage of a tragic sorrow.

"Yet when far from the shore, and the bark, stout and well managed as it was, threatened again and again to capsize, and the hardiest rowers grew pale below the sweat that poured in streams from their faces, the lady came fully to herself, and shuddered, and thought: —

"'If a wave should submerge me! — Well, it would be ended — ended — ended this hellish agitation; ended this war between me and mankind; — everything ended. But would everything really be ended?'

"And then in her soul began to wake thoughts long unroused, obscured, but never quite expelled — thoughts of a something beyond the grave, of a more than mortal Power. She started up, grew icy cold, was bathed in perspiration, closed her eyes; but when no objects any longer distracted her attention, frightful pictures of an unknown future appeared the more vividly before her. Then she cast wide-open eyes around upon the waves, upon the lightnings; but it gave no cessation to her terror.

"Meanwhile they reached the destined shore. Two bravos jumped out and dragged the old man to the gondola; he said as he entered, 'Signora, whoever you are that use such violence on me, remember that you too will grow old, that you too must die.'

"'Hold your tongue, you old fool!' was the signora's wrathful answer; and having thus silenced him, she turned homewards.

"Little by little the storm abated on the lake, but it raged more fiercely than ever in Isotta's soul. The old man's words had rung in its very depths: 'Grow old! — die!' and however much she tried to banish them from her ears and her heart, it echoed ever more profoundly, more obstinately, that 'grow old, die.'

"And hark, from the shore a fitful sound. It was the bell of the monks, who, in the universal silence of living creatures, tolled the knell to announce to the sleeping world that a Christian soul was about to leave this earth!

"As the old man heard it, he uncovered, and repeated the prayer taught by Christ, then the psalm of mercy and the supplications with which the church dismisses from the faithful a brother who is journeying to a life without end. The seamen aided him responsively; and that prayer in unison, resounding as a single human voice amid the fury of the elements, shed on the heart a melancholy sweet to the just. But to the wicked? to Isotta?

"At first she raised her head to command silence, but her voice failed her. That thought of the death struggle, that weariness of crime, grew mountainous, and lay heavy on her soul. She could no longer resist; she buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of tears. She was saved.

"As they approached the shore, she leapt first to the land, and giving no thought to the old man, who remained in the boat — on, on, she climbed to the castle, entered it without a word, traversed the halls, the rooms — oh, what memories! — and reaching her own apartment, flung herself at the feet of a Madonna, holding on her arm the divine Child, and smiling at the beholders as if in the act of assuring them that their prayers would be heard. There prostrated, she wept and prayed — prayed in terms long since disused, but which now came thronging back to memory, recalling former times and the former peace.

"The cavalier and Estella, who with desperation in their hearts, filling the rooms with their outcries, came to curse her — how they ceased on finding her there before a Madonna, weeping, praying! All wrath calmed down; the more so when Isotta threw her arms around Estella's neck and exclaimed: 'Forgive me, forgive me! he is safe!' At that moment the midnight hour struck."

Here the good priest stopped: all around kept silence in a solemn hush, and I looked on. A whole hour passed; when, as if following an unbroken train of thought, a girl among the passengers inquired, "And what became of the lady?"

"The lady?" replied the priest, as if aroused from deep meditation. "Do you see that projecting region on a prom-

ontory, and an elevated white house there? That is Dervio; and where that house is, there stood the monastery of the Umiliati. Into that the Signora Isotta retired, spending the remainder of her life in austerity, beloved by God, who counts penitence as much as innocence."

"Why," I said, "did she not remain in the world, to make amends by equal good for the evil she had wrought?"

"Have I told you," said the priest, "that she did no good? The ways of charity are as countless as those of Providence. — As to the lovers, they had a wedding of several days' length, blessed by the prior of the neighboring convent, and celebrated in the castle with joy, but without dancing. Their happiness I will not describe for you; it is hard to describe perfect felicity, so few experience it. It was all the greater that during those days arrived the news that Polidore Boldone, who had remained in the shelter of the castle, — then more powerful than the laws, — was, through the good offices of the Signor Morone, and through an indemnification having been given to the Marchese del Vasto, his personal enemy, pardoned and safe. For the Emperor Charles V., henceforth assured of the possession of the Milanese, granted a pardon to all rebels, and restored peace and order in Lombardy."

"Order? Peace? And do we continue to term thus the tyranny of oppression and the cowardice of servitude?" exclaimed I; and kept on in a fashion designed to turn the narrator to other discourse, to patriotic declamation. But to my harebrained talk the priest responded naught; and taking in his hand the worn breviary, by the light of the moon he began the morning services to God, from whom come afflictions and consolations, rewards and chastisements, empire and slavery; while I returned to the phantasmal silence, enjoying the ineffable sentiment diffused around by the final rays of the pallid moon.

BEATRICE OF GENOA.

By CHARLES J. WELLS.

[Charles Jeremiah Wells, a writer who has found a few scholarly and poetical admirers in each of three successive generations but no popular following in either, was born at or near London, probably a little before 1800. A schoolfellow of Keats' younger brother and Richard Hengist Horne, he became a member of the literary circle that included Keats, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt. In 1822 he issued a volume entitled "Stories after Nature" (of which this is one), closely modeled on the Italian novelettes of the Middle Ages. They met with no favor, and not till 1845 were a few of them reprinted by W. J. Linton in his *Illuminated Magazine*, to which Wells then contributed a new tale, "Claribel," besides writing a couple for Fraser's. Linton reissued the whole volume in 1891. In 1823 appeared Wells' masterpiece, "Joseph and his Brethren," under the pseudonym "H. L. Howard." It failed completely, and a thorough revision in 1850 found no publisher; but extracts were circulated among literary men, in 1870 an encomium by Rossetti appeared in Gilchrist's "Life of William Blake," and these moved Swinburne, in 1875, to contribute a fervid panegyric to the *Fortnightly Review*, which excited interest enough to obtain a publisher for a second recension in 1876. He left behind a third, still in manuscript. Wells started law practice about 1820, but seems not to have prospered. He removed successively to Wales, Hertfordshire, and Brittany (1840), where he became a professor of English in a college at Quinper. In all places he was a keen sportsman. Later he lived in Marseilles, where he died in 1879. In 1875, after his wife's death, he burned all his unpublished manuscripts, including a novel, three volumes of stories, and an unfinished epic.]

In ancient times, there dwelt in the city of Genoa a nobleman called Durazzo, a bosom friend of the prince Balbi, and in his confidence. Durazzo and Balbi were both young men, and had been educated and brought up together from earliest infancy, so that the greatest affection was nourished between them.

There lived with the prince Balbi a lady of great beauty, his concubine, called Beatrice, to whom he bore the tenderest love. It so chanced that the lady fell deeply in love with Durazzo, and endeavored by all the means in her power to engage his attention, making known her passion by every opportunity, and offering those advantages to which a man of his gallantry could not be blind: it produced, however, nothing but a painful effect upon him, and the lady's deep-settled affection subsided into a silent melancholy. The prince, in great distress, continually questioned Durazzo about Beatrice's sickness of mind, not as suspecting the cause, but to ask his advice and assistance. Durazzo seeing that he, though innocent, was the

cause of all this uneasiness, determined to speak to Beatrice; he therefore concealed himself in a pavilion in the garden into which she was coming, and soon she sat herself down and began to weep bitterly. Durazzo came to her and took her by the hand, and said, "Madam, I beseech thee to stop those sorrowful tears, and amend your broken spirits: you stain your own beauty; the king's heart is almost broken; and you force me to live in pain." And she said, "That last is something." He answered, "Do not mistake me: I come to speak of reason to you." And she said, "Sir, I am a lover." He continued, "I do not misprize the favor you do me in casting your regards upon me; and though I never could answer the fullness of your affection, I have too much manhood to see a lady weep when I could dry her tears, did not the boundary of honor stand between us. I cannot entertain your passion." And she said: "Think me not too bold if I speak out freely; a little hope doth make me very eloquent. If you would glance at any duty due to the prince from me, I answer that I know it not; I am no longer his mistress than I shall choose to own him for my master. My heart was never his, it was as free as a bird till you had it; now it is hawked at, it bleeds; and yet I gave it not to thee, nor can I call it back; these things are fatal. I know no tie to bind me from loving you. If you see it as a crime, and I must die for it, neglect me still; thy will is then fulfilled; thy passionless return to my poor love doth bury me alive. Why am I to be used thus, because I would leave a prince, where all my whims are laws, to affect a lord; because I step from off a royal throne into a narrow chamber? Oh! for thee I would forfeit royalty, renown, riches, and sovereign sway, ambitious longings, and all that gloss that lines the mantle of his greatness, and add as another grain my life. Give me strong reasons why thou art my murderer; or help me, and let me live." Though Durazzo was much pained at her distress, his self-love was not aroused; nor was the friendship he had ever professed for the prince at all tainted. Taking the lady by the hand he said to her: "Madam, the reasons that guide me, and keep my passion unalarmed, refer not so much to your love for me as to the injustice I should be guilty of in returning it. The prince, your lord, though ever my master, hath cast aside all difference from our youth upwards; and as I find by reflection, his favors and honors bestowed on me have ever kept pace with, and have been the wholesome return for,

such goodness or honesty as has at any time been done by me; as I cannot praise him with my tongue, I take all silent means (such as this present) to do him service, and to account to my heart, under heaven, for what goodness I can do him in return for his great kindness to me. The prince is an honest man; and shall I fall off from his side? I, that am nearest his heart, baffle his friendship and turn traitor to him? Shall I join those many in the world that are baiting his peace? To them he is invulnerable, through superior honesty; but to an act like this, he would fade as a flower in its freshness, canker-spoiled ere it hath run its little season; for, lady, he loves you as sweetly as saints love heaven, and hath as great a faith in me. If I could do anything to save or help the loved of Balbi, they could command it without a sigh or tear, through my friendship to him. I cannot do this thing; it would go hard with his life. My friendship to him is greater than my love to you; it can do more to withstand your love than your love can offer against me, for I respect mine honor." Beatrice could not answer this appeal; but not being converted from her desire, she said: "I pray thee listen to me. Let the prince live on in ignorance. I will use some art to increase the appearance of my affection toward him, so that he shall suspect no falling off; thus none of the parties are aggrieved, and my soul will find some rest." And he said: "Thy wit and thine honesty show equal weakness in this speech; for thine artfulness would disgust me, and thy purpose to the prince never hold. Thinkest thou that I could share the noble Balbi's smile, embrace him, think with him, join in his laugh, drink healths by the sparkle of each other's eyes; or carve my meat with him, and not expect that every bit would choke me? Could I see him dwell by the hour with doting eyes upon thy face, while thou art musing upon our guilty acts? No more, no more — were the prince less mine, or you less his, I could answer thee; but as it is, I would have thee turn to whence thy worship comes. I have sought thee for fear thou shouldst think I despised thee; and also to tell thee that to sigh to the winds, to weep into the sea, or groan in a howling night, will no more shake or act upon me than thou canst upon fate: therefore, seeing thou hast no hope, be patient, and fall short of despair." And when he would have gone, tears burst from her eyes; and, full of agony, she threw herself upon his neck, and kissed him, begging for some mercy; but he shook her

off, so that she fell upon the ground. And he went from her; but she got up and came to him, and leaning on his arm said, "I prythee suffer me to be of thy company only into the house." And looking upon him all the way, she went without uttering a word into the palace.

It is the way with women when their love is slighted, to turn, by a revolution of feeling, to the opposite deadly passion; and to pursue the once coveted object with savage hatred, through the contempt they conceive offered to their self-love. Was it so with the impassioned Beatrice? For some time after she bore herself more cheerful, which rendered the prince (who doted on her) a little more happy, and induced Durazzo to believe that she had taken his advice, and combated her passion.

Suddenly Durazzo was arrested, convicted of treason, spoiled of his effects, and banished, by a mandate signed by the King's own hand. If a fixed star had fallen at his feet, he could not have been more amazed. He settled as near to Genoa as he could, in a lonely village, fancying the air of his native place would sometimes blow freshly upon him and comfort him; and with the little money he had had put into his hand by a stranger as he was dismissed the city, he purchased a cottage and cattle, and lived the lonely life of a shepherd.

Need it be questioned whether Beatrice had done him this good turn? Who but a woman could have turned the prince's brain, and have blinded him to the former faith and friendship of Durazzo, which had been mutually nourished, even, as he said, from their childhood upwards? Having thus gained her points as far as she practically could, she cast her eyes to the theory of her actions, in which she proved to be wanting: it was true she had ruined Durazzo, but it was her great love that did it, and not her hate. She had worked upon the prince to banish him, through cunning arts; she had laid her sickness of mind to him; she had annihilated the prince's affection for him; she had kept them from an interview; she had caused it to be instilled into Durazzo's mind that certain rich men of the court had wrought his ruin, and that she was laboring with the prince in his behalf; through her the money had been put into his hands as he left the city gate; he was observed as to where he had taken up his abode, and invisible agents were feed to watch over his safety while there, and to see all his comforts supplied; and all this was to destroy the only opposition to

Durazzo's arms, his great friendship to Balbi: for, saith she: "All these injuries cast upon him, the feeling so winterly and aguish a cold where he looked for a cherishing sun, will be like having his heart cast forth of Balbi's bosom, where it has been nourished, for vultures to dip their beaks in it. On the recoiling of his passion, his deep sense of the prince's ingratitude, and soreness at his injuries, will I work."

One day, habiting herself, Beatrice came to the prince, saying: "From the great uneasiness of soul that oppresses me through some hidden cause, I am come to request that your highness will bless me before I go to perform a pilgrimage to the patron saint of your fathers, some leagues from the city." And embracing him she departed.

Taking a bag of gold, she went alone to the cottage of Durazzo, which was built of trees, and stood down in a valley by itself; and he being out upon the hills with his flock, she lifted the latch of the door, and coming in, cast herself upon his bed of skins to wait for him. When the sun was going down in its brilliancy she heard the harbinger, his well-known voice, as he came down the valley chanting blithely a ballad he had often sung at the King's table: this, and his happiness of mind, a little surprised her; but only for a moment, for other feelings were uppermost. When he came into the hut and saw who was standing there, he cast away his crook and embraced her fervently, and cried (as soon as he could for joy) "How is the prince?" Beatrice would have spoken of other matters, when Durazzo said: "I will not hear a word till thou hast answered me: how is the prince, my dear, dear Balbi?" She answered, sinking with surprise, "He is well." Then he, fetching forth some wine and fruits, apologized for such poor entertainment, and was full of anxious inquiry about his friends in the city, all his converse in the end tending to the prince's welfare and happiness. He thanked her for the kindness she had manifested towards him, and was touched to tears at the generosity of this visit when all else had deserted him; she ever and anon beginning to talk of the prince's unkindness to him, and he, in pain, avoiding all discussion. At length, trembling, she took his hand, and, looking in his face with a sad countenance, said: "I have tried to be at rest, but cannot. Seeing how the prince hath used you, it hath loosened all that little of my affection that remained for him; and seeing how thou art deserted by thy citizens and friends, I hate Genoa and

its pride; may I live with thee?" A tear started into Durazzo's eye, and shaking his head mournfully, he said: "Thou art come upon a fruitless errand: I love the prince, I love my friends, and Genoa, where I was nursed, as deeply as ever; more deep in absence and silent retrospection. I am as jealous not to wrong them as ever, and will be more so. That, which is folly in Balbi, is not knavery; he hath lent his ear to lying whisperers. Friends I never had; I built not on them, and I feel not the loss; some of them were good enough, but all were cursed by the world's plague, selfishness. For my enemies, single them out, and with a sword and my revenge I would take quittance of them, sealed with their blood. For my country (do I love my soul?), it is one more reason why I love the prince, for he deals honorably with it; he always denies himself to comfort that; when their interests jar, his straight dissolves to air. I could take a year to praise him, and not end. To be honest with you, madam, on these several reasons I do deny your passion." Despair was now coming upon her, and she was about to break into loud exclamations of grief against him; but he took her gently by the hand, and removing the curls from her forehead, kissed her tenderly. And he returned her the gold, and covering her in his cloak, and taking a staff, he led her out to the city.

For some weeks Beatrice bore this repulse with fortitude, seeing that there was no hope; and she gave up all further design, considering herself the fool of fortune. Her despair, however, gave way, her passion renewed in all its violence, and seeing she could not live without Durazzo, and that he was deaf to her, she determined at least to become his companion. To this end she disguised herself in a herdsman's dress, and without a single feeling of regret turned from the palace and the city, and came to where Durazzo lived, and offered to serve him and to live with him; he, being in want of a servant, took her into his service and became her master.

When the prince found that she was gone, he was distraught with the violence of his passion; regret, sorrow, and despair by turns filled his mind, and his long sickness, caused by the daily proof of her mind being detached from him, at length ended in his death; but not on a peaceful couch: being recovered from a fit of melancholy, he fell into an opposite excess, and having deluged himself with wine, fell over a terrace of his palace into the area before the garden, and dashed out his brains

upon the marble pavement: thus he was found by his attendants, quite dead. It was supposed that during his distress of mind he had thought upon Durazzo and his miserable banishment, and that some of his old sympathies had touched him; for in his will was found a repealment of his banishment, and a grant to reinstate him in his old possessions.

Balbi's death had so severe an effect upon Durazzo's mind that he fell into a violent sickness, and would have died but for the watchful anxiety and attention of Beatrice, who, having lived with him in retirement, was now his companion in the city, and received the benefit of his fortunes, — Durazzo never suspecting who she was, but bearing towards her the tenderest friendship.

Now it so happened that after a lapse of time Durazzo sanctioned the affections of a rich and beautiful woman towards him, and declared his intentions to marry her. Again the heart of Beatrice was on fire; this was a matter that touched her near, for she felt if she disclosed herself and threw off the man's apparel, Durazzo would hate her as the murderer of the prince, and drive her from his sight; to live with him wived she could not; to abandon his company were to leap into the jaws of misery and despair; she therefore chose the only alternative. The time of Durazzo's marriage was at hand; and the night before, when he was to be wedded in the early morning, he came to the chamber of Beatrice, saying: "I prythee sit with me this evening, and let us partake of the social joy that to-morrow is to bring with it for my happiness. I have left the company carousing in the hall for thy private friendship; for I wot well, as long as the tubs are not dry nor the dishes empty, they will find no lack of me." And after talking some time he added: "But, my good friend, you are sad; cast aside your too usual fit of melancholy, and be glad; you do not seem to have your whole heart engaged in this affair." She took his hand, kissed it, and pressed it to her heart, and with tears in her eyes said, "You are deceived." And she filled a cup of wine, and, mixing a strong poison in it, drank to his lady's health and long life, draining off the whole. Durazzo thanked her, and was sorry for his rebuke. Beatrice would not let go his hand, but gazed full in his face; and having kissed him, fell dead at his feet.

When Durazzo discovered the hidden truth, he was in much sorrow and pain for her long passion, and did all but reflect on

himself for his behavior to her, and for the manner in which he had acquitted himself of the hard character he had to perform.

THE POISON MAID.

By RICHARD GARNETT.

[Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., English poet and man of letters, was born at Lichfield, England, in 1835; son and namesake of the Assistant Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum. He was himself in its service from 1851 to 1899, latterly as Keeper of Printed Books. He has published, besides volumes of collected original poems, "Poems from the German," "A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology," "Sonnets from Dante, Petrarch, and Camoens"; also "Io in Egypt," "Iphigenia in Delphi," "The Twilight of the Gods," etc.; Lives of Milton, Carlyle, Emerson, William Blake, and Edward Gibbon Wakefield; "History of Italian Literature," etc.]

"O not for him
Blooms my dark nightshade, nor doth hemlock brew
Murder for cups within her cavernous root."

I.

Grievous is the lot of the child, more especially of the female child, who is doomed from the tenderest infancy to lack the blessing of a mother's care.

Was it from this absence of maternal vigilance that the education of the lovely Mithridata was conducted from her babyhood in such an extraordinary manner? That enormous serpents infested her cradle, licking her face and twining around her limbs? That her tiny fingers patted scorpions, and tied knots in the tails of vipers? That her father, the magician Locusto, ever sedulous and affectionate, fed her with spoonsful of the honeyed froth that gathers under the tongues of asps? That as she grew older and craved a more nutritious diet, she partook, at first in infinitesimal doses, but in ever-increasing quantities, of arsenic, strychnine, opium, and prussic acid? That at last, having attained the flower of her youth, she drank habitually from vessels of gold, for her favorite beverages were so corrosive that no other substance could resist their solvent properties?

Gradually accustomed to this strange regimen, she had thriven on it marvelously, and was without a peer for beauty, sense, and goodness. Her father had watched over her educa-

tion with care, and had instructed her in all lawful knowledge, save only the knowledge of poisons. As no other human being had entered the house, Mithridata was unaware that her bringing up had differed in so material a respect from that of other young people.

"Father," said she one day, bringing him a book she had been perusing, "what strange follies learned men will pen with gravity! or is it rather that none can set bounds to the license of romancers? These dear serpents, my friends and playfellows, this henbane and antimony, the nourishment of my health and vigor — that any one should write of these as pernicious, deadly, and fatal to existence! Is it error or malignity, or but the wanton freak of an idle imagination?"

"My child," answered the magician, "it is fit that thou shouldst now learn what hath hitherto been concealed from thee, and with this object I left this treatise in thy way. It speaks truth. Thou hast been nurtured from thy infancy on substances endowed with lethal properties, commonly called poisons. Thy entire frame is impregnated thereby, and, although thou thyself art in the fullest enjoyment of health, thy kiss would be fatal to any one not, like thy father, fortified by a course of antidotes. Now hear the reason. I bear a deadly grudge to the king of this land. He indeed hath not injured me; but his father slew my father, wherefore it is meet that I should slay that ancestor's son's son. I have therefore nurtured thee from thy infancy on the deadliest poisons, until thou art a walking vial of pestilence. The young prince shall unseal thee, to his destruction and thy unspeakable advantage. Go to the great city: thou art beautiful as the day; he is young, handsome, and amorous; he will infallibly fall in love with thee. Do thou submit to his caresses, he will perish miserably; thou (such is the charm), ransomed by the kiss of love, wilt become wholesome and innocuous as thy fellows, preserving only thy knowledge of poisons, always useful, in the present state of society invaluable. Thou wilt therefore next repair to the city of Constantinople, bearing recommendatory letters from me to the Empress Theophano, now happily reigning."

"Father," said Mithridata, "either I shall love this young prince, or I shall not. If I do not love him, I am nowise minded to suffer him to caress me. If I do love him, I am as little minded to be the cause of his death."

"Not even in consideration of the benefit which will accrue to thee by this event?"

"Not even for that consideration."

"Oh, these daughters!" exclaimed the old man. "We bring them up tenderly, we exhaust all our science for the improvement of their minds and bodies, we set our choicest hopes upon them, and intrust them with the fulfillment of our most cherished aspirations; and when all is done, they will not so much as commit a murder to please us! Miserable ingrate, receive the just requital for thy selfish disobedience!"

"Oh, father, do not turn me into a tadpole!"

"I will not, but I will turn thee out of doors."

And he did.

II.

Though disinherited, Mithridata was not destitute. She had secured a particle of the philosopher's stone — a slender outfit for a magician's daughter, yet insuring her a certain portion of wealth. What should she do now? The great object of her life must henceforth be to avoid committing murder, especially murdering any handsome young man. It would have seemed most natural to retire into a convent, but, not to speak of her lack of vocation, she felt that her father would justly consider that she had disgraced her family, and she still looked forward to reconciliation with him. She might have taken a hermitage, but her instinct told her that a fair solitary can only keep young men off by strong measures; and she disliked the character of a hermitess with a bulldog. She therefore went straight to the great city, took a house, and surrounded herself with attendants. In the choice of these she was particularly careful to select those only whose personal appearance was such as to discourage any approach to familiarity or endearment. Never before or since was youthful beauty surrounded by such mustached duennas, squinting chambermaids, hunchbacked pages, and stumpy maids-of-all-work. This was a real sorrow to her, for she loved beauty; it was a still sadder trial that she could no longer feel it right to indulge herself in the least morsel of arsenic; she sighed for strychnia, and pined for prussic acid. The change of diet was of course at first most trying to her health, and in fact occasioned a serious illness, but youth and a sound constitution pulled her through.

Reader, hast thou known what it is to live with a heart inflamed by love for thy fellow-creatures which thou couldst manifest neither by word or deed? To pine with fruitless longings for good, and to consume with vain yearnings for usefulness? To be misjudged and haply reviled by thy fellows for failing to do what it is not given thee to do? If so, thou wilt pity poor Mithridata, whose nature was most ardent, expansive, and affectionate, but who, from the necessity under which she labored of avoiding as much as possible all contact with human beings, saw herself condemned to a life of solitude, and knew that she was regarded as a monster of pride and exclusiveness. She dared bestow no kind look, no encouraging gesture on any one, lest this small beginning should lead to the manifestation of her fatal power. Her own servants, whose minds were generally as deformed as their bodies, hated her, and bitterly resented what they deemed her haughty disdain of them. Her munificence none could deny, but bounty without tenderness receives no more gratitude than it deserves. The young of her own sex secretly rejoiced at her unamiability, regarding it as a providential set-off against her beauty, while they detested and denounced her as a — well, they would say viper in the manger, who spoiled everybody else's lovers and would have none of her own. For with all Mithridata's severity there was no getting rid of the young men, the giddy moths that flew around her brilliant but baleful candle. Not all the cold water thrown upon them, literally as well as figuratively, could keep them from her door. They filled her house with bouquets and *billets doux;* they stood before the windows, they sat on the steps, they ran beside her litter when she was carried abroad, they assembled at night to serenade her, fighting desperately among themselves. They sought to gain admission as tradesmen, as errand boys, even as scullions male and female. To such lengths did they proceed, that a particularly audacious youth actually attempted to carry her off one evening, and would have succeeded but for the interposition of another, who flew at him with a drawn sword, and after a fierce contest smote him bleeding to the ground. Mithridata had fainted, of course. What was her horror on reviving to find herself in the arms of a young man of exquisite beauty and princely mien, sucking death from her lips with extraordinary relish! She shrieked, she struggled; if she made any unfeminine use of her hands, let the urgency of the case plead her

apology. The youth reproached her bitterly for her ingratitude. She listened in silent misery, unable to defend herself. The shaft of love had penetrated her bosom also, and it cost her almost as much for her own sake to dismiss the young man as it did to see him move away, slowly and languidly staggering to his doom.

For the next few days messages came continually, urging her to haste to a youth dying for her sake, whom her presence would revive effectually. She steadily refused, but how much her refusal cost her! She wept, she wrung her hands, she called for death, and execrated her nurture. With that strange appetite for self-torture which almost seems to diminish the pangs of the wretched, she collected books on poisons, studied all the symptoms described, and fancied her hapless lover undergoing them all in turn. At length a message came which admitted of no evasion. The King commanded her presence. Admonished by past experience, she provided herself with a veil and mask, and repaired to the palace.

The old King seemed laboring under deep affliction; under happier circumstances he must have been joyous and debonair. He addressed her with austerity, yet with kindness.

"Maiden," he began, "thy unaccountable cruelty to my son —"

"Thy son!" she exclaimed. "The Prince! Oh, father, thou art avenged for my disobedience."

The King looked surprised, but continued —

"— surpasses what history hath hitherto recorded of the most obdurate monsters. Thou art indebted to him for thy honor, to preserve which he has risked his life. Thou bringest him to the verge of the grave by thy cruelty, and when a smile, a look from thee would restore him, thou wilt not bestow it."

"Alas! great King," she replied, "I know too well what your Majesty's opinion of me must be. I must bear it as I may. Believe me, the sight of me could effect nothing towards the restoration of thy son."

"Of that I shall judge," said the King, "when thou hast divested thyself of that veil and mask."

Mithridata reluctantly complied.

"By Heaven!" exclaimed the King, "such a sight might recall the departing soul from Paradise! Haste to my son, and instantly; it is not yet too late."

"Oh, King," urged Mithridata, "how could this countenance do thy son any good? Is he not suffering from the effects of seventy-two poisons?"

"I am not aware of that!" said the King.

"Are not his entrails burned up with fire? Is not his flesh in a state of deliquescence? Has not his skin already peeled off his body? Is he not tormented by incessant gripes and vomitings?"

"Not to my knowledge," said the King. "The symptoms, as I understand, are not unlike those which I remember to have experienced myself, in a milder form, certainly. He lies in bed, eats and drinks nothing, and incessantly calls upon thee."

"This is most incomprehensible," said Mithridata. "There was no drug in my father's laboratory that could have produced such an effect."

"The sum of the matter is," continued the King, "that either thou wilt repair forthwith to my son's chamber, and subsequently to church; or else unto the scaffold."

"If it must be so, I choose the scaffold," said Mithridata, resolutely. "Believe me, O King, my appearance in thy son's chamber would but destroy whatever feeble hope of recovery may remain. I love him beyond everything on earth, and not for worlds would I have his blood on my soul."

"Chamberlain," cried the monarch, "bring me a strait waistcoat."

Driven into a corner, Mithridata flung herself at the King's feet, taking care, however, not to touch him, and confided to him all her wretched history.

The venerable monarch burst into a peal of laughter. "*À bon chat, bon rat!*" he exclaimed, as soon as he had recovered himself. "So thou art the daughter of my old friend, the magician Locusto! I fathomed his craft, and, as he fed his child upon poisons, I fed mine upon antidotes. Never did any child in the world take an equal quantity of physic: but there is now no poison on earth can harm him. Ye are clearly made for each other: haste to his bedside, and, as the spell requires, rid thyself of thy venefic properties in his arms as expeditiously as possible. Thy father shall be bidden to the wedding, and an honored guest he shall be, for having taught us that the kiss of Love is the remedy for every poison."

MISS HURRICANE.

By MARC MONNIER.

(Translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by A. Lenalie, for this work.)

[Marc Monnier, French-Italian littérateur, was born in Florence of French parentage about 1828; died 1885. He won high reputation by works on the mediæval and modern history of Italy: as "The Conquest of Sicily by the Saracens" (1847); "Is Italy the Country of the Dead?" (1859); "Garibaldi: History of the Conquest of the Two Sicilies" (1861); "History of Brigandage in Southern Italy" (1862); "The Camorra" (1863); and of classic times, "Pompeii and the Pompeians" (1864). He also wrote "Protestantism in France" (1854). On lighter subjects, he produced many marionette plays, and two one-act comedies, "The Straight Line" (1854) and "The Fly on the Wheel" (1858); with a volume of poems, "Lucioles," and one of collected stories, "Permitted Loves."]

I.

I first saw her at Naples in the month of September, 1870, wearing a red cloak and a Hungarian hat; her whole thin, spirited person was in one continuous movement: feet never quiet, knees trembling with impatience, arms waving about nervously, hands beating the air — her auburn hair, cut short in the neck, vibrating to each movement, and her tongue especially quivering with excitement. She burst upon me like a bomb, asking for a letter of introduction to Garibaldi, without explaining who she was, whence she came, or by whom she was recommended to me; I never knew anything of her past, not that she was mysterious or reticent, but she seemed totally indifferent to her own individuality, and cared only for the happiness of her fellow-creatures. Very serious and earnest, without coquetry, almost without wants of her own, she levied upon every one for money, and gave it away without heed to the first comer. Her protégés believed her a millionaire, and five or six landlords to whom she was indebted were forced to dispossess her. She spoke all languages with an unmistakable accent which pronounced her English; and from this, joined to her tempestuous manners, she derived her title of "Miss Hurricane."

She came to Naples with the intention of taking service, at Capone, against the troops of Francis II.; at the same time she hoped to improve the morals of the people and convert them to Protestantism. They gave her a position on the ambulances.

She entered upon the difficult task with utter devotion; but she displayed so much passion, fury, and nervous emotion, screaming more loudly than the injured, protesting against the barbarity of the surgeons, and disputing with the priests by the bedside of the dying, that General Bixio, whose patience was limited, begged her to return to Naples. There she devoted herself to the work of remodeling the morals and religion of the people, as the clergyman of her village had suggested to her; from morning till night she tramped from asylum to house of refuge, from hospital to almshouse, from convent to convent, and returned from these excursions filled with a perfectly justifiable indignation, and plans of reform that would terrify the most resolute radicals. She wished to have the complete personnel of the charity organizations, with their pious promoters, from the highest to the lowest, placed on an island, on a diet of bread and water — including the superintendents, directors, governors, cardinals, priests, curés, monks and sacristans, nuns and lay-sisters, doctors, nurses, druggists, employees, servants, and scullions. The syndic of Naples, a witty man, remarked smilingly to the Englishwoman: —

"If we expatriate all those who have fouled the country, who will be left to cleanse it?"

One morning Miss Hurricane called for me and led me to the entrance of a high, deep cave excavated in the hillside at some former time by the stone-quarriers. The interior of this cavern was lined with many rows of beds, nearly touching each other: one might have taken it for a ward in the hospital for incurables. When I had entered a short distance I was obliged to retrace my steps, closing my nostrils with my handkerchief.

"You are extremely fastidious," said Miss Hurricane; nevertheless there are hundreds of Christian souls who live here and are worthy citizens. Entire families rent a place here — that is, space for a bed — in which they sleep together, father, mother, and children, large and small, boys and girls. There is a hole in the wall through which enters a little light and air; it is therefore considered a desirable location, and costs ten francs per month: the aristocrats dwell there; they regard those who live below in the darkness with supercilious disdain, because they pay but twenty-five sous per month. These good people make thread, and work eighteen hours a day: do you know how much they earn? Ten sous! Children turn the wheel from morning until night at the rate of one sou per day; they

eat dried chestnuts and sleep on straw, and are visited at night by hordes of rats which gnaw their clothes. To drive away these loathsome creatures, the mother throws pebbles against the wall. Don't you, Marianne?"

A woman, still young, but already faded, who was twisting hemp, raised her red, heavy eyes to us, and confirmed all the Englishwoman, who had talked with her the previous evening, had told me, and added, that out of the ten sous she earned for her eighteen hours work she was obliged to take five to pay for the raw material and the turning of the wheel: nevertheless, Marianne lived and supported five children; as for the father, he followed the profession of mendicant and lost five piasters a week at lottery. During the winter, existence was not so very difficult; but summer, which is the bad season in the South, rendered life almost unendurable to the poor, especially when there was a dearth of rain. They were obliged to carry water a long distance, from the fountain, and pay tribute to the water-carrier, who took advantage of the feeble and timid ones: that cost one their very eyes. The thread-maker concluded philosophically, —

"*E pure s'arremidia*" (one gets there somehow).

"Listen," said Miss Hurricane, who was seized with sudden ideas, "will you give me one of your children?"

"*Chesto po'no!*" (Ah, that explains!) cried Marianne, rising hastily, and placing the little gray eyes of the Englishwoman under fire of her great black ones.

"You misunderstand me, Marianne, I do not wish to take your child away from you: I am only thinking of its good and yours in taking it in my care and bringing it up well; but it will always be yours. You can see it when you wish and take it back when you like."

"If it is that way," replied Marianne, still hesitating, "I will consult the priest about it."

"Always controlled by the priest!" grumbled Miss Hurricane when we had left the cavern. "I am sure he will refuse me the child. But I will take it by force if necessary. Now come with me: you haven't seen anything yet. . . . I want to show you the height of misery. In the cave of the thread-makers they work, at least; and when the weather is fine, the whole crowd turns out into the sun to work like a colony of ants. But if we go down among the wharves, we shall find those who do not work at all."

She insisted that we descend to the wharves to visit one of those well-known houses called *fondaci;* it was horrible. A long passage without, opening on the street, an infected court-yard, a muddy stairway, and six stories of eight rooms each without light or sun. The refuse water was thrown in the yard; rats swarmed in the mire, to the amusement of the women, who laughed loudly at the sight. On each floor, the first room, without a window, gained a little light from an open door on the landing, and from the first the second was lighted, the third from the second, and so on until the last, which, upon entering, presented the appearance of a dungeon. Here and there some apertures, contrived in a corner, were the openings that served for well-hole and sewerage; for they were one and the same in the substratum of this sinister house. One woman, drawing a pail of water, brought it up before us filled with slime and showed it to us laughingly; for these unfortunate creatures laugh at all times. Many families lodged in each chamber; some slept on beds, others on the putrid straw; I have seen this straw traveling: God knows what travelers promenade there. They pay from eight to fifteen francs per month rental for one of these rooms that have not been white-washed since the cholera of 1837. A woman of twenty years, dying of typhus, was nursing an infant; the duennas who surrounded her regretted only her beautiful hair, which they had cut off on account of her illness. In another part they showed me a young girl whose eye had been eaten by the rats.

"If they had only eaten both!" said the gossips, "the poor creature would be sent to the blind-asylum, and would have bread all her life, without working; but with only one, what can she do? No one would want her . . ."

Such was the *fondaco* that we visited, and there are hundreds like it, each inhabited by a hundred poor devils, and designated by an ironical or burlesque name: Saint-Crispin, Dead-Rats, Divine-Love, etc. On leaving this hole, we came across a large boy of fifteen, in the street, who was bullying the smaller ones and stealing their tops. Now Miss Hurricane always carried a mongrel affair in her hand which served as cane, parasol, or umbrella, as occasion demanded; she slapped the tyrant with it, and he commenced to howl, holding his hand to his cheek; when he withdrew it there was blood on his face. One would wager a hundred to one that the scamp wounded himself; but the Englishwoman was none the less

remorseful, and asked me for a dollar to make reparation, after which she invited him to follow us and establish himself with me as a shoeblack.

He was a robust fellow, this Pallone (Balloon, as his comrades designated him, because he was always boasting). Born in a *fondaco*, father unknown, mother forgotten, he knew no trade, still less the alphabet, and lived in the street without visible means of support; he boasted of robbing the passers and intimidating the police. His eyes were set obliquely; the eyebrows met above the nose, forming a circumflex accent; a large top-knot of hair that he had allowed to grow over his forehead, and that he pushed back with an air of arrogance, imposed on many people. He had tact and energy; at the end of one day he had learned to roll my cigarettes and smoke them, black my shoes and wear them, brush my clothes and empty their pockets; upon leaving me he went into the service of Alexandre Dumas, who was then at Naples, and found the opportunity to steal a horse from him. He had every vice; he could only be controlled through his religion, for he believed in the devil, and mumbled a *Pater* every evening, the first words of which he rendered thus: *Patre nuoste qui es in cielo, San Vicenzo è o nomme tuje.* One evening when I showed him an engraving of the *Last Judgment*, in which Charon is represented pushing the condemned ones into the Styx with his boat-oars, Pallone returned to me a handkerchief, a porte-monnaie, a cigar-case, and a bunch of keys, which he pretended to have rescued, at the risk of his life, from the hands of an assassin armed to the teeth.

In addition to hell, Pallone feared a cudgeling, which did not prevent him from committing misdeeds, but forced him to confess them and make restitution. He allowed himself to be beaten even by people less strong than himself, if they wore an official coat; the *galantuomini*, that he detested and pillaged without scruple, were nevertheless superior beings in his eyes, having the right to beat and insult him; and he bent before them while picking their pockets. Thus, thanks to religion and scheming, it was possible to live with Pallone and his kind. Miss Hurricane undertook the conversion of this soul, and at the same time wished, in spite of all resistance, to bring up one of the children of Marianne, the little Toniel.

She did not arrive at this result without much resistance; the father, who was a beggar and bore the surname of Chia-

gnone (weeper), refused to deliver his son to the care of a stranger. Miss Hurricane, wishing to talk with this good man, after long search found him installed on one of those hills which rise steep and straight from the lower village to the fort Saint-Elmo. Seeing her approach, Chiagnone, who did not know her, intoned, with his eyes closed and his hand extended, a chant in which he invoked Saint Lucie, patron of the blind, with tones plaintive enough to soften a professional philanthropist. The Englishwoman seated herself on a bank near him, and instead of money, gave him kind words. She queried since when, and by what accident, he was rendered blind; and suggested taking him immediately to young Dr. Quadri, who required no fee for the treatment of the poor. Chiagnone resisted as though she wished to hang him; however, he was obliged to yield to the intervention of two officers, who, taking him by the arms, bore him by main force to the house of the surgeon. At this time, owing to the energy and persistency of a man of worth, M. Leopoldo Rodino, there was a combined movement against the three thousand mendicants who had been allowed to ply their art without interference during the old régime; they were now dispersing them and distributing them among the schools, the workshops, the workhouses, and the hospitals, according to their needs; the police were under the orders of M. Rodino for the furtherance of this worthy work. Chiagnone struggled like a demon, crying out against the tyranny of the Piedmontese.

"But if you restore my sight, you will deprive me of my means of livelihood," he remonstrated angrily to the officers who held him. The doctor, having examined his eyes with an ophthalmoscope, found no existing disease.

"Are you really blind?" he demanded.

"*Com 'e vero Dio*" (as truly as there is a God), he replied, raising his hand to heaven.

"Well, that being the case, I know of but one way to help you, and that is to burn the pupil of your eye with hot iron. Bring the instruments!"

"I can see! I can see!" screamed Chiagnone, opening his great eyes and trying to escape; but Miss Hurricane held him by the arm.

"Since *you* see," said she (she never used the *thou* of the second person in addressing any one, — the English know not how to *tutoyer*), "since you can see, why do you beg?"

"Would it be better to steal?"

"You could work."

"I have a wife and five children. If I work, how can I support them?"

They ended by placing him in a manufactory at Scafati, where he could have gained a generous livelihood; but he fled to the mountains, where he became a highwayman, working sometimes for the throne and sometimes for the altar, by waylaying travelers on the route to Pæstum. This trade brought him much money and the rheumatism, so he went to a convent to recover and become a monk; but he who has once drunk must drink again! One fine morning, a few steps from the monastery, and without even removing his gown, he tried to steal a gold chain from a traveler; the latter took him by the collar and delivered him to the national guards, who shot him.

The disappearance of Chiagnone removed one adversary from Miss Hurricane's path, but the other remained to be won over, — the priest, who was Marianne's oracle, and whose permission to take charge of little Toniel had to be gained. So the Englishwoman went to this "*Don Cristofre*" (as his parishioners were wont to call him), and found a pleasant man of extremely rotund proportions, a retroussé nose, and wide-open eyes — mouth also open — seated before a soup-tureen filled with macaroni and tomatoes, heavily powdered with cheese.

"*Servitevi*," said the priest, offering a plate to Miss Hurricane, who refused it and seated herself, preparatory to presenting her request without delay. Don Cristofre never ceased eating for an instant, and replied only to each phrase, *hai!* which said neither yes nor no, nor so much the better nor so much the worse. When he had emptied the dish, he said to the duenna who served him: —

"The patés are cooked a little too much, my dear. To-morrow you must leave them in the water just long enough to repeat an *Ave-Maria*." Then turning towards the Englishwoman: —

"So then, *cara signora*, you want little Toniel. I do not say no; I never prevent people from doing good to others. But are you sure that you will benefit him?"

"Am I sure of it? He will learn to read, write, and count. He will have warm clothes and clean hands, he will be able to satisfy his hunger, and he will understand English! I will save him from ignorance and misery."

"*Sara*" (that may all be), said Don Cristofre, crossing his hands over his stomach and twirling his thumbs. "It then remains to be seen if, with fine clothes, a good table, and English literature, he will be better off and become a better man."

"You cannot help but think it, my dear Don Cristofre. All evil comes from ignorance and misery. The country cannot be reformed except through schools and honest work."

"*Sara!* Others think, however, that all our ills come from our wants, and that the happiest man is he who needs the least. Here is a boy who lives content with a single garment and a sou's worth of dried chestnuts; you are going to accustom him to clothes and bonbons. Try, *cara signora mia*, and may the Madonna help you! Experience being gained, if you find you have made a mistake, come to me and we will consult together. I *too* wish for the welfare of little Toniel."

Miss Hurricane left the priest, regretting with all her heart that this *good* man was a Catholic. She immediately resolved to convert him, and with this end in view acquired the habit of going to him from time to time, in the summer evenings, to talk with him on the terrace, where he took the fresh air in view of the sea.

In the morning she occupied herself looking after Toniel. He was a charming child of ten years, who, having always remained with his mother, had retained the gentleness and sweetness of a girl, with white skin and curly black hair, and an affectionate, lingering glance that encompassed one and was never forgotten. When Miss Hurricane brought him home, he was enveloped from head to foot in an old pair of trousers which had belonged to his father and were cut off at the knees; the waistband was fastened around the child's neck, and his bare arms protruded through the pocket-holes, which had been ripped open for that purpose. The Englishwoman ordered him a pretty sailor costume of blue flannel, with a straw hat, banded with black, which bore the name of the vessel, *Bellérophon*. It was all paid for by a Hungarian colonel. Toniel donned his new suit for the first time to make a call on Pallone; Miss Hurricane had brought them together and wished to educate them mutually, relying upon emulation and honor as factors in coeducation. Pallone immediately commanded his little friend to give him his suit; Toniel, who could not refuse any one, gave it him with a good heart and returned in his father's pantaloons. The blue sailor costume was sold for a few sous to a

fishmonger, who quickly disposed of it to a midshipman departing for the Indies.

The two boys began their studies together, but the junior member derived no pleasure from this occupation. While the Englishwoman pointed out his *a b c*, his gaze wandered about the room, the window of which, with yellow shades and red canopy, opened on the noisy street. At the end of eight days, Toniel became dissatisfied and returned to his mother. But he had been spoiled by this change of circumstances, brought about through Miss Hurricane; the dried chestnuts had lost their flavor and grated his throat, while he wearied of turning the wheel; the straw bed seemed unclean, and the rats prevented him from sleeping. So he resolved to leave the cave and seek fortune by the aid of his own talents. He had had no training whatever, but he was strangely tractable to the will of Pallone, so much so that there was established between them a species of commercial enterprise. The little one went into the country at an early hour and stole fruit by the way, did errands, opened the carriage doors, sang in cafés, set snares, guided strangers to the tomb of Virgil, or asked them to throw a penny-piece wrapped in an envelope into the sea, and diving after it brought it to shore between his teeth: after which he carried his spoil to Pallone, who placed it, as he said, in the common purse for them. The tribute paid, Toniel was at liberty, and celebrated his freedom by dining, not upon patés like peasants, nor upon rabbits and maize as do the lazzarones, for he was a gourmand, and even a connoisseur in a small way: he lived on fruits, which were never too fine for his liking. He selected the choicest figs and oranges, or, as he called them, the *portugais* of Palerma; and his supreme delight was to bury his countenance in a red-ripe watermelon, whereby he ate, drank, and washed his face for a sou. This done he stretched out, not in the sun like his comrades, but under a colonnade, or on the benches of a church; for he loved the carved statues and the painted Madonnas, and believed in taking care of his complexion. Thus he lived for five or six years, without adventure and serenely happy. His mother had left the wheel and the hemp to establish herself at É'boli in the province of Salerne; but Toniel did not wish to go to É'boli: what should he do without Pallone? He slept where he could, often in the open air of the public square, astonished that others should take so much trouble for less well-being and liberty than he had. He re-

marked to Miss Hurricane one evening, when she had surprised him at full length on the sand, cradled by the breezes, rendered drowsy by the perfume of citron trees borne to him from the adjoining promenade through the languor of the balmy night, illumined by the scintillant stars and the phosphorescent sea: —

"How much better this is than the black letters on a white page!"

The Englishwoman shrugged her shoulders, and delivered a judicial discourse to prove that if children did not learn to read Italy would never produce good citizens — in the midst of which Toniel slept soundly, lulled by the song of a nightingale, who responded in musical, well-rhymed verse, that "Italy would always have her myrtles and her oleanders."

II.

One fine morning, Miss Hurricane forced me to follow her to the hospital of *Santa-Maria-Succurre-Miseris*, which was also called *Sant' Antoniello*, or *Sant' Antonio alla Vicaria*.

"I have," said she, "a permit from the prefect to visit this institution; there is much difficulty in obtaining an entrance, and even the prefect had to abandon the project, but I shall force my way in if necessary. That is the reason I brought you with me; if blows are to be dealt or received, I count on you."

I bowed, with a grimace which might pass for a smile to a very benevolent observer. This hospital was intended as a house of refuge for the *periclitantes*, as they designated young girls who were in danger of committing themselves to a false step. Arriving at the door I knocked resolutely, and heard from within a sound like the humming of bees among which a stone has been thrown. The door, shaken violently, at length opened, and a dozen nurses crowded in front of us on the threshold. Be it said in passing, that these nurses were ravenous worms at the heart of all these benevolent institutions: they lived without working, often since their birth, and always, until their death, appropriating for their maintenance nearly all the funds destined for the instruction and moral welfare of the poor, and the daily bread of the infirm and old. We asked for the directress.

"Sick," replied one.

"Out," responded another.

"With the confessor," came from a third.

"Can any one see the house?"

"Permission must be asked of the priest."

"And where is he?"

"Absent."

We were obliged to depart, but Miss Hurricane planned to return an hour later, at which time the priest was found at home; he opened a door for us and invited us into a room, where he began speaking of ancient inscriptions and Etruscan vases. Questioned impatiently, he at last gave us the information that there were 137 nurses in the place, and a very small number of girls, coming mostly from *l'Annunziata* (foundling hospital); that in fact we should find very little of interest: he was trying to gain time while they swept out some of the halls to make them presentable. At last he consented to show us the yard.

"You have seen all you wish?"

"Not at all, but we wish to do so; and we will, do you understand?"

Whereat the priest slowly advanced toward a door, and knocked frequently, but not loudly, leaving long intervals of time between each knock: in the course of time a nurse opened the door. We were then permitted to enter the hospital, where every one of our senses was tortured by filth and stench, by the kitchen, the sounds, and the vermin of these Augean stables that they had not the time to put in order. Everywhere these nurses: here and there some poor girl who was cooking in a bedroom by means of a portable stove, for there was no refectory. It was impossible to question these unfortunates: a nurse replied for them, to each interrogation. Many were ill; one was an imbecile; another, crouched in a corner, wan and emaciated, with beautiful, great, mysterious eyes, which were starting from their sockets, seemed to be dying of inanition; I asked her name, and was told they called her Reginelle, or Reinette. It was time to leave, for we were suffocating with the foul odors; we reëncountered the priest in the yard.

"You have seen?" he said to us, sneeringly.

"We have; it is horrible."

"Bah!" he replied, "they bring it upon themselves."

Miss Hurricane hastened to the prefecture, and blamed the prefect; as a result, the priest and the nurses remained at the hospital Santa-Maria-Succurre-Miseris, but the Englishwoman was permitted to take Reinette away.

"I want to place her at the almshouse," she said to me;

"they are trying to reform this institution; come and see it with me."

The almshouse is a palace which was never finished, all the outlay put on the exterior, constructed by Charles III., — good prince, but something of a charlatan withal. The great door of the edifice was surmounted with the inscription, "Royal Almshouse for the Poor of the Entire Kingdom": this was imposing. But here, as everywhere, the ancient régime had ruined everything: the hôtel for the poor, ostentatious on the exterior, showed on the inside but a series of damp stables, filthy and unhealthy; no work in the shops, no instruction in the classes; the million of revenue destined for the poor was dissipated in the hands of the officials. Miss Hurricane went upstairs to the office of one of the new directors, and overwhelmed him with reproaches; the excellent man replied sadly: —

"What can I do? We are obliged to struggle every day, every hour, against the old régime, which, perpetuated in the aged employees, strives to retain its hold, and arms itself against every innovation, clinging to all the débris of the past, complacently looking on at the traditional corruption. No one wishes to work, neither masters nor pupils, nor large or small; especially the nurses, who expostulate at the persecution. The managers pretend that the poor are robbed more than ever; nevertheless, the new administration, without decreasing the light, saves many quintals of oil per year; and the making of 8255 new shirts, exactly like the former ones, has been accomplished with a saving of 389 ells of cloth — nearly a kilometer and a quarter! You can understand the rage of the manufacturers. This hostility, excessively increased by this foiled rapacity, has already been productive of crime: one of my colleagues, accosted in the street, was killed with a poniard almost at the door of the hospital by a deaf-mute."

Miss Hurricane turned brusquely toward the director, and, taking him by the hand, shook it violently. The good man seemed rather astonished at this mark of approval; the people of his age and his country would not dare in public, even after many years of acquaintance, to more than bow respectfully before a woman, touching the tips of her fingers with the lips. He readjusted his sleeves, and, thinking perhaps to rid himself of her company, said to the Englishwoman: —

"You have only seen the men's quarters: would you not like to visit those of the women?"

She asked nothing better than to accept this invitation, and as the director had pleased her, she was inclined to see the bright side of things: the dormitories, clean; kitchen, well-regulated; little girls, cunning; and French sisters of charity, very devoted, although French sisters of charity (Miss Hurricane detested French and Catholics). The large girls embroidered very dexterously, or arranged garlands and crowns of artificial flowers that had been much admired at Paris. The deaf-mutes spoke and understood, following our conversation with bright, happy eyes, that sparkled with intelligence; one of them questioned the Englishwoman, and asked her clearly, without guttural effort, what nationality she belonged to. As soon as Miss Hurricane replied, her eyes lighted up, and she pointed out England on a chart. She was a teacher from Pisa, who had discovered, by force of patience and perseverance, a means of conveying speech to the deaf; she willingly initiated us into her methods by ranging her pupils in two lines, and exercising them before us, in what she called the labial, guttural, and pulmonary gymnastic.

"You must teach me all that: I should like to consecrate my life to deaf-mutes! I will come and take my first lesson to-morrow."

She kept her word, and returned each day for a week; after which, finding other work, she set herself to drawing up a statement for the king, Victor Emmanuel. The occasion for it was as follows: some difficulty arose about admitting Reinette to the almshouse; various papers, formalities, and proceedings were necessary. Miss Hurricane was boiling with impatience. The syndic counseled her to see the king about it, as he had just arrived at Naples. She squarely refused, because she was a Garibaldian, and had declaimed loudly against the ball of Aspromonte, forged, as she said, at the Vatican.

"Bah! the king is more of a Garibaldian than you," replied the syndic, with his ambiguous smile.

This was sufficient for the Englishwoman, who departed at the moment, and hastened to the royal palace. She entered with such a resolute, downright walk, that neither the time nor the thought necessary to prevent her was given to the sentinels; she mounted the grand staircase, elbowed away two or three knights of the Annonciade, and so arrived without hindrance at the entrance of the audience-hall; then, for the first time, they asked her errand.

"Tell the king that I am English, and I wish to speak to him."

I don't know in what manner she said it; but the fact is she was admitted instantly. One is forced to believe that the straightforwardness of the Englishwoman gained her an audience everywhere; the friends across the channel had not fired a shot for the Italians, but neither did they prevent them from going to Rome; and as every one knows, we prefer, ordinarily, those who let us alone to those who serve us. Miss Hurricane found herself in the presence of a man without affectation, wearing an immense flaring collar, and a fierce mustache, extending to his ears; but from the manner of raising his head one perceived at once that he was the king. The Englishwoman launched out into a discourse, wherein she spoke at first of Reinette, then of the almshouse, the deaf-mutes, the murdered director, shirts, and priests; after which she branched into side issues where she encountered Luther, Cromwell, Fra Diavolo, Thomas Carlyle, the lottery, the caves of the thread-makers, the excise taxes, the marriage laws, cellular prisons, houses of ill-fame, evangelical schools, the society for the protection of animals, and God knows what else that I have forgotten. An aide-de-camp, who reported this interview to me, nearly swallowed his handkerchief to avoid laughing aloud; but the king listened without a frown, and when she at length paused, said softly to the Englishwoman: —

"You will oblige me very much, madam, if you will write this out for me."

"I shall do so immediately!" and she turned to depart like a shot, when the king recalled her.

"You are forgetting something."

"I think not," she said, surveying the furniture around, and assuring herself that she had her handkerchief, her New Testament, her keys in her pocket, and her parasol in hand.

The king resumed: —

"You forget little Reinette."

"Ah! that is true, sire."

"Kindly leave me your name and address, and you will receive what you wish this evening."

And in fact, that very evening Miss Hurricane received an inclosure bearing the royal coat-of-arms. From this time forth, she declared that Garibaldi had indeed made many mistakes, and that Victor Emmanuel was the best of kings. She

commenced her document, or rather recommenced it, twenty times, for she was so overflowing with ideas that she could not write ten lines in succession; her o'er-filled pen made but blots. Adjourning this work, therefore, she conducted Reinette to the almshouse. As she had purchased a complete outfit for the young girl (with the money she had begged from a Swiss banker), she was forced to take a carriage in order to transport the baggage, and, the conveyance being hired by the hour, the coachman took the longest route; he traveled leisurely along as far as Carmes to gain time, and knowing there were always squabbles in the narrow street which leads from the church to the railway station, especially upon the arrival of trains, judged it a wise plan to pass that way; he was likely to gain a quarter of an hour by this scheme, and possibly a half-hour if chance favored him. He descended from his seat, put the horse in the shade of a tree, and, hanging a bag of hay round the animal's neck, gave him his noonday repast. Miss Hurricane fumed with impatience, and I might well have done the same, — for I accompanied them to pay the fare, — but for the intense joy of Reinette, who, delighted at being in a carriage, rose and re-seated herself each moment, climbed outside, leaned on the seat, and contemplated with eagerness the mass of vehicles of all sorts, filled with men and women, trunks and bags, casks and barrels, fruits and vegetables, that blocked the way and became disentangled with the greatest difficulty. An endless procession defiled along the street: venders of oranges, fish, nuts, fresh water, old clothes, and hardware, all of them calling out their wares. A friar offered tobacco and tickets for the lottery; a cobbler wended his way silently, with downcast head and dull eyes, carrying on his back a basket filled with old tools, shoemakers' thread, and leather. Suddenly he spied what he was searching for — a worn shoe on the foot of a man of would-be gentility: thus he designated the middle class, who belong halfway between the plebeian and the well-to-do peasant. He instantly accosted this customer, removed the old shoe, and, whether he would or no, replaced it with another, equally aged, which served for all his customers; then, seated on his basket, he forthwith proceeded to cover the hole in a thorough manner with a patch large enough to attract the attention of every one; but so deliberate was he, and so facetious and droll his anecdotes that by the time he had finished, the best of feelings prevailed between him and his unshod

client. The cobbler demanded ten sous for his trouble, the "half-gentleman" gave him two, and they parted good friends. Still the crowd jostled each other, the uproar increased, more vehicles going towards the station added to the delay, and the traveling showman, who had placed his movable show in the thickest of the crowd, dominated all other sounds with the shrill cries of his Pulchinello. In the midst of all this tumult, only the solemn, dark-red belfry of Carmes seemed tranquilly thinking, as do all the old, of ancient days: perhaps of Conradin, that he saw fall, or, who knows? of Masaniello, that he saw rise.

Reinette, in order to see better, had climbed upon the driver's seat, and stood so high above the line of shadow that her head shone like an old bronze in the sunlight. A few days had sufficed to awaken this rich and powerful nature: her eyes sparkled once more; her thick, lustrous hair floated in heavy masses, blown about by the breeze, which came from the sea and dilated her nostrils; her mouth, somewhat large, was slightly opened to inhale more air, and rendered visible teeth of almost arrogant whiteness; head raised, arms crossed, skirt blowing in the wind like a banner, she seemed to say to man and beast, and even to the impassive steeple, "Look at me!"

At this moment Toniel, who was coming from the station, a valise on his back, passed that way, the owner following him. Suddenly he paused, tossed his head, and shaded his eyes with the hand which was free. He instantly ran towards our carriage, throwing the valise without apology upon the shoulder of the owner, who swore roundly. Toniel had spied Reinette. Hastily addressing Miss Hurricane in the most cajoling terms, with all the offers of service that a Neapolitan knows how to prolong indefinitely, he drew from his pocket a lava plaque which had been molded with the effigy of Victor Emmanuel, and one of Francis II., to choose from, — having adapted himself to all tastes, — then a little sea-horse, a green lizard in terra-cotta, a sleeve-button found in the excavations of Cumæ, an Etruscan tobacco-pouch, a chaplet blessed — everything that might induce strangers to buy; he wished to present something to her, he was so fond of Miss Hurricane. But his eyes never left Reinette. At this moment a cannon-shot was fired on the water, and the crowd rushed to the edge of the square to see the arriving vessel. It then became possible to continue our way: the coachman mounted the box, and Rei-

nette was obliged to descend; in doing so, she encountered the gaze of Toniel. From that moment the two children loved each other. Their combined ages summed up thirty years.

The carriage rolled on at a gallop; for the driver, who had some conscience, tried to demonstrate that he was making a strenuous effort to regain the time which had been lost in spite of every endeavor on his part. Toniel hung on at the back, while Reinette, who was seated facing us, gazed at him. We reached the *seraglio*, as the people derisively termed the almshouse, only too quickly. It was considered a shame and a misfortune to be placed there; rather the prison than that, for at least one acquired some notoriety in arriving there betrayed (as they expressed it) by justice and the police. This was the popular opinion, and I leave to the imagination the horror of Toniel when he saw the carriage stop in front of the *seraglio*. He opened the door and let down the step, whispering to Reinette, who was the last to alight, loud enough for me to hear him: —

"Either I shall rescue you from this place, or I shall be strangled."

He followed us into the house, and being with us, they permitted him entrance, even into the women's quarters, where he carefully examined the work-room in which Reinette was to be installed, the bedroom in which she would sleep, the yard where she would spend the recreation hour, and the window at which she would be permitted to sit to take the fresh air. He made himself friendly with a nurse, who, while accompanying us, abused the new government in the worst possible terms, and especially the French sisters of charity. The nurses who swarmed here, as elsewhere, did their utmost to render the life of the directors unendurable: they encouraged the little ones to turn their backs on the teachers, and pray in the drawing-room when the preceptor arrived: "O God! cause those who are in charge here to break their legs!" In less than no time Toniel had become the best friend of the old woman, and gossiped some time with her at the foot of the staircase. Eight days later, by the help of Miss Hurricane, he entered the work-room for locksmiths as apprentice; fifteen days later, by the help of the old nurse, he worked in the women's quarters; in three weeks' time, by the assistance of some locksmiths' tools, Toniel and Reinette had fled from the *seraglio*.

III.

By this time Pallone had reached his twenty-second year, and, the reverse of Toniel, had shown himself worthy of Miss Hurricane's patronage. She spoke of him everywhere as a good subject of great genius, the hope of future Italy. In less than two months he had learned to read, and was not content to rest there, as were most of his kind; he next wished to understand music, and for this purpose he asked the Englishwoman for books, which she borrowed in profusion from the curés; in reading them he became imbued with the idea that there was neither a God nor a Devil, and that, in consequence, each one might do as he pleased without fear of results, only taking into account the police and the gendarmes. Then Miss Hurricane, instructing him concerning human rights, proved to him the equality of all mankind, and that a lazzarone was the equal of a great lord. Pallone concluded, therefore, that the lords were depriving the lazzarones of their rights. Armed with this conviction, each time he relieved a gentleman of his handkerchief he believed he was simply taking what belonged to him by right of equality; furthermore, he declared, in doing this, he simply fulfilled his duty in a sacerdotal manner (the books Miss Hurricane gave him were filled with this word "sacerdotal"). He declared himself the apostle of the whole universe; it was easy to see he had inherited some qualifications as an orator, that of using long words especially. He declared war on all those above him, but never ceased to fleece the poor as well; for the new theories have never harmed the old customs in the least. He might be seen traversing all the routes, levying a tax upon the profits of the florist, the kitchen-gardener, and the vine-dresser; hack-drivers paid him a dime, and bourbons from far and near sent him a roll of old coins; he also watched the sale of filtered water, and settled the disputes of the boatmen in the marine service. Some thought him allied to the *camorra*, others to the police; he never defended himself against these accusations, though possibly unjust, but lucrative in results, and assumed a mysterious air that terrified the common people; the small merchants, the blacklegs, and the lesser conspirators, fearing to be controlled or denounced, also gave him money: thus he took advantage of the universal cowardice of all. He was often seen wending his way toward the shore, attired in a red shirt with chocolate-colored vest and pants; arrived there,

he halted before the crowd, cane under his arm, removed his Calabrian hat, and with his right hand covered with rings pushed back the tuft of black locks from his forehead, waiting until absolute silence prevailed among the bargemen and their families; the most courageous only regarded him sidewise, and the juggler who was singing strophes of Tasso to the people gathered around him abruptly suspended the combat between Tancred and Clorinda, while Polichinello forgot to beat the officer of justice. Pallone advanced then, and holding out his hat, took up a collection in favor of the traveling theater and the street orator: sous rained into the funnel-shaped felt hat; Pallone gave one handful to Polichinello, another to the minstrel orator, and keeping the remainder himself, replaced his hat upon his head, departing slowly, cane in air, with the step of a conqueror.

One day at the barge-office he encountered Miss Hurricane, who fired at him like a pistol-shot this question: —

"Do you know where Toniel is?"

"I know everything."

"If that is the case, tell me instantly: I must know it."

"What are you going to do?"

"I wish to rescue a poor girl whom he has abducted. Toniel is deranged, and has disappointed me in every way. I should have watched over him better, for he cannot read like you, who have risen from ignorance and misery; he makes me suffer as much as you cause me to rejoice."

"Did you say Toniel had abducted a young girl?"

"Didn't you know it?"

"Assuredly. I know all. Her name is — Let me see —"

"Reinette."

"That's it — Reinette. That is the name I was trying to remember. He has run away with her. I know where she is. Even if he should leave this moment by telegraph, and should go to the ends of the world, I should overtake him. I will place all my spies on his track."

"Are you sure?"

"Do you doubt me? Don't stir from this spot. I am Pallone."

Saying which, he whistled for a carriage which was passing, leaped inside, and made a sweeping gesture; the carriage turned about and departed at full speed. Miss Hurricane felt somewhat ill at ease, although admiring Pallone with a certain feel-

ing of proprietorship, as an outcome of her own handiwork. "This is the result of knowing how to read," she thought to herself.

Toniel, accompanied by Reinette, had left for Salerno, where he hoped to find his mother, and where he was sure of finding Madame Placide, a widowed aunt without children. Marianne had left the country since the misfortune of Chiagnone; they heard of her here and there in the Pontifical States. Dame Placide kept a retail shop where she sold salt and tobacco, also paper, haberdashery, and strings for musical instruments. As she was kind-hearted, she willingly sheltered Reinette; furthermore, she needed some one to assist her in the store and about the house.

The two lovers had journeyed together from Naples to Salerno without even clasping hands. Although indissolubly affianced since the first look, they were unable to marry yet, since neither had a sou or a straw: he must first make his nest, or, as they say, "make the bed." Until then they must live under different roofs, tenderly estranged from each other, and less familiar, less affectionate than brothers and sisters; so demanded the respect of the world and of the Madonna. Toniel was therefore forced to seek a lodging-place; he found it in an overturned bark, with keel in air, which was being overhauled for repairs, and took possession of it. But food was still wanting and must be provided, and Dame Placide offered him not even a morsel of bread, although she was good-hearted, for she believed in nothing for nothing; it was in this way she had built up her business.

Toniel earned a small amount by singing in the street, and the wife of the prefect, liking his appearance, sent an usher for him, to entertain her guests for an evening with Neapolitan songs; at the end she took up a collection that amounted to thirty francs and fifty centimes, in penny pieces. With this Toniel purchased an old harp without strings from a second-hand dealer; he took this to Dame Placide, with what remained of the money, keeping for himself only three sous that he spent for a pound of strawberries and a loaf of bread; then he slept, dreaming happily: he thought he had taken the degree of Saint-Francis-de-Paul, and was advancing, heralded by a flourish of trumpets, under the white marble portico, holding by the hand Reinette, who was clothed in purple and crowned with gold.

The next day he came across a Viggianais, who had left his village, carrying his harp with him, to seek his fortune; this lad was conversant with many different airs, but his repertoire of words was limited, and his voice grated harshly in a manner that would not please the inhabitants beyond the seas.

"Let us form a partnership, if you like," suggested Toniel.

This was agreed, and at early morn they seated themselves on the seashore, under the shadow of a great rock that formed an archway; at their feet lay the sea, green and refreshing to look upon, and they worked together industriously and harmoniously, the Viggianais giving Toniel lessons on the harp, while the latter taught him his songs and showed him how to moderate his voice; the waves with their rhythmic movements accented the measure for them, and until noon the musicians practiced faithfully, pausing at that hour to bathe and dine, — the Viggianais upon cheese, which is the chief diet of the people from the mountainous districts, Toniel upon strawberries and cherries, the fruits of the month of April. After dining, they took their siesta on the opposite side of the rock, for the sun had intruded its rays upon their former resting-place. The nap finished, they returned to the city and gave a concert to the prefect, the syndic, the commander-general, the president of the tribunal, the habitues of the Café Noble, and a wealthy Swiss manufacturer who owned a spinning-mill near the city; for him they had especially practiced, and selected the *Ranz des Vaches* and portions of "William Tell." In fifteen days Toniel had acquired sufficient knowledge of the harp to accompany himself, and enough money to buy of Dame Placide the strings that were lacking to his harp; she did not overcharge him, but neither did she forget her own profits. The Viggianais deciding to visit America about this time, Toniel was left alone; but succeeded fairly well, as his repertoire was not easily exhausted, since he possessed a natural gift of composition, and could set to music the words and songs which were born in him, although he knew neither the scales nor the alphabet. The rhymes left something to be desired, but the time was always correct. It was Reinette who inspired him, and to her he sang each day-dawn; her window opened upon a garden, and the neighbors still slept at that hour; — also Dame Placide, who always retired late, as she spent the evenings casting up her accounts, and therefore did not rise till long after the sun. It was impossible to enter the garden, surrounded as it

was with high walls upon which broken bottles were fastened; and Dame Placide, who feared thieves, had a custom of making a complete tour of the garden and house to see that everything was in order, — windows and blinds closed. But overlooking this garden was a house in ruins, or in process of construction, which consisted of four walls and a staircase without a guard-rail reaching to the first story, which had no beams or floor; at the top of this staircase Reinette's window was visible, about fifty feet distant, and at the first break of dawn Toniel hastened there to sing the couplets he had composed: immediately the window opened, and a head with long, black, unbound locks appeared in it; the serenade finished, Reinette threw him a kiss from the tips of her fingers, and they began an animated conversation by signs, especially with the eyes, which conveyed all the tender thoughts left unspoken. By means of calling into requisition both hands, arms, and fingers, the happy boy told her the amount he had gained the previous night, and what had been done with it. The making of the bed was nearing completion: the iron-work already two meters wide, the planks ordered of the carpenter, and in a few days they could begin to give undivided attention to the mattress. Then two chairs and a little table, and the rest would come by degrees. Unless something unforeseen occurred, they would be in a position to marry the 8th of September, the fête-day of Piedigrotte; Don Cristofre had been forewarned, and was preparing the papers. At this point of the story their eyes spoke volumes of tender promise and caresses. Then Reinette placed her fingers on her lips: silence! The household was beginning to awaken, Dame Placide had arisen, and, as usual, ran instantly to her armory to see if her papers and valuables were undisturbed. Two kisses, wafted from afar, crossed each other in the air, and the window closed. Adieu, Reinette! Toniel, intoxicated with life and joy, traversed Salerno, singing at the top of his voice his new song to the rising sun.

But he was becoming somewhat miserly; marriage renders one economical, and instead of buying lottery tickets, or handing his money over to Pallone, as formerly, he piled up his coins like Dame Placide, and arranged the ten-sous notes in packages of ten each. He bought strawberries; but if the dealer did not make any reduction to him, he ate his bread dry, with a bit of temper. It even happened that one day he refused charity to a beggar, and told him — as had a peasant and

an illustrious philanthropist — to "work." It is true, he repented of this, and returned to give the mendicant a handful of pennies. So much the better, the first impulse was not the true one. But Toniel was inclined to be mercenary; and when the prefect or the Swiss manufacturer threw him nothing but sou pieces, he made a wry face. He was also becoming jealous — another vice of conservatism. He passed by the door of the shop where Reinette worked thirty times a day, without daring to enter it; for Dame Placide, though good-natured, would not allow it; she frequently repeated the phrase which she seemed to think she had originated: "Time is money." Sometimes she allowed three *doncicilli* (dandies) of the district, wearing collars wide enough to reach to the shoulders, and carrying their white gloves in the left hand, to remain in the shop while smoking the two cigars for which they had paid three sous. While doing so, they uttered compliments to Reinette, who received them graciously enough, and coquetted with them, being pleased to have them think her pretty. When Toniel passed before the low window of the shop, and saw this betrayal (that was his expression for them), he became furious with rage, and was seized with a ferocious desire to strangle the dandies; all that prevented him was his respect for the law, and his fear of offending Reinette or making her angry with him. His only alternative, therefore, was to weep bitterly, alone at the foot of the arched rock by the seashore. The next morning his serenade would be plaintive or angry, as he stationed himself before her window, accompanying it with much rolling of his great eyes, and shaking his fist vehemently. Reinette smiled mockingly at him during this performance; but her looks were so tender that he forgot it, forgave everything, and departed as proud as though he had plucked the sun from the firmament. In the afternoon, repassing the low window, he again found the dandies installed there for an hour or two, hat on the head, cigar in mouth, left hand ungloved and gesturing gallantly, to show their rings and long nails. Toniel became desperate.

One evening, more than usually tormented, Toniel was hastening to the shore with the intention of throwing himself in the water, when he suddenly ran into a large man in priestly clothing, who caught him by the arm: it was Don Cristofre. I learned afterwards from Miss Hurricane that the priest was sent to Salerno secretly by the police, at the instigation of the

military authority, who cannot make negotiations of this sort, to induce the chief of a band of brigands, who was one of his parishioners, to leave the country, give up his profession, and live peaceably on his rentals in the Pontifical States. They offered him passports and letters of credit; but the negotiation fell through because the chief demanded for himself and his band certificates of good character and wished to be paid in gold.

"Hey! Toniel," cried Don Cristofre, "where art thou going so hastily?"

"I am going to drown myself," replied Toniel.

"Diavole! What has Reinette been doing?"

"She is a wretch!" replied the poor boy, proceeding to relate the whole story to the priest, who smiled, remembering his youth. When Toniel had finished: —

"Don't drown thyself," said he: "first of all, it would be an unpardonable sin from which I could not absolve thee; and then it would be a useless attempt, thou canst swim like an eel, and remain under water as long as a coral-diver. So let the spirits of the sea alone, — it is cold there, the sky is gray and the mermaids are pale; here, my boy, with all the gifts of God, the sun and thy Reinette, thou canst dwell joyously. A wise man once said, 'Memento vivere' — do not forget to live."

Toniel wished nothing better, and the priest promised him, by way of consoling him completely, that he would speak to Reinette himself; in pursuance of which promise, he visited Dame Placide and took Reinette into the garden to talk with her alone. They argued together in a low voice more than an hour: I do not know what was said, but a week later, at Pentecost, Toniel and Reinette made a pilgrimage unaccompanied by any one, to Mont-Vierge. They departed early, taking the first train, which was crowded with people; the young girl showed great emotion, with downcast countenance and reddened eyes. At one of the stations, which I do not now remember, they were obliged to wait an hour or two before taking a carriage; so Toniel and Reinette sought the cool shelter of a church, and the young girl fell upon her knees before an altar, resting her forehead on the top rail, and bursting into sobs.

"Don't sob so," said Toniel.

"I *must* weep."

"But why? What sorrow hast thou?"

"I have committed a great sin."

"What sin hast thou committed, *gioja mia* (joy of my heart)?"

"I will tell thee on my return."

Toniel was troubled: still he respected Reinette's secret, and she seemed so distressed that he sought only to distract her attention; for this purpose he showed her the statue of Saint Modestin in a church at Avellino. This saint formerly performed many miracles, but has renounced them all since a longer time than I can remember: saints cannot produce miracles, as Don Cristofre said with great good sense, unless one has faith in them. Now Modestin inhabited the city of Avellino; but the villagers of Mercogliano coveting him came by night and stole the saint, who was so outraged by this attempt that, in order to express his anger against the thieves, he refused to perform any miracles for them. They might pray and supplicate, decorate his shrine and illuminate it bright as day, plead in the most caressing manner, but all in vain — Modestin remained implacable and deaf as stone; he healed not the sick, and during the drought vouchsafed not a drop of rain: till at length, disgusted and weary, the villagers of Mercogliano returned the saint to the citizens of Avellino, pursuing him with epithets and hisses. When they became hoarse they threw stones at him. Since then Avellino and Mercogliano have always been at swords' points, and more than once have they been engaged in a civil war. When Mercogliano is liberal, Avellino is royalist, or *vice versa*; if the city is filled with national guards, the village is overrun with brigands, and they fight in the mountains. In times of peace, instead of shots they exchange abusive language.

But Toniel related this history to Reinette all in vain; she paid no attention to Saint Modestin, and remained with bowed head at the altar-steps. Continuing their journey as far as Mercogliano, they were again delayed until midnight. A crowd gathered in the left nave of the church, where holy water was issuing, by means of a pipe inserted in one of the columns, from the thigh of some saint whose name I have forgotten; this water was supposed to relieve thirst and all known maladies. It was so difficult to reach this spot through the dense crowd that Reinette was nearly stifled before arriving there, but the holy water revived her. Toward midnight, they commenced to ascend the mountain, an interminable cortège; some mounted on donkeys, some on horses, but the

greater number on foot, and all the penitents barefooted, among these Reinette. The old, the infirm, and the sick followed painfully in the rear. Each one bore a torch or a long pole, the end of which was dipped in resin and burned brightly; and this long, serpentine trail of fire, flaring through the darkness of the night from the hollows of the valley to the sharp mountain peaks, appeared to the imaginative mind an illusion of fairyland or a fantastic dream. It was, indeed, a "midsummer night's dream." At daybreak every one was debilitated with fatigue; Reinette could no longer stand on her torn and bleeding feet, and Toniel, who supported her as much as possible, was also exhausted. Every countenance was livid as that of the dead; many of the pilgrims — especially the women of the village, who were not accustomed to walking much — had flung themselves on the ground in the dust, groaning, and praying for death. They had passed the line for vegetation and were climbing the barren slopes: a veritable Calvary, where anguished souls upbore their crosses. At length the strongest of them had attained to the summit, and made a pitiful attempt to utter a cry of joy; but their stiffened throats refused to emit other than a feeble moan, and they fell to the earth as fall the dead.

This abbey of Mont-Vierge, built upon a granite peak which overlooks the forests of two provinces, had formerly been a temple of Cybele; and that part of the Apennines upon which it was situated was called, long ago, Mont-Virgilien. Mont-Virgilien has become Mont-Vierge, and twenty or thirty thousand Neapolitans make a pilgrimage there yearly. Arrived at the church door Reinette knelt down with her face to the floor, praying Toniel to place a rope round her neck and lead her thus to the tabernacle of the Virgin. While he dragged her along she walked on her knees, licking the pavement with her tongue. In this way she arrived at the tabernacle and murmured her prayers, beating her breast and sobbing convulsively, but rising at last radiant with joy. She was pardoned and saved. Not until then did she confess to Toniel the great sin she had committed and so harshly expiated.

"I did not love thee well enough, so Don Cristofre told me."

They descended together happily, and finding two furze-bushes planted near each other along the roadside, drew the stems together and fastened them with joined hands, as is the

usual custom of fiancés in this country, who thus swear fidelity before the queen of angels. After they have been married for a year or two, if they still love each other, they return and unknot them. The mountain was covered with these matrimonial bushes, the greater number of which were still fastened together, sadly dried and withered by time. When Reinette and Toniel were passing through Mercogliano on their return, the village was holding high festival, all the houses draped with flags, banners, streamers, and large handkerchiefs painted with devotional images. The taverns were filled with penitents who, having settled their debts of sin by repenting, were ready to open a new account. They had not even dared to carry wine with them to the sacred mount; for if a miscreant carries a full gourd there, all the batteries of heaven will open fire on the mountain and destroy the grass, the harvest, and the vintage with the same thunderbolts: so they applied themselves gayly to the task of making up for their past deprivations. Toniel and Reinette arrived in the midst of the tumult, but derived no pleasure from it: happiness shrinks from noisy mirth, and they would have much preferred to be alone; but in the very center of a noisy crowd they were hailed by some improvisators who were seated in the windows, dangling their legs outside, and balancing themselves, glass in hand. These *cantafigliole* (literally, singers of girls) challenged each other in verse, as did the Virgilian shepherds of yore, bandying strophes back and forth, all of which must end in the word that embodied the sentiment of the day: *figliole* (girls). One of these improvisators, a tavern-keeper, called out hoarsely to the lovers in a mocking tone: —

"Hey there! good pilgrims down below,
Passing by like two grim churls,
Lift up your eyes, and straightway toast
The girls."

The crowd applauded, and Toniel responded swiftly in his fresh young voice: —

"Hey there! you drunkards perched above,
Fogging your brain until it whirls,
Who drinks much wine, forgets to love
The girls."

Much clapping of hands followed. Then the tavern-keeper attempted a reply: —

"Who eats brown bread and water drinks,
Coldly loves, as shine dull pearls;
Like rubies warm *our* hearts — to all
The girls."

The crowd applauded this also, but softly lest they should lose Toniel's reply : —

"Thy nose alone the ruby shows,
Boasting tongue but vainly twirls;
To us belong the fair — to us
The girls."

He placed such tender stress on this last line that the entire crowd was won over to his side ; flags were waved, handkerchiefs and hats tossed in the air, and the whole multitude cheered and stamped their feet, dancing and pirouetting with raised arms, and shouting as though they had put to rout a whole army. The vanquished tavern-keeper turned back into his chamber and disappeared. Reinette blushed with pride and joy, and felt like one floating on a sunbeam. They carried her in their arms to a triumphal car, choosing her for their queen of beauty who had taken the prize, the richest of all ; Toniel was placed near her in the place of honor. Around them, seated or standing, or astride the beams of the car, or tossing about in a hammock under it, bustled thirty or more male and female Christian souls, clothed in rainbow colors, motley-colored shawls, variegated dresses, multicolored scarfs and ribbons, cock feathers, peacock plumes, and the plumage of pheasants, all shining bravely in the sunlight; garlands of leaves were twisted around the poles that supported the tent, and hung with bells that tinkled mirthfully ; while the canopy, loaded with colors like a palette, fluttering and shaking in the wind, sounded like the sails of a vessel.

The car, bristling with poles on which hung pails, sabots, and strings of nuts, was draped with silken flags, and hung with images of saints, male and female ; they descended the dusty hill at a distracting rate of speed, borne by two little horses who were almost hidden by a profusion of plumes, ribbons, brass plaques, braids, bells, and branches of leaves and flowers; men and women were blown about by the wind which cut short their breathing, and, seized with a species of vertigo, they imagined themselves motionless ; while the rocks, the hills, the

plains, the white hamlets, the golden waves of wheat, the vineyards, and the trees filed past them in mad haste.

When the affianced ones returned to Salerno, they found there awaiting them a letter addressed to Toniel, who took it to the barber at the corner to have it read to him. There were only three lines, concluding as follows : —

" Master Pallone wishes to make known to whoever it may concern that if Toniel is not at Naples in three days, Reinette will die."

IV.

It was Miss Hurricane who had discovered the lovers' retreat ; she obtained the secret from Don Cristofre, whom she visited more and more frequently, in the attempt to convert him to Protestantism. In the evening they sought the upper terrace of a church that overlooked the city on one side and the sea on the other; Don Cristofre stretched himself out on a seat, leaned his elbow on the parapet, and smoked with delight an acrid Neapolitan cigar that one of the merchants of his parish had lighted and given him ; the Englishwoman held forth to the priest, seated below him, or paced around the sculptured dome accumulating arguments and sarcasms to be used against him, on the subject of the infallibility of the Pope and the Immaculate Conception; on this latter point she innocently advanced very absurd theories. Don Cristofre had good cause for anger, but only said in a beatific manner as he blew his cigar-smoke upwards to the stars : —

" What would you? I believe it."

One day Miss Hurricane encountered Pallone at the barge office, and said to him, incidentally: —

" I know where they are — you can guess who? Toniel and Reinette."

" So do I, and I am watching over them," replied the boaster, without showing any surprise.

" They are hidden in the house of a certain Dame Placide who keeps a tobacco-shop at Salerno."

" Do you think you are telling me anything new ? "

" They made a pilgrimage together to Mont-Vierge."

" Exactly. I had them followed."

" And they will be married at Piédigrotte."

" And they will *not* marry."

" Who will prevent them ? "

"I, Pallone."

"And you will do well. Not that I wish to harm Toniel, he has done better than could be expected of an illiterate person — but he leads the life of a loafer, singing in the streets: how can he ever support a home and raise children in that manner?"

Three days later Toniel was at Naples with his harp. At the railway station the poor boy was met by this terrible man, who motioned that he should follow, and led him under the Madeleine bridge, a veritable triumphal arch spanning a mere thread of water. There dwelt eternal night.

"Thou art a thief and a traitor," were his first words to Toniel; "for many months thou hast not given me a cent, thou hast eloped with a young girl without my permission, and hast concealed thy whereabouts like a coward. If I stabbed thee with a stiletto this very moment and threw thee in the Sebeto, thou wouldst only have thy just deserts; but I am too good-natured, — this time I will spare thee. But take care! First give me all the money thou hast with thee" (Toniel emptied his pockets); "secondly, thou must remain here in Naples for one whole month without going near Salerno, or addressing a single line to the young girl. The thirtieth day, return here and I will give thee my orders. Obey, or die."

Thereupon Pallone withdrew in a melodramatic manner. Toniel walked about twenty feet farther on to the outlet of the Sabeto and sat down in the sand, remaining for some time as though stupefied; then burst into tears. When he waked to the song of the fishermen launching their boats, the harbor was roused to life by a light breeze that had sprung gayly up, the strand fringed with spray, the stream purling against the gentle waves, and Vesuvius, clear and pearly, was tinged with rose-color by the rays of the setting sun. Toniel exclaimed rapturously; then, suddenly recalling his grief, cried out in despairing tones: "O Reinette! Reinette!"

In the meantime Pallone had taken the first train for Salerno, without unloosing his purse-strings; he fixed so haughty a look upon the employee who demanded a ticket of him, that he reduced him to utter subjection. Not forgetting his usual methods, he had, while in the waiting-room, stolen a bag from a German who was taking his wedding-tour, and sat holding his wife's hands in both his own, regardless of the public gaze while his own was fixed on that of his new wife; Neapolitans, being unaccustomed to these manners, mistook him for a mesmerizer.

On the departure of the train the sentimental tourist discovered the larceny and raised an outcry; he threatened to stop the train and have the railway officials discharged by the king of Prussia; but they left without him, and Pallone, opening the bag, found nothing therein but an old porcelain pipe, a volume of Geibel, the Baedeker guide, and a sausage. A huckster who was in the coach bought the whole outfit for two lire.

As soon as Pallone reached Salerno he inquired for Dame Placide's shop, which was pointed out to him and thoroughly surveyed from the exterior before entering, for be believed in investigating a country before attempting to conquer it. Reinette pleased him so much that he adopted Miss Hurricane's proposition concerning her, and made up his mind to that effect before he went in. His first step was to form an alliance with a coachman owning two horses, to whom he offered his protection in exchange for the use of his conveyance, promising him wonders; then he rode through the village in a nonchalant attitude, arms resting on the back, head reclining against the upholstery, and feet planted on the opposite seat. After the noon hour he drove up in front of the shop and beckoned Dame Placide to him, asking for some Havana cigars and Turkish tobacco. They were not in demand by the inhabitants of Salerno, and Pallone knew it very well; he was none the less surprised, apparently, when she stated the fact, and alighted from the carriage with his most contemptuous mien.

"Show me what you have," he ordered.

One of the aforementioned *doncicilli* was sitting in the room and had risen to look on at the scene; Pallone took his chair abruptly, without apology, and tilting back in it, crossed his legs comfortably while they displayed their goods before him. He chose a Cavour cigar, black as a stick of licorice, but threw it away as soon as he had taken two whiffs, handing the bill he had received for the German's bag to Reinette for change.

"*Com è aggraziata sta peccerella!*" (how lovely she is, this little girl of yours!) he said complacently to the dame.

"In your eyes," murmured Reinette, — the customary reply to such a compliment.

"Are you in love?" next asked the scamp, with less indiscretion than might be judged, for it is a very natural question, and a Neapolitan girl is as little disturbed by it as a Parisian would be if she was asked, Do you dance?

"*Come no?*" (and why not?), replied Reinette, drawing herself up as if to say: "Will you notice his insolence? How can he doubt it when he sees my face and knows I am fifteen years old? He might as well ask me, 'Are you plain?' or 'Have you no heart?'"

"Probably with one of these gentlemen?" added Pallone, looking across at the dandies, who immediately took to their heels.

"No, monsieur, none of those three. I would prefer three flies any time."

Reinette began to observe that Pallone was a fine-looking man, — women always have a certain admiration for those whom they are a little afraid of; as for Pallone, he concluded he had found something with which to occupy his time at Salerno. At the arrival of each train he planted himself at a short distance from it, twirling his cane and watching the crowd of street urchins, beggars, guides, porters, and vehicles, which met the newly arrived. But his protégés, under his direction, stationed themselves at the gates, took possession of the bag, valise, and umbrella of the traveler, and even the traveler himself, placing him in a carriage, and relieving him of his watch and pocket-book whenever the opportunity presented itself. These hirelings paid a certain sum to their protector: two hotel-keepers lodged and boarded him for nothing; and he was extensively remunerated by the coachmen who made the route from Pæstum. Thanks to all these benefactions he was first enabled to offer Dame Placide and Reinette lava chaplets, then, little by little, more expensive gifts: rings of solid gold, or those set with small false rubies, collars and combs of coral, and pearl earrings. The three dandies ceased appearing on the scene; small loss! the Neapolitan was worth all of them, and had some new incident to relate every day, and what incidents! feats of prowess and challenge, duels with knives, Piedmontese overcome, scoundrels seized by the throat and forced to disgorge, sharks angled for, murderers strangled by main force! Pallone described himself unaffectedly as an Æneas, and what wonder that a poor girl of the lower class should be as weak as Dido: besides, Toniel did not return, which caused much disquietude at first; but when they were informed that he was well and remained away through fear, their inquietude was lessened. Some regret and remorse still existed, of course, as was the case with Dido, and it was not to be denied that Toniel's

voice was sweeter and his look more tender; but had Toniel ever put to flight with one look three cavaliers armed with swords and dressed like national guards? Then Dame Placide declared herself in favor of the new-comer, who, in the case of an assault (she was always expecting assaults), would be the very man to defend her shop from burglary: and the day she received the pearl earrings, she said to Reinette as soon as he left: —

"You had better take him: he is worth ten times more than the little one, who will never win respect and will let you die of hunger."

So that in a month, when Toniel came to the rendezvous under the Madeleine bridge, Pallone remarked to him with a benevolent air: —

"I am satisfied with thee, and give thee thy liberty; return even to Salerno if it is thy wish to do so. It is I who will wed Reinette."

The poor boy remained riveted to the spot, holding on to his harp to prevent him from falling. For the first time in his life he realized his loneliness, and wondered if there was one soul on earth who would be sorry for him. The thought of Don Cristofre and his goodness came to him, and to him he turned. He found him extended on the church terrace, blowing little wreaths of smoke out towards the sea and listening to Miss Hurricane, who was gesticulating violently, as usual, with her parasol.

"Ah! Welcome, Toniel," said the curé. "Sit down there, my boy, and sing for us."

Toniel tried to sing as requested, for it was not in his nature to disobey, but a sob choked him. The Englishwoman ran to him, and the priest dropped his cigar; while the heart-broken boy poured forth his woe, even throwing prudence to the winds, and avowing the nature of Pallone and his misdeeds.

Don Cristofre passed a restless night. — "What can I do? what can I do?" he repeated over and over, unable to sleep. "Denounce Pallone to the police? That would be the longest and hardest way out of it. I should have to write a statement, confer with the judge, appear as witness at the tribunal of correction, and perhaps at the court of assizes, seek proofs that I do not possess, and find witnesses — who would testify against me; perhaps I might find myself poniarded some fine evening. Would it not be better to speak to Pallone, and frighten him

with a picture of hell? Ah! the government is very culpable: at one time these pictures were everywhere, representing the devil with horns and trident, and the condemned who were burning with frightful grimaces and contortions; the people, confronted by these warnings at every step, were dismayed and forsook their evil ways. Now these pictures are effaced, and the people forget them and fear nothing. — To influence the young girl is impossible: women are all the same, and slip between your fingers just when you think you have them best in hand. It is all wasted work to have sent the foolish creature to Mont-Vierge. What shall I do, good Lord? What shall I do? It is no use to go against the current; far better to sail before the wind."

Don Cristofre slept at last, and awakened at dinner-time. The day after, he departed for Salerno and found Pallone at the station as usual, but not knowing him. Pallone paid no attention to him: this man of business concerned himself only with foreigners, whom he recognized at the first glance by their air of stupidity. The curé went directly to Dame Placide's house; she was dressed in her best, covered with jewelry, and in the act of pulling apart the cigar stumps that had been gathered from the streets, to make over again into cigars. She received this unexpected visit with a shade of embarrassment, while Reinette became more red than her coral collar; but Don Cristofre placed them both at ease by his offhand manner.

"Well, comrades, I have heard the news, and have come to console you" (rejoice with you). "Reinette is engaged —"

"Not yet," said the young girl, quickly.

"What! not yet? Pallone makes the announcement openly to every one as though it were an established fact. When is the wedding, my pretty one?"

"But — Toniel —"

"She has Toniel forever in her head," sighed Dame Placide.

"Do you still think of him?"

"The poor boy!"

"Oh, not so poor! he is creating a furore at Naples, and gains as much as he needs. Miss Hurricane wants to take him to England with her, where he would make his fortune, but the impresario of Saint-Charles is trying to engage him as first tenor for his theater, and has offered him a big salary."

There was always a grain of truth as a foundation for what

Don Cristofre said. It was the custom of Miss Hurricane to propose taking every one to England; as for Toniel, he did indeed gain a few sous singing at the inns, and, having by chance listened to him, the director of one of the small theaters had offered to give him instruction at one of the conservatories free of expense, and then engage him for seven years: so the good curé only hastened events a little. Hearing him speak thus, Dame Placide, who was good-hearted, scratched her head thoughtfully, and opened her eyes to their full width.

"He no longer thinks of me?" asked Reinette.

"I don't say that exactly," responded the priest, reluctantly, forced to make some concessions to truth; "but you understand — when he heard of your marriage with Pallone — Don't pity him, for he has no longer need of it — and besides, Pallone has a fine figure: somewhat of a boaster, more smoke than fire — but what does it matter? He makes a good appearance, and since you can't have Toniel, you do well to marry him."

Reinette bit her lips, and Dame Placide pulled her tobacco with renewed force. Just then a carriage with two horses drew up pompously in front of the door; Pallone descended from it as from a triumphal chariot, and dismissed the coachman with an imperative wave of his hand. Then he entered, stooping, hat on his head; if he had removed it, the door would not have been too low; but there are men, said Don Cristofre, who prefer to lower themselves rather than conform to the verities. Pallone perceived at a glance that he was not welcomed with the usual cordiality, and regarded the priest sidewise; since he had become a backslider he looked upon the clergy as sorcerers. It is true, Don Cristofre had neither the pallor, the emaciation, nor the hawk-nose, nor the green spectacles, of the evil-eyed species; instead, he was fat and rosy, and his eyes, ordinarily dreamy, but piercing when he liked, looked every one straight in the face. But Pallone feared the cloth in general, and he was right; for in raising his hand to his hat to salute the priest, he hit a package of pipes with his elbow, throwing them on the floor, where they broke in pieces.

"It is nothing," said the dame, pursing up her mouth. She stooped to gather up the bits of terra-cotta, trying in vain to rejoin them, but repeating with a forced smile: —

"Nun ve n'incaricate" (don't pay any attention to it). "A few sous more or less don't matter much."

"Welcome, Master Pallone!" exclaimed the curé. "You don't recognize me, but I know you; we have a mutual friend, Miss Hurricane, who looks after us both. I am Cristofre, at your service."

"To command me, rather," replied Pallone, forced to say something, but still avoiding the evil eye.

"I congratulate you, Master Pallone, on your coming marriage. I must give you my blessing; I have always brought good luck to the newly wedded. I wish you long life and male children!"

Pallone fidgeted on his chair like a horse pricked with the spur. When a sorcerer wishes you well, something wrong is sure to happen to you. There is but one way to counteract his evil spell — that is, to straighten the index and little fingers while keeping the others bent; Pallone, being a well-informed man, made this gesture with his hand in his pocket.

"In the meantime, friends, you should enjoy yourselves. These ladies weary of remaining in the shop, and you ought to take them on a trip somewhere: come to Naples to-morrow, will you? I will show you the churches, and you can take us to supper in the evening at Frisi, on the rock that juts out into the sea. There is a chef there of the first order, who cooks macaroni and chicken in a manner that has become celebrated. Add to that a good fried dish, some dessert, and some wine of Capri that makes the corks and the brains leap — and you have a feast for an epicure."

"I regret very much," said Pallone, "that I shall not be able to go there."

"Che avaraccio!" (what an avaricious person!) cried the curé. "You are not willing to take these poor women on a pleasure trip?"

"Most certainly," the knave responded, "but I have another plan: we will go to Pompeii at an early hour to-morrow, Sunday. We will view the ruins and dine at Diomède's. Then we will climb to Vesuvius and pass the night at the hermit's house on the mountain, and see the sun rise from there. It will be slightly fatiguing," he added, looking slyly at the corpulence of the priest, "but we all have good legs. If this respected *signor sacerdote* will join us, we shall be most happy," he finished, bowing to the ground.

In these cases it is customary to rejoin, "My prayers go with you," as did Don Cristofre, who understood his manual

of etiquette. He excused himself from accepting the ironical invitation ; and Pallone, who was ready to depart, rose to take leave, as he had much to do to prepare for the campaign of the morrow. He was also desirous of quitting the presence of the sorcerer. He made his adieus with all the formalities at his command, to prove himself a well-bred person; he backed himself out, removing his hat at each word and repeating the well-worn phrases: "Your most humble servant. I salute you reverentially. I commend myself to your favor. I kiss your reverence's hands. I dedicate myself to your service. Most reverend Father. Once more, once more!" At the last "once more" Pallone slipped on a watermelon rind and rolled full length in a heap of dirt that had been left there for fifteen days. He rose furious, muttering between his teeth : —

"Infamous sorcerer!"

Then he disappeared rapidly around the corner. Don Cristofre remained some time, however, and still dilated on the success of Toniel ; then he advised Reinette to adhere to Pallone, and not give up the proposed trip on the morrow. It was an excellent opportunity to see both Pompeii and Vesuvius, which the people of Naples seldom visit : these marvels seem only to attract foreigners.

"If I had thirty years less, and the same number of kilos subtracted from my weight, I would accompany you ; but I will at least try to send Toniel to you at the hermit's house ; but don't say anything about it to Pallone, for he would give up the trip through jealousy, and there is some cause for it."

Don Cristofre then left to visit one of his friends, a curé, dined with him, took his siesta, and departed for Naples. The following day Pallone was fully primed for the occasion : he had procured three tickets gratis (three first-class ones) from Salerno to Pompeii. In the same coach a party of strangers, returned from Pæstum the previous evening, chattered without pause, laughing at everything and nothing.

"Those are French people, doubtless," thought Pallone, "and there is no business to be done with them," so he said nothing to them. But when he saw them alighting at Pompeii, and striking directly for the hotel, he hastened before them to the traitorous proprietor, Diomède, and pointing out the strangers said : —

"I have directed these strangers here."

Diomède comprehended his meaning, and buried his chin in

his cravat: that meant that Pallone and his party were entitled to dine at the expense of the foreigners. When the guides appeared on the scene with their donkeys to solicit patronage, the French party refused gayly, saying they had already availed themselves of the pleasures of Vesuvius on a previous occasion. Pallone fixed his eyes on the leader, who motioned with his head; next Pallone waved his hand towards the strangers, and motioned upwards to Mt. Vesuvius, pointed two fingers at Reinette and Dame Placide, then at himself, and placed his thumb on his stomach. The donkey-driver buried his chin in his cravat, as Diomède had done before, and the pantomime, which had lasted three seconds, was finished, and had meant to say: —

"Listen, driver, I have something to propose to you."

"What is it? I am listening."

"I will induce these people to make the ascent, but you must furnish three donkeys for myself and party."

"Your terms are accepted."

Thereupon Pallone hailed the leader in a loud voice, speaking slowly and in good Italian that they might understand him: —

"Since these travelers do not wish to ascend, I will take the donkeys for my use; there will be a fine eruption this evening."

"How do you know?" asked the Frenchmen, laughing.

"How do I know it?" returned Pallone with a very important air; "by the seismograph of Dr. Palmieri, which never errs. This is the result of knowing how to read!"

The word "seismograph" produced an obvious effect on the strangers, who straightway engaged the donkeys. While awaiting dinner, both parties visited Pompeii: being Sunday, no fee was charged for entering the ruins. Pallone had foreseen this: not that he was miserly (he spent all his money at the lottery), but he made it the principle of his life never to pay for anything. As soon as he had passed the gates he told the guides to wait at a distance, saying he knew as much as they concerning the points of interest, and could even give them lessons if necessary. He had once made the tour of the ruins with Miss Hurricane and an antiquary who guided them, and had obtained some names, and, as they say, the chief lines: this is enough for philosophers who are contented with little. As a matter of fact, he made some mistakes: he confounded the

basilisk; he was slightly mixed in the Thermæ, between the *frigidaire*, the *calidaire*, the *apodytère*, and the *hypocauste;* he installed the duumvir Holconius in the poet's house, and the edile Pansa in the house of Siricus; I believe he even recited the history of Pompeii without having read Beulé, and very freely, after the manner of Pliny the younger. But in doing this, poor Pallone did as many others have done before, and, like them, had a reply for everything; that is the great point, after all. He was haughty and dictatorial; especially when, drawing himself to his full height, he stood upon the highest part of the arena, and, extending his arm, twice lengthened by his cane, related the great deeds of people who fought there with wild beasts — especially his own encounter with a wild boar, in which, though unarmed, he came off victorious. One of the Frenchmen, who was an artist, made a rapid sketch of this emphatic and truculent figure, in his note-book; Dame Placide, who had heard the story of the wild boar before, thought of her strong-box at home and wondered if she had double-locked it as usual. Reinette, seated on the top step, was gazing at Vesuvius, and wondering if Toniel would be at the hermit's house.

They dined bounteously: Diomède had arranged everything in good shape, and but for the flies who gathered in millions at the hotel they might have remained there till evening, as at the Christmas festivals or those of Easter. The drivers arrived with a pack of mules and asses; Pallone mounted the largest and bravely led the way, his long legs bent forward, his right arm brandishing his cane, his left elbow following the uneven motion of the half-trot, half-gallop of the mule. Dame Placide screamed, and held on with both hands to the swinging-chair that served her for a saddle. Reinette seated herself squarely on her mule, and after the first few moments adjusted herself so nicely to the motion that she threw her whole soul into the enjoyment of the scene, without minding the foreigners, who had at first intimidated her a little, or thinking of Pallone, or Toniel, or her coral beads that rolled to the ground, or of her unloosened hair that fell in heavy masses, or her short skirt that the wind arranged as it pleased. Houp! houp! first trot! then gallop! advancing to the highest peaks, steeper and steeper! Her arms raised, legs balancing back and forth, she appeared to be dancing on her beast, with childish laughter and bird-calls. At length they were obliged to dismount and

proceed on foot to the cone of the crater; a terrible jaunt for Dame Placide, who was dragged by one guide and pushed by another, panting as though she were being led to the scaffold. At the summit was victory and triumph. Scanning the valley that separated Vesuvius from Somma, Pallone saw five or six jets of fire; at the same moment the great cone vomited flame.

"What did I tell you?" cried the prophet, astonished to see his prediction verified, and a little disquieted thereby, because they were between two fires.

The guides, who are always careful not to fatigue themselves too much, counseled descent, and Pallone did not wait for them to speak twice; he was the first to depart from the ashy summit, and in less than five minutes was at the foot of the cone, replacing on her feet Dame Placide, who had rolled down the side like a barrel. Reinette ran down gleefully, happy in being alive. The Frenchmen had remained at the top, without guides, because there was a chance of danger. Arriving at the Hermitage, Pallone found there three people whom he had not expected to see: Don Cristofre, Miss Hurricane, and Toniel; all three had journeyed from Naples by way of Resine, and had just seated themselves at table.

V.

The Hermitage of San Salvatore is a public-house where one seldom eats; they give you to begin with a thick, heady drink which is absolutely foreign to the vines of Vesuvius, and is bottled in a manner which is sacrilegious to that part of the country. This potion, taken in quantity, gives nausea to people, or enrages them, or produces melancholy to the verge of tears; when you ascend the volcano it is therefore wise to imitate Don Cristofre, who brought his wine with him — were it even the white wine of Capri which never saw Capri, and which, even if adulterated, is harmless, and will not upset the brain.

"Favor us with your company," said the priest to the newcomers. Pallone shivered, but concealed his feelings, and accepted a full glass with his right hand, while with his left hand under the table he made the sign of the horns on his knee. Miss Hurricane turned her attention to Dame Placide, who was lying on a bench, pale with fatigue and emotion. Reinette entered gayly, pinning up her hair, and, seeing Toniel, went straight to him, saying bitterly: —

"*Beato chi vi vede!*" (happy he who sees you!)

Toniel, who was seated, slowly raised his eyes and looked at her with such a loyal expression of reproach and grief that she dropped her eyes. The poor boy had grown thin and pale since his departure from Salerno; he had become bronzed and lost his childish expression, although he had scarcely passed eighteen years. Before consenting to their plan he had opposed Miss Hurricane's request for a long time; probably, indeed, he would not have done so at all but for the authority of the priest.

"Come along, simpleton," said Don Cristofre: "everything will be all right."

"I don't want to hear any more about her."

"Well, tell her so, then, and she will die of spite."

"Whether she dies or not, is no concern of mine."

"Lovers' quarrels," murmured the good curé. "We know what they are; we have all been there, haven't we, Miss Hurricane?"

"Never in my life," cried the latter, raising her parasol to the sky.

Toniel was somewhat brightened up by his trip; for climbing quickens the blood, and the sharp, clear air of the summits produces the effect of a generous glass of wine. But when he first saw Pallone enter the Hermitage, with his air of a grand gentleman, he felt his superiority, which had always dominated and oppressed him so heavily, enveloping him again. Behind Pallone came Reinette, rosy-cheeked, excited by the eruption and the mountain, and intoxicated by the air and the fire: poor Toniel! This gayety was the finishing stroke, and the cause of the deep, reproachful look that conquered the girl. She put her head in her hands and recalled Mont-Vierge, the tournament at Mercogliano, and the interlaced furze-bushes; then, uncovering her eyes, she looked at Toniel, who was not watching her, and called him softly; as he did not answer she took the glass he had half emptied and raised it, saying: —

"I drink thy thoughts."

Toniel snatched the glass from Reinette's hands, and throwing it outside, took his harp and went out abruptly; she ran after him. There were so many people and so much noise at the Hermitage that no one witnessed the little scene; the eruption seen from Naples had attracted many here already. Dame Placide slept heavily on a mattress; Don Cristofre was

eating and drinking slowly, for he was of the opinion that there was time enough for everything, and that a bad digestion troubled the best of consciences. Pallone, who believed in taking advantage of everything that offered, partook frequently of the white wine and was trying to prove to the priest the non-existence of a God.

"It is," said he, "simply an invention of the priests to control the people and the women. If a God existed, as you understand perfectly, dear Don Cristofre, there would be no such thing as poverty and riches, no lords, and no wicked people. Is it just that the greater portion should be gorged with wealth while we poor devils" (and he emptied his glass) "are dying of hunger and thirst?"

He continued in this strain for a long while, speaking so rapidly and so loudly that Miss Hurricane, who was trembling with impatience, was not able to insert a single syllable. Don Cristofre listened without replying, and never stopped eating; his principle was, never to allow himself to be led into an argument, especially while eating, and never to discuss any subject with people who did not agree with him. He allowed them to run on uninterruptedly, knowing full well that he who runs alone will return by the same path when he has come to the end of the road — or when the path fails him. Abiding by his system, he proceeded tranquilly to demolish the carcass of a chicken whose wings and legs had disappeared an hour ago, and gave the bones to the house-dog, who had become his best friend.

Just then the Hermitage began to sway; the windows and doors burst open violently, breaking the window-panes; the plates, glasses, and bottles flew off the table; the clock ticked wildly, without measure or time; the crowd ran indoors, frightened and screaming; Dame Placide rolled off the mattress to the other side of the room; Miss Hurricane, who saw she was likely to be trampled upon by the feet of the crowd, hastened to protect her, while Don Cristofre extended his arms to save two bottles of wine and a glass which were intact, and Pallone knelt on the seat with joined hands, his forehead bent upon them, crying and panting: —

"Holy Madonna!"

This was only one of the slight earthquakes that accompany an eruption; but men and beasts of all races and all kinds, flying from the plateau, rushed pell-mell towards Resine. It

was impossible to awaken Dame Placide to a sense of danger; it took two guides besides Miss Hurricane to convey her, still sleeping, to the observatory; and Don Cristofre dragged Pallone, more dead than alive, with him to the same place, hugging his two bottles to his heart with the other arm. He looked around for Toniel and Reinette, and saw them sitting ten feet from each other on the hill where they had placed Dame Placide.

"Let them alone," he thought, "and they will come together in time." Then he dropped Pallone, who fell on his knees.

"So you don't believe in a God or a Devil, eh?"

"I believe everything," stammered the coward; "I believe everything, and I am a miserable sinner."

It was a wonderful sight. On the right, the mountain-top, the sleeping sea, the starry firmament, the soft curves of the mountain sides; in the distance the city, whose thousand beacon lights, crossing in all directions, formed a constellation, which seemed to have fallen from the skies; around that, still the sea, more and more somber, losing itself in the distance, merged in the mysterious shadows of the infinite; at the left, the flaming volcano: a fiery plume floated over the cone, and an immense torrent flowed over the valley, separating at the foot of the observatory, and surrounding the hill. It was a solid sea of fiery lava, advancing in great waves that overlapped each other, and carried with them enormous rocks, great flakes of lava, trails of gravel and burning earth. How red, good God! — how red! lightning flashes shooting from the mouth and withering the sky, flaming gleams darting from the volcano into the night, purple draperies tossing on the sides of the cone, scarlet clouds lying low over the entire valley, whilst a frightful conflagration devastated the horizon. Enormous chestnut trees crackled in the brazier and writhed in white flames; great fissures yawned everywhere, like gaping wounds from whence flowed rivers of blood; rockets and bombs exploded in air at an immense height, crumbling in flakes and sparks that glowed like garnets and rubies, showering the mountain-flanks on all sides and the flaming bed of the torrent. An incessant roaring, mingled in a tumult of fire, wind, surge, and hail, and a horrible din of hissing, rumbling, and bellowing sounds, joined with lightning flashes, and thunder upon thunders! Vesuvius had never been so grand.

Dame Placide slept; Don Cristofre, lying on his back and

gazing heavenwards, smoked placidly, watching the eruption without a sign of terror; Miss Hurricane, wild with enthusiasm, wanted to ascend the summit of the cone, alone, aided only by her famous parasol; Reinette, who had drawn near Toniel, was appealing to him with animation, but Toniel, not wishing to hear or listen, was playing a plaintive air on his harp, singing softly to himself in undertones; neither he nor she paid the least attention to the volcano. Pallone, who was becoming gradually reassured, was trying to assert himself once more, so he turned majestically to Toniel, saying: —

"I forbid you to speak to this girl, do you hear? If you disobey me, I will take you by your legs and throw you into the lava."

"Throw," said Toniel, coolly.

Just then, Don Cristofre, having finished his cigar, sat up and suddenly became aware that they were in a perilous situation; he rose (after much difficulty), and, having made a tour of the hill, said to Miss Hurricane: —

"Where the deuce is your head? Haven't you seen anything? We are encircled by the fire."

"That would be a beautiful death!" exclaimed the Englishwoman. Don Cristofre raised his finger, and traced a corkscrew in the air, laughing loudly: the English have always amused the Neapolitans. Pallone, while annihilating Toniel with his look, was still listening to what went on around him, and overhearing these sinister words, "encircled by fire — beautiful death," turned to verify them with his own eyes. When he found that the observatory had become but an island in the midst of the flames, he first turned pale, then red, lifted both arms to heaven, stamped on the ground, and finished by rolling in the dry grass, which he tore and bit like one possessed. Still Toniel sang on sweetly.

Reinette watched the two men for an instant, then seized her comb, coral collar, pearl earrings, and gold rings, which had all been given her by Pallone, and threw them far from her into the torrent. Next she drew her scissors from her pocket, and falling upon the false Samson, who was groveling in the grass, she cut close to the head the tufted fore-lock which had been his pride and glory, and waving it proudly in the air, like Delilah of old: —

"Wilt thou take it?" she said to Toniel. "Dost thou think I love him?" and, Toniel still keeping silence, she continued: —

"Thou wilt not take these locks? nor these either?" — preparing to cut the long black hair that would have formed a covering for Eve; but Toniel interposed his arms quickly to prevent her, and, conquered at last, clasped her to his breast. The lava was still advancing, but more slowly, and there was, on a small point, a narrow black band of burned-out slag, by means of which a lover or a fool might, by risking his shoes and his legs, attempt to cross the torrent. Don Cristofre and Miss Hurricane saw his intention too late; but the Englishwoman would have followed him without the priest, had not the latter detained her by main force, saying: —

"Let them alone! there is a God who watches over lovers. They will not die, whilst you —" He was nearly committing himself to nonsense, when he suddenly stopped and turned pale; Toniel had stopped halfway, his foot buried in a red hole; Reinette leaned closer, and murmured softly: —

"Lov'st thou me?" —

Toniel drew out his foot; the shoe was on fire, but he made no outcry, and in three bounds was on the other side, where he deposited Reinette on the ground in safety, whispering in her ear: —

"Yes, I love thee."

Then he removed his shoe, and although his foot was blistered, he bravely smiled back at Don Cristofre, who, both arms extended, called to the lovers from afar his nuptial benediction.

"Be happy, my children!"

"But what will become of us?" said Miss Hurricane.

"As is the will of God! Let us consult our guides."

"You only hope so? gracious! But why do you stay here?"

"Because it is my post of duty."

"Well, it isn't mine."

"You are mistaken," said the professor, smiling. "If we are all going to meet death to-night, you must remain to absolve our souls."

"Truly, I did not think of that," replied the priest, naïvely, leaving to report this conversation to Miss Hurricane.

She became intensely interested in the science of meteorology, and would have liked to investigate it immediately, oblivious of her danger. Pallone was still writhing in the grass; and Dame Placide, who had not awakened, was much astonished a few hours later, when she had at last finished her

nap, to find herself in the open air, with the sky over her head and the blackened cone in front of her. The first thing she did was to fumble in her pocket to find the key of her strong-box.

It was difficult to decide in what way to cross the torrent; the lava had cooled and there was no more danger, but it still bubbled up here and there, like a charcoal fire, which is nearly extinguished, covered with little blue flames. When they told her of the narrow escape she had had, she swore never to come there again; and I believe, indeed, that she has always kept her word.

It has been asked from whence I obtained all these details. From Don Cristofre, who had taken to traveling about frequently. Encountering him recently at Genoa, I supposed he was returning from the exposition, but I was deceived — he had just come from Naples.

"Have you business here?" I demanded, much mystified.

"Not at all. I simply wish to see with my own eyes the true state of Catholic reform."

"Oh! oh! Don Cristofre, you are thinking of getting married."

"And why not?" replied the priest, slightly embarrassed.

I asked no more, knowing that confidence must be given unsolicited; and, wishing to place my friend at ease, I questioned him concerning his country.

"Always in the same condition," he said. "We have beautiful streets, and lack water; great luxury, and no money. Read the books just published: "Naples," as seen by M. Renato Fucini; "The Misery of Naples," by Mme. Mario-White, an Englishwoman who has nothing akin to Miss Hurricane; read and reread the "Neapolitan Letters," by M. Pasquale Villari — you will find there narrated scenes with which you are familiar already: the same *fondaci*, the same caves, the same nurses in the charitable institutions, the same people who, dying of hunger, become brigands, the same birds of prey who profit by the weaknesses of others and form themselves into secret societies for that purpose. The whole nation complains at it, but in the most jovial manner; wretchedness and misery smile, because the sun shines and makes up for it all. Ah, my friend, the sun and the Bourbons have much to answer for to us."

"What's that? I thought you were a Bourbon."

"I? Oh, fie! I fought against the new régime because it is well to place obstacles in the path of innovation; that is the nature of the idle, who are only spectators, because it affords them pleasure to pose as pessimists. The Bourbons have done very wrong in allowing everything to remain undisturbed like stagnant water. To-day they want to drain the morass and purify it, but the frogs, toads, and leeches oppose them. Happily the government is crippled with debts, and in turn cripples us with taxes: this will be the salvation of Naples. Living is becoming expensive, and soon, in spite of everything, every one will be forced to work; there will remain but one enemy unconquered, the sun, which spares us the expense of fuel. If the Piedmontese could give us their climate with their flag, we should be saved."

"You have forgotten Pallone, who would still be in existence."

"Not at all: Pallone is a product of the ancient régime and the sun; both have weakened the plebeians, who have lost all courage — that is to say, the sentiment that inspires every man to gain his living and defend it at need. Now, wherever you find cowards, you will find secret societies like the camorrists. Fear governs the world: fear of the Devil, fear of the gendarmes, fear of the red specter and the black, fear of pointed helmets and detectives; there are two classes of people under the sun, — those who frighten and those who are afraid. Witness Pallone, who lost his prestige after Reinette cut off his top-knot. As soon as he was uncrowned, he dared not show himself anywhere, and was immediately denounced by his victims, who were no longer afraid of him. They served a warrant on him, which resulted in five years' imprisonment: since then he has lived at the expense of the government; his top-knot has grown again, and he has returned to the trade of *camorriste*, levying taxes from his fellow-prisoners, and placing a tax on brandy, tobacco, knives, playing-cards — all the contraband articles which are easily obtained from outside. But he is better lodged than ever: the Piedmontese do things well. Pallone has a nice iron bed covered with a mattress stuffed with excelsior; he has a pillow, linen sheets, and woolen covers; he uses soap for his toilet, which never happened to him before he was put in confinement. Besides bread and soup, they serve beef and mutton certain days in the week

and a small portion of wine. His window overlooks the city and the sea of *Pausilippe au Vesuve*. He is no longer obliged to work or pay taxes: it is only honest men who have to pay. Towards the expiration of his term, what do you suppose he did? He attacked a jailer with a knife, and would have killed him if some one had not restrained him, hoping to gain a new sentence which would send him to the convict prison of Nisida, where they are still better treated. But the jailer made no complaint, and he failed in his scheme."

"And Toniel?"

"Happy nature! They offered him everything, and he refused. He would neither go to the conservatory, nor make his début at the theater, nor go to America with an impresario who promised him millions to sing duets with a Russian princess at the Hôtel de Rome. And when Dame Placide died without leaving him a penny, he mourned her sincerely. Toniel loves no one but Reinette, and Reinette loves Toniel; she is good because she loves him, and is protected also by the cares of maternity, which are the best safeguards of honor; she gave birth to her seventh child last month, and I baptized it: with each child she grows more beautiful. When Toniel needs money, he sings in the streets with his harp till he has gained enough to last eight days; the rest of the time he continues to live on fruit, play with the children, undo Reinette's heavy hair, and gaze at the violet, rose, or blue clouds that float over Sorrento, between the sea and the sky."

"Has he learned to read?"

"He is not so silly."

"And what does Miss Hurricane say about it?"

"She thinks he is right; she has become a Bourbon and a Catholic. I had nothing to do with it, I assure you. I have never been sure enough of my own faith to try to convert others. Miss Hurricane has a very active nature, which always requires two or three hobby-horses to ride: as well this as anything else. She tells every one who will listen to her now, that schools are the scourge of the country, that people should not be taught to read, and that the greatest guaranty of happiness and morality is ignorance. That is all true; but so is the contrary to an equal extent: that is what women never understand, nor do they ever possess common-sense. As for Protestantism, Miss Hurricane finds it a cold and gloomy belief. She says it is a religion fit for lawyers and Germans to quarrel

over. She must have a religion that appeals to all the senses: perfumed clouds of incense, flourish of organ and choirs, and mural decorations, from floor to dome, of beautiful Virgins and holy angels."

"What does she think of the Immaculate Conception now?"

"She no longer thinks of it at all, and that is the surest way to believe in it. Unfortunately she is a woman and carries everything to extremes: to-day she wanted to burn Father Hyacinthe and roast the Bishop of Orleans, having doubts of their purity. So I had to find something else to divert her from this purpose, and turned her attention to medicine. We have a clever young man among us, who, hearing that chemists killed many people yearly, conceived the idea of curing all diseases without remedies. For this purpose he dissolves two or three globules in a liter of water, varying the name according to the case; the sick person drinks two or three spoonfuls each day and recovers, if he does not die in the meantime: if the former, it is due to the globules; if the latter, he has taken too much or too little. Useless to add that the globules are a profound secret: this clever individual understands the merit of mystery. This medicine seems to have been invented expressly for Miss Hurricane, who is utterly infatuated over it, and spends her life running from cave to *fondaco*, with her portable medicine-case, her usual enthusiasm and the ever present parasol, wherever she hears of sickness. When she finds a sick person she takes care of them, and truth obliges me to confess that she has saved more than a hundred lives. In spite of all her eccentricities, she is a brave woman, with a good heart: I am lonely when I am away from her, and (as you have rightly guessed) I should like to marry her very much; as I have heard that at Geneva the Catholic priests have discovered a way to marry and still remain in the priesthood, I have come here to ask them about it."

The next day I again encountered Don Cristofre on the bridge of Mont Blanc; he carried his traveling-bag in his hand because he preferred not to remove his cassock, and as at Geneva the cassock is tolerated only on the person of a traveling priest, our good curé, who respected laws, carried his bag with him at all times, to prove to the gendarmes and the police that he was only traveling through the city. Each time he went out from the hotel he paid his bill lest they should suspect him of trying to defraud them. When I overtook him, he was just going

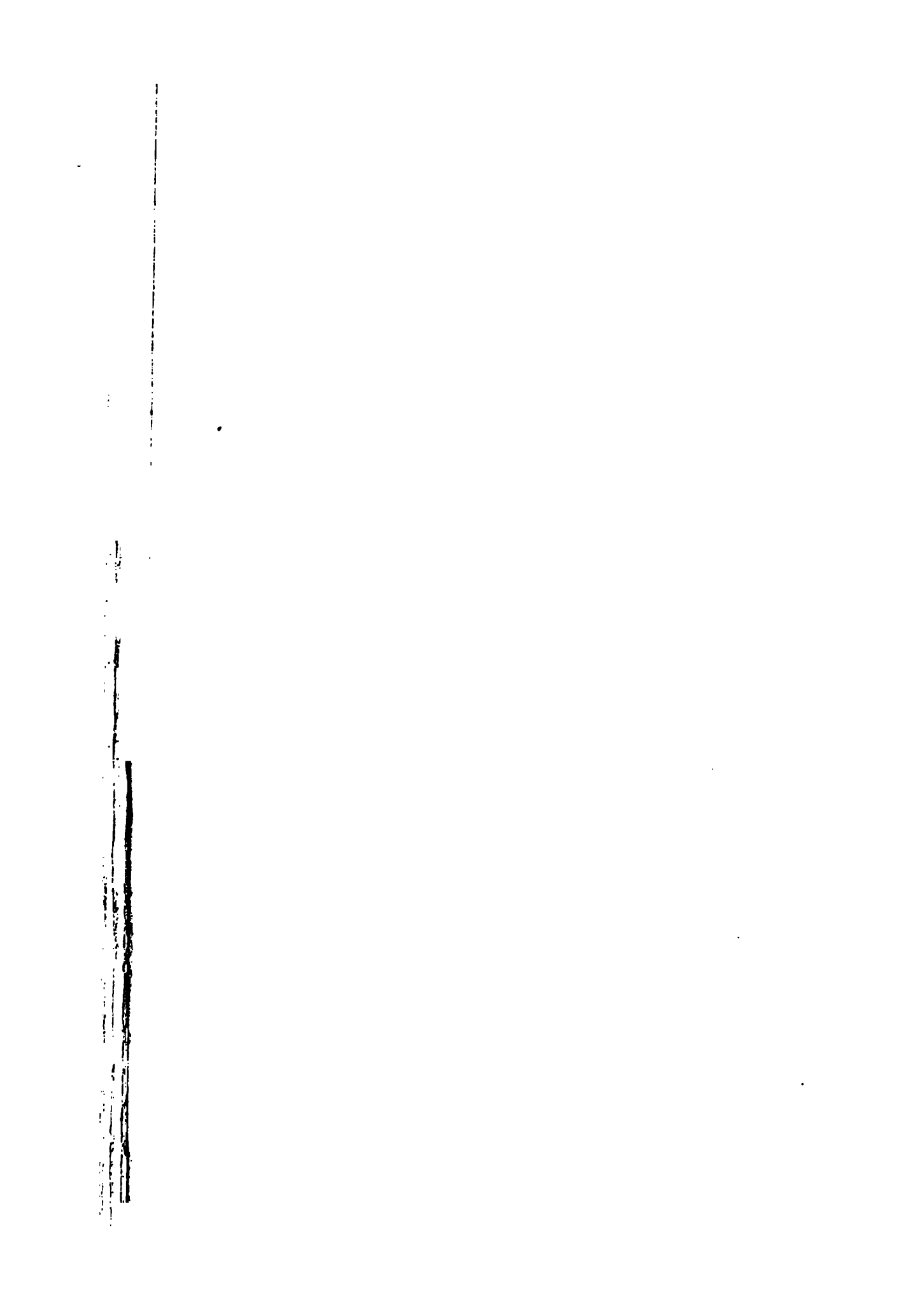
to the church of Notre Dame to hear the sermon of a liberal abbé. The north wind was strong enough to blow the horns off a buffalo; the poor Neapolitan, numbed with the cold (it was the last of May), could scarcely walk, impeded as he was by his cassock that clung to his legs and floated heavily behind him. He was almost bent double in face of the wind, one hand in his pocket, the other tightly grasping the handle of his bag; his teeth chattered, his lips and nostrils emitted sounds like the snorting of a frightened horse; each limb strove to clasp the other for mutual warmth and protection. A sudden gust lifted his hat and blew it into the Rhone, striking his forehead like an icy hand and causing him to shiver from head to foot. Without stopping a moment to reflect, he jumped into a passing cab and gave the order to the driver in his most emphatic tones:—

"To Naples! — Adieu, adieu," he added, waving at me; "the sun is useful — I return to the sun."

"And Miss Hurricane?"

"She must remain unmarried."

And so it was foreordained that she should remain unmarried forever. The first of June, having read in a newspaper that the Pope was going to remain all summer at the Vatican in spite of the malaria, she left for Rome with her medicine case, against the warnings of all her friends, that she might be on the ground to cure his august person in case of need. She contracted the fever, and insisted upon dosing herself with her own globules: did she take too large or too small a portion? I never shall know; but this I *do* know, that when I learned the sad news, I was seized with an unworthy inclination to laugh that ended in a sob and a sorrowful heart.



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